

Hutton's Diarian Miscellany, containing the Mathematical and Poetical Portions of the Ladies' Diary, with Supplements, 7 vols. *russia, Hutton's own copy with Autograph and Manuscript corrections*

v. y.

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P.D. 1534. ba

THE  
DIARIAN MISCELLANY:

CONSISTING OF

All the Useful and Entertaining Parts, both Mathematical and Poetical, extracted from the

LADIES' DIARY,

From the beginning of that work in the year 1704,  
down to the end of the year 1773.

With many additional

SOLUTIONS and IMPROVEMENTS.

In five Volumes.

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VOL. IV.

Being the First of the Poetry.

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By CHA. HUTTON, F. R. S.

Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy.

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Н И Т

СИАЛПОЭМ И АНАТО

Миниатюра на золоте  
с изображением герба  
семейства Борбонов



БРИТАНСКИЙ МУЗЕЙ  
ЛОНДОН

БРИТАНСКИЙ МУЗЕЙ

# POETICAL PARTS OF THE LADIES' DIARIES.

## The \*AUTHOR's PREFACE to the First DIARY.

*To the Fair Sex,*

ENGLAND has never flourished more at home, or been more successful against her enemies abroad, than under the reigns of protestant queens. How did every thing almost succeed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth of blessed memory? She baffled the Pope, and his excommunication; ruin'd the Spanish Armado, destroyed their harbours, supported her allies in their distresses, and continued her successes till her death. But great Anne, our glorious Queen, has in one year, done more than ever any prince has done before, in such a space of time: she has carried all before her, by her forces by sea and land; has been successful in all her treaties, is courted by all her allies, has given more towards the defraying of the public debts than ever any prince has done before; is become, as it were, the great Arbitrator of peace and war: God and Nature seem to take her part, and prosper all she sets her hand to: and to say no

\* Mr. John Tipper, of Coventry.

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more,

more, her virtue, moderation, and bounty, charm all mankind, and give her subjects the joyful prospect of future happiness and success.

Under the reign of so great and glorious a woman, I hope the Women's Almanack is not unseasonably published; a book designed on purpose for the diversion and use of the fair sex, which shall contain (besides those things common to other almanacks) something to suit all conditions, qualities, and humours. The ladies may here find their essences, perfumes, and unguents\*; the waiting-woman and servants, excellent directions in cookery, pastry, and confectionary\*; the married shall have medicines for their relief, and instructions for the advancement of their families; the virgin directions for love and marriage; the serious be accommodated with instances of virtue and religion; the jovial with innocent amusements, and pleasant adventures; mothers shall have rules for the education of their children; and those that delight in gardening, painting, or music, shall not want assistance to advance their pleasures: in sum, the ingenuous shall have something exalted to exercise their wit, and the meanest some subjects adapted to their level.

But because the compass of three sheets will not contain all the particulars at once, care shall be taken, that what is wanting in one year, shall be supply'd in another; and what is more sparing at one time, be more largely treated of the next.

Nothing shall be inserted that is mean and trifling; nothing to raise a blush, or intimate an evil thought. To conclude, nothing shall here be, but (what all women ought to be) innocent, modest, instructive, and agreeable.

\* The cookery receipts, &c. are omitted, as being common to most books on cookery: The Author himself (Mr J. Tipper) discontinued them, after the first two or three years, upon his conviction of their little use in comparison of other more entertaining articles which he substituted in their room.

*Of the Beauty, Excellency, and Perfections of the Fair Sex :  
Of Love and Marriage, with directions relating thereto :  
Of Marriage Ceremonies in divers countries ; with divers  
other very delightful subjects, intermix'd with variety of  
Poems, collected from the choicest, and best of authors.*

**T**HOUGH man was made lord over all beings, and his empire stretch'd itself over the whole globe; tho' his imperial residence was in Paradise, a place of unspeakable delight and pleasure;

Where he with all choice excellency did shine,  
And look'd as bright, as glorious, and as fine  
As the fair firmament, all o'er divine:

Yet he thought his enjoyments imperfect, till he had an help correspondent to his affections, and a fit object for those faculties where-with his Maker had endow'd him: for this cause therefore woman was created; a most beautiful and lovely creature.

Ten thousand graces play'd about her face,  
Ten thousand charms attended ev'ry grace.  
Each admirable feature did impart  
A secret rapture to his throbbing heart.

And no wonder if he was so strangely surpriz'd at the first sight of so charming an object:

So moving, so transporting was the sight,  
She seem'd so much a goddess, and so bright.  
His ravish'd soul with secret wonder fraught,  
Lay all dissolv'd in extasie of thought.

And as the first man was so strangely taken with the beauty and charms of his dear companion, no less was he with her conversation and discourse; and all mankind ever since, have had a more particular regard for the fair sex than for any others: with her is his delights; upon her he spends his thoughts and estate; for her he labours, sweats, and toils; and in her company is his chief delight and satisfaction: and good reason he has so to be:

For there's that sweetness in a female mind,  
Which in a man we cannot hope to find;  
That by a secret, but a pow'rfu'l art,  
Winds up the springs of life, and does impart  
Fresh vital heat, to the transported heart.

Men by nature, 'tis true, have the rule and preheminence over women, they have generally more reason for their conduct, and strength for their protection; but then to balance these advantages, the women have it in their power, not only to free themselves from their rule, but to subdue their masters; and without violence, throw their authority at their feet. They have more gentleness, to soften, and agreeableness, to entertain: nay, they have more strength in their looks, than the men have in their laws, and more power by their tears, than the men by all their arguments.

'Tis almost as natural for the young and fair to love, as it is to breathe; for who can withstand the charms of beauty?

None but the impotent, and old would stay,

When love invites, and beauty calls away :

And (as the poets feign) the mighty Jove

Laid by his grandeur, to indulge his love.

And this is the only time to indulge that passion ; for

In youth alone, you're capable to prove

The mighty transports of a gen'rous love.

For dull old age, with fumbling labour, cloys

Before the blis, or gives but withered joys.

How much does our dull phlegmatic constitution, owe to the purifying flames of love ? 'Tis to that most noble and divine passion, to which we may justly attribute all the real satisfaction of life ; and without it, man is unfinished and unhappy. How many thousand instances from history and observation, are to be given of its wondrous power ? nay, even to a degree of transmigration ? How many felots has it made wise ? How many fools, eloquent ? How many home-bred 'squires, accomplished ? How many cowards, brave ? and there is no sorts of mankind on whom it cannot work some change and miracle, if it be a noble and well-grounded passion, whose aim is virtue, and whose end is honour.

For when a passion's noble and sublime,

And higher still would ev'ry moment climb,

If 'tis accepted with a just return,

The fire's immortal, will for ever burn,

And with such raptures fill the lover's breast,

That faints in paradise scarce more are blest.

Nay, such strange effects has love upon mankind, when it becomes impetuous and unbounded, that it quite changes him into another thing.

For those who under love's wild conduct go,

Either conse coxcombs, or he makes 'em so :

His charms deprive by their strange influence,

The brave of courage, and the wise of sense ;

The scholar's learning, and the poet's wit

A while may struggle, but at last submit :

Well-weigh'd resolves, and wise conclusions, seem

But empty chat, impertinence to him.

From this instance, and from all men's experience, we find, that when this passion is strongest, then is our reason weakest ; and when we want all our prudence to form our conduct, and manage our behaviour, we are generally lost in a maze of thought, and the beloved object takes up the whole capacity of the mind.

For where love enters, he will reign alone,

And suffer no copartner in his throne.

What cares ? What caution ? What concern ought the virgin to use, when she inclines to engage in the bonds of matrimony ? The choice of a husband is to her of the last concernment, since upon this she builds her happiness, or misery, during life. If a friend proves false, a contract may be made with another : if a servant be unfaithful, he may be changed : but if a husband be unkind or unfaithful,

No. 1. *Rules, &c. for LOVE and MARRIAGE.* 3

there is no changing of him for another; no dissolving of the sacred tye. For matrimony is a gordian knot, which no Alexander can cut.

Since the difficulties are so great, and the miscarriage so fatal, in the choice of a husband, and in the governing and management of your selves before, and at the time of their addresses, I hope it will not prove an unacceptable undertaking to lay down some rules and maxims gathered from the best of observations, and experience, to lead fair virgins through these dangerous storms, and tempests, into the safe harbour of peace and tranquillity.

*Rules and Directions for LOVE and MARRIAGE.*

1. **N**EVER marry a vicious man in hopes of reclaiming of him afterwards; for those who are habituated to any manner of debauchery or vice, if you think to reclaim by fair means, or by foul, you will find yourself fatally mistaken.

2. Agreeableness of humour and affection, with an equality of birth, and fortune, are the surest foundations of a lasting happiness in marriage.

If one's enough the others may be less,

Do not aspire to riches in excess.

For that which makes our lives delightful prove,

Is a genteel sufficiency, and love.

3. Never entertain a man very much above your quality and fortune, for your lover, he having in all probability an ill design upon your honour; a sad instance of which we have in Cloe.

When Philander began first to visit her, all her friends gave her warning, not to trust any fair promises, nor permit her virtue so much as to be once attempted: but she was so besotted with the gaudy prospect of bettering her fortune to so vast advantage, that she soon forgot to keep her due distance, and (consequently) he as soon lost his respect: she feared coyness would obstruct her grandeur, which she valued beyond all things, and had that confidence in his vows to love her eternally, that she believed herself the mistress of his life and fortune.

Hear me ye gods! (said he) now hear me swear,

By all that's sacred, and by all that's fair!

If I prove false to Cloe, let me fall.

The common obloquy, condemn'd by all!

Let me the utmost of your vengeance try,

Borc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die.

But he at last took so much advantage of her security that he compassed his wicked end, despoil'd her of her innocence, and robb'd her of her honour, and then fairly left her.

When he first avoided her conversation, she rav'd and was almost ready to destroy herself: she try'd all the ways she could imagine to recall him, but all to no purpose; till at last, quite tired with her importunities to return, he plainly sent her word, he was going to marry a lady that was rich and virtuous; that since she could pretend to neither of these qualifications, she ought not to complain.

This message struck her (like a thunderbolt), with a sense of her own weakness, and the good advice she had neglected: and she is now a standing landmark for other unwary virgins to take care, not to split upon so fatal a rock.

You that are fair, and would be chaste and wise,  
Fly the temptation if you'd shun the vice:  
For birds that round the nest to play are brought,  
Tho' shy to-day, to-morrow may be caught.

4. Have a perpetual watch upon your eyes, and remember that one careless glance, giveth more advantage than a hundred words not enough considered; the language of the eyes being very much the most significant, and the most observed.

5. A lady is apt to think a man speaketh so much reason, whilst he is commanding her, that she hath much ado to believe him in the wrong, when he is making love to her.

The syren's music charms the sailor's ear;  
But he is ruin'd if he stops to hear:  
And if you listen, love's harmonious voice  
As much delights, as certainly destroys.

6. Your behaviour to men ought to be such, that may secure you without offending them: no ill bred affected shyness nor a roughness unsuitable to your sex, and unnecessary to your vertue; but looks that forbid without rudeness, and oblige without invitation.

7. Men who say extream fine things, many times say them most for their own sakes; the vain gallant is often as well pleas'd with his own compliments, as he could be with the kindest answer, and receives a repulse with as little concern as he eats or drinks.

A passion feign'd, at no repulse is griev'd,  
And values little if it ben't receiv'd;  
But love sincere resents the smallest scorn,  
And the unkindness does in secret mourn.

8. The advantages of being reserved are very many. It is a guard to a good woman, and a disguise to an ill one: It is of so much use to both, that those ought to use it as an artifice who refuse to practice it as a vertue. Therefore,

9. Give not your lover the least freedom beyond modesty and the nicest vertue. She that permits her lover (tho' in jest) to unbuckle her shoe, may after a time suffer him to untye her garter, and then 'tis ten to one but in a little time, he will make bold to rifle all her treasures.

Those actions, and inclinations, may be check'd in the beginning by a look that upon small encouragement, will appear in the highest impudence; and he certainly advances too far, that comes to be denied.

10. When a man of no fortune, courts a woman that is rich, she ought to be upon her guard, and to be well assured of her lover's principles, before she gives credit to his vows; for he that seeks his own establishment, seldom wants hypocrisy to act what part he pleases.

Old Delia was courted at fourscore by young Strephon; he had got the knack of counterfeiting so exactly, that he could look pale, and sigh,

No. I. *Rules, &c. for LOVE and MARRIAGE.*

sigh and languish violently for her, (her money I mean) that she, poor soul, in pity to his sufferings, and being convinc'd by a thousand proofs that he could not live without her, married him to prevent his dying for her sake; but they had not been married three days before he flung off the mask and altered his tones, and now he discovers so many imperfections in her, as he fancies will justify all his ill usage. When she reproaches him with his perfidiousness, he tells her, if her understanding had not been as blind as her spectacles, she must have discerned what he aim'd at: when she scolds, he laughs, and says she had better forbear barking. She having no teeth, he flouts, and plagues her with the misfortune of Gammer Gurton.

When Gammer Gurton first I knew,  
Four teeth in all she reckon'd;  
Comes a rude cough, and whips out two,  
And t'other two, a second.  
Courage old dame, and never fear  
The third cough when it comes:  
Give me but t'other jogg of beer,  
And I'll securé your gums.

"Tis said his unkindness hath made her distracted; but 'tis more than probable he found her so, or else she would never have entertained him upon that account.

I do not design by this maxim, to persuade a woman of fortune never to marry an ingenuous man, tho' he should chance to have but little: all that I would infer is, that seeing the hazards so much, and condescends so far, she ought to be very well assured that he really and cordially loves her. But for that man who deceives his mistress, by false vows and perjuries, he ought never to be trusted again by any:

For sure that perjur'd wretch can never prove  
Just to his friend, that's faithless to his love.

11. Never engage in the sacred tyes of matrimony without your parents consent; for how can they expect a blessing from God, that neglect or contemn that of their parents?

12. In conclusion, a discreet and virtuous woman is an invaluable treasure: where these two meet, they make an accomplished woman; such an one is pious towards her God, dutiful to her parents, agreeable in conversation, modest in behaviour, and decent in her attire; not like the extravagant and profuse ladies, who love to be in extremes in all things;

Whose garb's so ruffl'd from the top to th' toes

With such stupendous wings of furbuloes,

As if (ambitious to ascend on high)

She'd deck her person, not to walk but fly.

More pleats and folds her antick dress adorn,

Than in reforming ruffs were ever worn,

Which makes her ladyship's fantastick train.

Hang like a bunch of tripes, in Old Field-lane.

But the discreet and virtuous avoids all these extremes; she is an ornament

ornament to her family, and a pattern to her sex; content with her condition, and easie to all about her.

Oh happy virgin! whom no cares perplex;

Pattern of vertue to the beauteous sex;

Discreet, industrious, and in nothing vain;

Belov'd of God, of angels, and of men.

O matchless maid! how blest will be his life,

How free from poy's'nous jealousy and strife,

Who of so chaste a virgin, makes a wife!

This fair creature is a portion of herself, and to be chosen naked before Miss Furbuloe with all her gay and fluttering attire. 'Tis she, when married, who fastens a blessing upon all her husband's undertakings; 'tis she who, tho' she brings not riches, yet gathers them; 'tis she who presents him with fair and chaste children, to adorn his table, and support his age; 'tis she who gives her prince loyal subjects, and her countrey good and just patriots; 'tis she who in her beloved's absence, shuts her gates to all foreigners, and at his return, recreates and carestes him with chaste embraces; 'tis her breast which receives his cares, her lips that give him words of joy, and heals all misfortunes with her balmy kisses.

I should now proceed to shew the whole progress of love and courtship, from the first addresses to its completion in marriage, and how strangely it is for the most part intermixt, and blended; sometimes all pleasure, joy, and rapture! at other times nothing but sorrow, grief and despair. Sometimes obliging, complaisant and agreeable; at others, morose, angry, and provoking; nay, oft-times the greatest joy and security, is in a moment, by a mistaken word, or an imagined disrespectful carriage, changed into suspicions, jealousies, and uneasiness; and indeed,

Nothing's more sure, than lovers undergo,

Early or late, too sad a share of woe.

I should likewise give the young virgin directions how to manage herself in all these various circumstances, and intermix my discourses with divers other curious and pleasant remarks relating thereto; but the sheets I am confined to, oblige me to defer the prosecution thereof to my next.

Between the contract and consummation, come in the MARRIAGE CEREMONIES: which because the custom of some countries in this particular, are very strange, and surprizing; I shall entertain my fair reader with a few of them, not doubting but it will give her some diversion.

#### MARRIAGE CEREMONIES in divers Countries.

**I**N Poland the young women do not marry before the age of twenty-four years, or at least before they have wrought with their own hands, cloth and garments, to present every one that attends their bridegroom to church. When the father seeks a wife for his son, he considers neither beauty nor fortune, but only her manners; whether she be of an agreeable age, if she has a body likely to conceive, and bear children; having found such an one, she is taken away by some

some of the bridegroom's kindred, after which they apply for the father's consent to compleat the marriage.

In the ceremonies of matrimony, they make the bride go three times round the fire; then sit down, wash her feet, and with the water sprinkle the bed and all the moveables that belong to the new-married couple. They anoint the bride's mouth with honey, cover her eyes with a veil, and so lead her blindfold to all the doors of the house, which she must strike with her right foot. They throw wheat, rye, oats, barley, rice, and beans at the doors, saying, that the bride shall never want any of these grains, if she continues to be devout in her religion, and take care of the affairs of her family. That done, they take the veil from before her eyes, and have a banquet: but at night when it is time to go to bed, they dance and cut off her hair; then some of the women wrap her head in a white linen cloth, which she may wear till she hath a son born, for till then she is called a girl. Lastly, she is taken to her chamber, where she is jocularly pinched and beat, and then delivered to her bridegroom.

THE *Abisines* have many wives, and every one marries at pleasure without scruple. The men are obliged to present their wives, instead of receiving portions with them. The marriage ceremonies are these: The bridegroom and bride sit before the church door, while the priests walk three times round them, singing Allelujah. Then they cut off some of their hair, which they dip in water sweetened with honey; then they lay the bridegroom's hair on the bride's head, and her's on his head, and sprinkle both with holy water. After this ceremony they have a great feast. The new-married couple are shut up a month. When the wife goes abroad, she has her face covered with a black veil, and that she wears six months, unless she be sooner with child.

THE *Arabians* used formerly to take their wives for a certain time expressly agreed upon, which when it was expired, she was to leave him: all the ceremonies of marriage was for the woman to give the man a bearded arrow: this changing of wives has sometimes been so oft, that a woman has been married in one place, was brought to bed in another, and bred up her children in a third, without ever enjoying any repose. In some parts of the country they had their wives in every house in common: he that came first, left his staff at the woman's chamber door; which was a sign that place was taken up.

THE inhabitants of the isles of *Molucca* in the *East-Indies* may have as many wives as they can keep: but are so jealous, they suffer no one to see them at home, and yet so lustful, there are few but have some correspondence abroad. He that desires a young woman in marriage, cannot see her unless all be first agreed: then he sees her, and is obliged at the same time, to take his bride he never saw before, and carry her home with him.

THE *Chinese* marry their sons very young, and the husband gives the wife a dowry. The wedding-day, the bride's father makes a splendid entertainment, inviting all the relations and friends of his

new son. The next day the father, or nearest kinsman of the bridegroom, does the same. After the entertainment, the husband gives the dowry to his bride, which she presently gives to her father and mother, for the trouble and charge they have been at in the educating of her: and therefore, here a man is reckoned rich, in proportion to the daughters he has. The father may use this dowry with all freedom; but when he dies, it returns to his daughter for the advantage of her children. A man may have many wives, but the first married is reckoned his true wife, the other are only looked upon as friends, and often forced to do the drudgery of servants. The ordinary price they give for them is an hundred crowns, and often less; the common people buy and sell their wives at pleasure. The better sort marry the same age and quality, and consider the conditions of the mind more than beauty.

THE people of *Tangut*, in the *Asian Tartary*, are of different sentiments: for beauty is the only thing they value; and if any young woman be beautiful, a rich man marries her presently, and gives her mother and family a reward to have her: they marry as many wives as they can keep, and have to thirty, more or less, according to their abilities; but the first is always chiefest; and if any is infirm, or not agreeable, they send her home.

IN the provinces bordering upon *Tartary*, a certain time is prescribed both to the men and women, within which they are obliged, either to shut themselves up in a cloister, or to marry. When the time is come, all that will marry appear at the place appointed; six men divide the men into classes, and six other divide the women in like manner. The men that are rich are put first, without any regard to their breeding or accomplishments; those of a moderate estate are put next; and the poor in the last class. Those that divide the women, put the fairest in the first place, in another division those that are less fair, and in the last the most homely. The rich are to have the fairest women, for which they pay a sum of money agreed on; the less rich have the less fair, for which they pay nothing; and the poor have the homely women, with the money the rich paid for their wives, which they share among themselves: after which they make great rejoicings. If the number of one exceeds the other, they cast lots, and those that are not then married, are to be married first the next year.

THE *Mexicans* before they received the christian faith, married in this manner: They both presented themselves to the priest, who taking them by the hands, ask'd them, among other questions, of their desire to be married together: then taking the skirt of the woman's veil, and that of the man's garment, he tied them together, and led them so tied to the bride's house, where was a great fire kindled: they went seven times round this fire, and set down together; which ended all the ceremonies, and the marriage was complete.

THE *Sabeans* who live on the confines of *Perſia*, may have two wives according to their law: the ceremonies of their marriage are very short: the parties meeting together at church in presence of their

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No. I.

## MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

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their relations and friends, the minister makes the bride swear before the women, that she is a virgin; after which the minister's wives search her, and make their report. Then the minister baptizes both; and making them turn back to back, reads some prayers, and the marriage is finished.

IN the kingdom of *Pein* if any one be absent twenty days together, his wife may marry another husband, and men may after that term, marry again where-ever they are.

IN *Pegu*, a very great city in the East-Indies, the women go almost naked to attract men's loves to them: when they marry, the husband must pay the young woman's father, a certain sum agreed on; which he pays back if he will have his daughter home, from any ill usage of the husband's. He may likewise leave her, but he is obliged to keep and educate the children. They have a very strange custom among them, viz. That the King, and those of the greatest quality, lie not the first night with their wives; but admit others and pay them bountifully, that give themselves the trouble.

WHEN one in *Conchin* marries, whosoever he is, he may not lie with his bride the first night, but is obliged to give her to the priest, who lies with her. These are so feared and respected, no one dares hinder them lying with any woman; nay, the common people are so foolish, to believe it a favour and good omen.

MR *Tho. Brown*, a famous author, makes some jocular reflections upon some of these odd customs: I shall repeat a few of them, not for their truth, but for pleasantry.

Upon the custom of the *Sabeans*, where the minister makes the bride swear she is a virgin, Mr *Brown* thus comments: As ill an opinion as the world entertains of our females, I am very well satisfied, there are above forty thousand conscientious wives within the bills of mortality, that would have lost all, before they would have taken so rash and insinuating an oath.

How is it possible (continues he) for a woman to swear to an imaginary thing, which may be lost the Lord knows how, between sleeping and waking? This I am sure of, that no husband was ever a jot the secturer for prescribing arbitrary unlawful oaths.

Upon the custom in *Pegu*, to pay others that lie the first night with their wives, (saith he) with all due respect to our women be it spoken, I humbly conceive that one half at least of the married men of the kingdom, if they would speak their minds freely, must do their wives this justice, as to own that they have say'd them this drudgery.

Upon the custom of some places, that men take their wives without once seeing them, Mr *Brown* thus remarks: Heaven be praised, (says he) here in England we are not forced to buy a pig in a poke; nay, there are some married men in the world, that were as intimately acquainted with their wives before marriage as ever they were afterwards. See now (continues he) what it is to live under a free government, and to have *Magna Charta* on our side. But to leave this merry spark, (whose reflections touch not the innocent; and if they lash the guilty into virtue, it is what I design by the recital.) I

shall

shall add at this time, but one more ceremony of marriage, and that is of the quakers among us; which in short is thus.

AFTER a declaration of their intentions to marry at three of their monthly meetings; upon the day appointed, they go with their relations and friends, publickly to their meeting-house; where, after they have preached and prayed in their manner; the bridegroom and bride stand up. Then he (with his hat on) takes her by the hand, and speaks aloud to this effect.

Friends: In the presence of God and of these people, I take N. N. to be my wife; and with the Lord's assistance, will be a loving and faithful husband to her, till death shall separate us.

Then the bride speaks out aloud, (their hands still join'd) Friends: In the presence of God and of these people, I take N. N. to be my husband; and with the Lord's assistance, will be to him a loving and faithful wife, till death shall separate us.

Then there is a certificate, stampt according to law, in which is set down where they had at three several times and places declared their intentions of marriage, and also the time and place wherein they were then married, and also the very words of contract which they reported; which certificate is publickly read to all the assembly. Then the bridegroom, and bride, write their names to the certificate; and their relations, and friends write their names, in a column by themselves; and then as many of the spectators as will, whether quakers or others, subscribe their names, as witness to the marriage; and so the ceremony is ended.

There are some other very surprizing, strange, and pleasant marriage ceremonies in the world, which I shall reserve for another time, and proceed to say something

#### Of ENIGMA'S or RIDDLES.

**A**N Enigma or Riddle, is a dark description of things clear and well known, to be explained for the diversion and exercise of the mind. It is an ingenious and beautiful obscuring the plainest things, which when discovered, strikes the soul with admiration, while we pleasingly wonder to see how it was possible to lay as it were a veil before the sun. I do not by this mean those trifling and foolish riddle-my-riddle, one two three, calculated only for the capacity of the vulgar, but those perfect and compleat Enigma's, which pleases more when the thing it means is known than it did before, and is read again as a description thereof; those innocent cheats, and artificial representing a subject under the shape of those of another, with so much cunning, that hides a thing while they discover it, and persuades us it is something else, than what it is really designed for. All ages have esteemed much these pleasing and innocent surprizals: and as it has formerly been the diversion of Princes and Philosophers, so I hope it will not be now a less pleasure and diversion to the ladies.

## ENIGMA 1.

Untaught, unskill'd, we point each nobler sound :  
 We kingdoms form, and we republicks found.  
 Senseless and dead, we sense and life impart,  
 Inrich the head, and dignify the heart.  
 Though a small troop we're yet a num'rous throng,  
 The mighty Persian's host's not half so strong.  
 By nature dumb, we every language speak,  
 Eternal talk, yet never silence break.  
 The charms of prose, and extasies of verse,  
 Vertue and vice, we equally disperse,  
 When science we, or piety dispence,  
 We neither ask, nor need a recompence.  
 Indiff'rently to all, we're subjects still,  
 And are with innocence apply'd to ill.

## ENIGMA 2.

Nothing I am, yet to all things belong,  
 Into the midst of thickest couds I throng :  
 My being's due to Phœbus, clearest light,  
 Yet does not vanish at th' approach of night.  
 On mightiest kings I due attendance pay,  
 And with the same respect the slave obey.  
 No Proteus e'er more various shapes put on :  
 I still comply with what I wait upon.  
 My motion various as my shape appears,  
 With youth I run, but walk with aged years ;  
 With speed of lightning through the air I rove  
 Again with snails I scarcely seem to move.  
 Object of sense I am, though but of one,  
 And, by my self, I ne'er appear alone.

When I tell my fair reader that the first of these enigmas is a description of the alphabet, and the other of a shadow; she would perhaps reply, that they were so plain, she should not fail of soon discovering the meaning of them. To try therefore the wit and judgment of the ingenious, I will here insert two more.

## ENIGMA 3.

Like a long snake my slender body moves ;  
 And, winding still, on diff'rent bodies roves.  
 To a high place it climbs by narrow ways,  
 And skips from right to left, yet never strays.  
 In narrow bounds I hold half human kind,  
 Imprison queens, yet ne'er was thought unkind.  
 In holes I sneak when Phœbus spreads his light,  
 But leave 'em when his absence brings on night.

## ENIGMA 4.

I please the court, the city, camp and town,  
 My feathers are as soft as cignets down :  
 They're numerous, and yet my head is bare,  
 Though lofty, yet no plumes, nor beak are there.  
 Four feet I have, and therefore must disclaim  
 Of airy bird the gay and pleasing name.  
 One half almost the year, with leaden wand  
 Death's elder brother does o'er me command :  
 But sometimes he to active love gives place,  
 Who makes me fruitful with his warm embrace.

These two last riddles I will explain in my next, and then add some others to them, together with several others pleasant and delightful particularly for the diversion and entertainment of the fair sex.

## 1705

*That women are of a more excellent nature than men, she yields him the greatest pleasure and delight; of the deceitfulness of men, and the various ways they take to deceive the women; the adventure of the closet.*

THE excellence of the female sex above that of men may to some sparks seem to be an extravagant paradox: What say they? That toy a woman! The most contemptible creature in the universe, is she the most excellent? One made from the dross and refuse of a man! The bane of empire! Cause of all our mischief! The fountain of all humane frailty!

Who the first devil she saw, the chang'd her mind :  
 To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd,  
 And for a worthless apple damn'd mankind.

But softly, softly, good Mr Scandal! These are mere calumnies, and malicious intinuations rais'd by some forsaken wretches, who after they had fawn'd like a spaniel, and cring'd like an ass at the feet of some gallant and deserving woman, were for their unworthiness discarded by her. But men of more sense and better manners, give a very different character: For thus says the ingenious Otway,

Oh woman! Lovely woman! Nature made you to temper man: we had been brutes without you. Angels are painted fair to look like you. There's in you all that we believe of heaven; amazing brightness! Purity and truth! Eternal joy! And everlasting love!

Not purple violets in the early spring,  
 Such graceful sweets, such tender beauties bring ;  
 The orient blush, which does her cheeks adorn,  
 Makes coral pale, vies with the rosie morn : With

No. II. *The EXCELLENCE of WOMEN.* 35

With gay and blooming youth, her eyes are crown'd,  
Presence and charming graces, all around.  
Her nobler form, do make their bright abode,  
Like beams of lustre, circling in a God!

But let us proceed to the proof of what we advance: First the original name of the fair sex denotes a greater excellence than that of men; for our great creator undoubtedly understood very well the nature of what he made before he named it, and by consequence would not be guilty of an impropriety of giving a name which should not signify the property and nature of the thing named; now Adam signifies no more than earth, but Eve signifies life, as if man lived only by woman, and was but a dead and insipid lump without her. And it is the testimony of God himself, that it was not good for man to be alone, I will (therefore) saith he, make him a help meet for him: the Hebrew has it, a help before him, that is, more excellent than him. If therefore the name given by God himself signifies the thing to be more excellent, who can dispute but that the nature of the thing is so too, except any should be so prophanely wicked as to affirm, That Adam knew how to give more suitable names to the creatures, according to their natures, than God himself.

In the next place, the method that God observed in the creation, plainly shews woman to be the most excellent of created beings. Which method of proceeding was from the less to the more noble beings, namely, from the mineral to the vegetable; from thence to the animal kingdoms; all which being finished, he made men, and last of all women, in whom all the creation was perfected, and all its beauty compleat. God having made woman, ended his work, having nothing else more excellent to create, she containing so noble an epitome of the creator's wisdom and power, and without whom, the world, as glorious and exact as its formation was, had been imperfect. And it is an absurd and ridiculous opinion to think, that God would conclude so great a world in any thing, but that which was the most perfect of all the rest.

Clear as the sun hernum'rous graces shine,  
All beauteous! All attracting, and divine!

Furthermore, woman excels man, in the very matter of which she was made, not being form'd out of an inanimate lump of clay as man was, but out of an animated and purify'd matter, exalted by the participation of an immortal soul. For as a chymist out of a rude lump, extracts a fine spirit which contains the quintessence of the whole; and if this spirit is again rectified, a more pure and excellent is from thence attained: So God made man (out of a rude mass of earth) an excellent creature, and when he had endowed him with a rational and immortal spirit, then he made woman out of him entire and perfect in all her parts, like the second rectification of the spirit; so that it is plain beyond contradiction, that woman is of a far more excellent nature than man.

Nay the very curse that God laid upon woman, shews plainly that she was the superior being before the fall, *thy desire shall be subject to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.* Now where had

been the curse, if she had been subject to her husband before? Perhaps some will conclude from this, that tho' the woman was superior to us before the fall, yet ever since we are superior to woman; but this error is easily rectified; for all that I have been contending for is, That the nature of woman was superior and more excellent than man, which is not opposed by this curse, since subjecting a more excellent to a more inferior is indeed the greater punishment, but doth by no means degrade her nature. 'Tis as if some noble man was by misfortune taken by a Turkish rover, and made a slave to some inferior Barbarian, it does not follow, that because he is forced to submit to the commands of his master, therefore his master is of more noble and excellent extraction than he: Just so is the case before us, for tho' the laws of our country as well as those of most others, in consequence of that curse, subject woman to her husband, yet this is by no means a degrading of her nature, which is without controversy much more refined and excellent than that of men.

In fine, tho' women have lost their superiority over men by the laws, yet still they maintain it by their charms. How do all the young gallants court, admire, and respect a beautiful and lovely woman? How many emperors, kings, and princes have laid down their scepters at her feet, and hazarded their kingdoms in her service, nay have despis'd every thing else for her sake.

If for my share of happiness below,  
Kind heaven upon me Celia would bestow,  
Whatever blessing it would give beside,  
Let all mankind among themselves divide.

It was wisely done of that young man, who of three subjects whether wine, or the king, or woman, was strongest? he chose the latter for his theme, which he handled so artfully that he bore away the prize. In this oration (1 Esdras 4. 13.) are a great many extraordinary arguments for the excellency and power of women; the last passage is very remarkable, he told Darius the king (before whom this oration was pronounced) how much he himself was charmed and captivated by woman. I saw (saith he) Apame sitting at the King's right hand, I saw her take the crown from off his head, and put it upon her own. Nay she struck him with her left hand, yet for all this the king gaped and gazed upon her with open mouth. If she laughed, he laughed; if she frowned or took any displeasure at him, the king was fain to flatter, to obtain a reconciliation. Who then can doubt the power of women, when they are thus courted and carassed by the greatest of kings. I could give a multitude of instances of this kind, but I must now forbear. However many such you will find when I come hereafter to relate the history of famous women at large, how they have excelled men in beauty, and have been no way inferior to them in valour, conduct, learning, poetry, and all other arts and sciences.

And indeed it is no wonder that all mankind thus dote upon and strive with all their might to serve and oblige the fair, since it is they that yield them in return the greatest pleasure and delight. Others gratify each a several sense; pleasant prospects, the eye; mu-

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sick, the ear ; relishing banquets, the taste ; &c. But woman pleases every sense at once : The eye is delighted with the most surprising and charming object heaven could devise ; the ear is ravished with the harmony of her tongue ; taste feasted with the regale of her kisses ; the touch, that is scarce sensible of pleasure in any thing else, conveys the most ravishing transports to the heart that imagination can create ; the smell is blest with the odoriferous perfume of her breath : Nay, and to make a further distinction between the other delight and pleasures of humane life and woman, nature hath bestowed a sixth sense in the embraces of the fair, which gratify all the faculties of soul and body at once, to the utmost degree that mortality is capable to bear without a dissolution.

I saw 'em kindle to desire,  
While with soft sighs they blew the fire ;  
Saw the approaches of their joy,  
He grew more fierce and she less coy,  
Till she transported in his arms,  
Yields to the conqueror all her charms, (Behn.)  
But oh the raptures of that night !  
What fierce convulsions of delight !  
How in each others arms involv'd,  
They lay confounded and dissolv'd :  
Bodies mingling, sexes blending,  
Which should most be lost contending ;  
Darting fierce and flaming kisses !  
Plunging into boundless blisses !  
Their bodies, as their souls on fire,  
Tost by a tempest of desire ;  
Till with their utmost fury driv'n !  
They both at once funk down to heav'n !

In my last I gave the young virgin several rules and maxims to the general, to direct her in the choice of a husband, in which she can never be too cautious and wary : For most men are very deceitful, and use all the arts in the world to over-reach and decoy them into ruin ; and young women, that are unexperienced in the world, are but too apt to believe them, thinking it impossible that any deceit should be hid under such fair speeches, especially if they be backed with oaths and protestations : But have a care,

Thus cover'd with a rose, the serpent sings,  
And from the rock, the tempting mermaid sings.

The unfortunate Cloe, (whose story I gave you the last year) will undeceive you, who after she had been cast off by her perfidious Leander, she writes him this epistle, shewing the women's frailty and the men's deceit.

Against your tears, our vertue is too weak,  
We seldom mean the angry thing we speak.  
Too well you know we are imperfect made,  
And where we're most defenceless, you invade.  
The lucky minute you too often find,  
Exert your native pow'r, and we are kind.

You vow, you swear, and we'll as well believe  
 You weep, you sigh, you conquer and deceive.  
 Our humour you observe, our will obey,  
 And we comp' y as fast as you betray.  
 The fair, the brown, the slender, and the tall,  
 The bulky, and the short, you praise us all.  
 Whatever men we use, what dress we wear,  
 You tell us some peculiar grace is there.  
 Where e'er we walk, like goddesses we move,  
 And ev'ry thing we do confirms your love.  
 Always to please us you with care devise.  
 Our ears with musick, and with shew our eyes.  
 But when your fatal ends you have enjoy'd,  
 We grow a burthen, and you soon are cloy'd,  
 On us ungratefully you throw the shame,  
 Boast of our favours, and our frailty blame.

Before I proceed I cannot forbear relating a remarkable story, how a much coyer maid than Cloe was caught into the noose of matrimony by an uncommon stratagem.

*The Adventure of the Closet.*

Horatio had courted a lady two years, but was so unfortunate as not to make the least progres in her affection.

I am resolv'd, said she, never to prove  
 The various perils that attend on love,  
 Nor alter my unsulli'd virgin-state,  
 For a more careful, and unfortunate.

He prays, he protests, he weeps and complains of her cruelty,  
 But arguments are vain, she shuns his sight,  
 And flies like mists chas'd by the morning light.

One day, happening to be alone with her in her closet, he fairly and plainly told her, that since nothing was capable of touching her, he was fully resolved to die, and put an end to his pain. This discourse, I must confess, had nothing that was singular in it: For a thousand men have threatened to dispatch themselves, that never intended it: But what follows was very particular: And to the end madam, says he, that you may fully enjoy my death, and have the satisfaction of seeing it steal upon me by degrees, I am resolved to die of hunger here in your closet.

Death to all sufferings an end doth give,

And makes the most unhappy, cease to grieve.

With that, he flung himself upon the floor, resolving to put his design in execution from that very moment. The young lady only laughed at him, and left him there, making no question but that he would be gone in less than a quarter of an hour. In the mean time the evening approached; yet our trusty lover still continued in the closet. She came to see him and ask'd him, whether his brains were grown addle, and whether he intended to take up his quarters there. To both which questions our gentleman made no manner of reply, so that the lady was obliged to leave him. In short, the night passed, and next morning the lady came very early to ad-

vice him to lay aside this foolish resolution; but all she could get from him, was, Madam, I have already done myself the honour to acquaint you with my last intentions. Having said this, he looked languishingly upon her, fetch'd a deep sigh! And turn'd his head the other way. On the third day, our lady, more perplex'd than ever, brought him something to eat with her own hands. 'Tis impossible to tell with what a scornful look he beheld it! He appeared in this short time to be considerably weakened; his eyes look'd dead, and heavy, his complexion pale, and there seem'd to be something wild and distracted in his looks: The fourth day no sooner arrived but our lady began seriously and gravely to consider what a cruel scandal this would be to her, if she did not take care to prevent it. How! A man die in my closet, kill'd by despair, kill'd by hunger! I am utterly undone if I don't hinder it. What malicious stories will the neighbourhood raise of me, if this should happen. I see now says she,

None lives in this tumult'ous state of things  
(Where every morning some new troubles brings)  
But bold inquietudes will break their rest,  
And gloomy thoughts disturb their anxious breast.

By this time love had gained some ground upon her heart as well as the fear of scandal, which made her resolve at last to go and argue the matter with him; and after a long exhortation which Horatio did not seem to understand, because he appeared to be in a manner dead; she at last told him that since all the arguments she had offered him, would not get him out of her closet, tho' she never had thoughts of changing her condition, yet rather than he should die for her, she would marry him: With this our poor lover cast an amorous look at her, and asked her whether what he heard was true, or only an illusion of his senses. She satisfied him that all was true, when immediately life returned to him, and the time and place was agreed upon for the solemnization of their nuptials. In all probability our lady was mightily pleased with her own charms, since they were able to raise a man at death's door, (in all appearance,) to life again of a sudden; tho' I cannot deny but in reality they had a good share in the miracle, yet it is as true that they ought not wholly to assume it to themselves; but to divide the glory of it with a cold neats-tongue, a roll of bread, and a good bottle of wine, which our lover had dexterously conveyed under a couch which was in the closet; for Horatio foreseeing he was to die, had taken care, like a good christian as he was, to make some preparation for it beforehand.

Thus lovers oft unusual methods tries,  
And what their fortune wants, their wit supplies.

I shall now proceed to consider some other qualities, humours, and dispositions of men besides those I insisted upon last year, by which the young virgin may be enabled to determine which of her admirers is to be encouraged, and which to be refused.

(1) A divided heart is not worth the having, for he that loves more than one, does in reality love none at all. Yet there are to be

be found some in the world who will pretend to love you their half a dozen or half a score at once; and to be true and faithful to all of 'em. Such a one it was who when one of his mistresses had taxed him with perfidiousness for loving others besides herself, he sends her this brisk answer, wherein you'll find he does not excuse, but values himself upon it.

*The Rover.*

In all love's dominions I challenge the boy,  
To shew such a forward frank lover as I.  
So faithful and true where my promise is past,  
At the first so sincere, and so warm at the last.  
Imprimis, I've sworne true allegiance to Phillis,  
And the same I have done to divine Amarillis;  
Then to Celia the fair I my heart did resign,  
Next I laid down the trifle at Iris's shrine.  
Calista then gently put in for the prize,  
Nor did the coy Sylvia my off'ring despise.  
But now you'll enquire can they all quarter there,  
Why madam, my heart's large enough never fear.

There's room for my Phillis,  
And soft Amarillis,  
And Celia the fair,  
Who need not despair  
Of a good lodging there;  
With Iris, Calista, and Sylvia beside,  
Yes, madam, this oft by experience I've try'd.  
So large is the place, and so plenteous my store,  
I with ease can provide for six mistresses more;  
Nay, if you distrust me, e'en send me a score.

I suppose I need not advise the ladies to refuse such a rover as this, let us therefore go on to another;

(2) A fickle and uncertain lover is good for nothing, one who is in several minds in a minute; who can love and hate, can dote and despise, all in an hour. Such a one as this, deserves the same fate, as befel a certain spark in Paris: Who lost his mistress in the manner, the ensuing story will inform you.

*The Unfortunate Abbot.*

CLEANTE S could never be perswaded to declare his choice either of the church, the long robe, or the sword: for sometimes, he would by all means be an abbot; and the next morning, quitting that resolution, he would needs be a counsellor, and within a minute or two after, nothing would serve his turn but to be a soldier. His friends having at last pressed him to determine upon something, he promised them he would very suddenly declare his choice. Whether any one gave him counsel, or whether he took counsel of his own dear self I cannot tell; but next day he borrowed a suit of arms, and all the habiliments of war: He sent to a counsellor a friend of his for a lawyer's gown; and he procured of an abbot to lend him but for one afternoon, his surplice and his rochet. All this harness he caused to be carried into his chamber, where he also hung

hung up four large looking-glasses. In short, being there alone, and having shut to the door, he arms himself cap-a-pe, takes the sword and pistol into his hand, consults his four looking-glasses, struts in a warlike manner up and down the room, then he brandishes his sword, cocks his pistol, cuts the air like a fury. After this he assaults with his utmost strength the figures in the tapistry, and finds in himself courage, and strength and resolution enough to go to the army. He therefore examines all the advantages of that profession, and the fortunes that he might rise to: Such and such, said he within himself, have had such commands: Such have been made marshalls of France at such an age; such have made their actions the talk of the world, and marked out with the finger for brave men. Then he begins to make reflections on the pleasure he should enjoy upon his return from a campaign to appear with all the equipage of a marquis; he believed he saw already a great plume wagging in his hat, and his coat glittering all over with embroidery, that it out-vy'd the sun in splendor and glory; he fancied where ever he went all eyes followed him, and he could not doubt but his manly presence supported and set off with the equipage of a marquis that was come from the army, must captivate the most stubborn hearts, and make the ladies fall down before him. These magnanimous thoughts stirr'd up afresh his courage in the chamber, and he summoned all his courage together, and redoubled his blows against a squadron of horse that was in the tapistry; but O dire mischance! blinded with too furious a height of courage, he unfortunately mist the hangings, and his sword lighting upon one of the looking-glasses, broke it all to pieces; he presently throws down his arms with a resolution never to handle them more: He believed now he should be unfortunate in the army, that he should certainly be slain, and the broken looking-glass was an infallible presage of it.

Well then, arms laid aside, he takes up the gown, and cloaths himself like a counsellor, putting on a little minikin ruff, and a short white perriwig: He consults with his remaining looking-glasses, thinks this habit becomes him mighty pretily, and begins to feel his spirits exalted that way: he despises now the souldier's life, thinking how many dangers and hazards they must run thoro, before they can arise to any considerable command, he found a counsellors condition much better and securer; and in time, thinks he, I may come to be a judge, without running any hazard of my life. He proposes to himself a thousand pleasures and delights, fancies himself in an antichamber, and all the stairs leading up to it full of cheats ready to cast themselves on their knees before him, and calling him, my lord. These thoughts egg on others which fill his whole brain-pan full of a thoufand ravishing conceptions. Here therefore he resolves to fix his standard, and to become a counsellor; but yet first he will put on the rochet to see how it becomes him.

And now he admires his incomparable gravity, and being mightily taken with himself, it comes into his head, that he might one day arrive to be a cardinal: O then! how should he look in a scarlet robe! a counsellor now seems to him a coxcomb, in comparison of

of a cardinal, and he wonders how any man of sense should spend whole evenings in looking over breviaries, and breaking his brains about perplexed cases. To be rouzed up by four or five a clock in the morning, with bawling and crying, 'Good sir, remember my cause; pray sir, remember my cause; to be plagued with this everlasting din of noise and clangour was now become his aversion: But, faith he to himself, an abbot lives at his ease, enjoys his pleasures, is courted by every one; He was about to enlarge himself, when a beautiful young person whom he loved, and was designed to be married to; as soon as he was settled, entered the chamber, together with her mother. He believed he had shut the door very secure, but alas! he had left the key in it, his brains were so overwhelmed with imaginations and whimsies concerning the choice he was to make. He could not be more surprized to see them come in, than the Ladies were to see him in that posture. They asked him what was the meaning of his being habited in that manner? he told them he had determined to be a churchman and had put on the rochet to see how the habit agreed with him. The mother said she hoped he would not deceive her daughter so (for churchmen in France do not marry) but he remained fixed in his resolves, and told her that since he did not leave her daughter for any other beauty, but purely for the service of heaven; they ought not to be angry with him. The mother replied that since things were at that pass she must seek out her daughter another husband; he wished her a good one and so they left him, without seeming either glad or sorrowful at the accident. The mother who knew very well the natural inconstancy of his mind, was glad to be so rid of him. She had another match ready for her daughter, and that fair maid had some inclinations for him the designed her; so that things were easily concluded. The pretended abbot heard of it, and was ready to run mad; he comes and throws himself at his mistress's feet, protests, that to enjoy her he would renounce all the abbeys in the world, and would embrace whatsoever profession she liked best. But it was now too late, and things were too far gone which did so much afflict him, that he resolved to turn monk.

\* I told you in my last how Cleanes lost his mistress, by one of the most extravagant whims that ever was, and upon which he was resolved to turn abbot; but he did not continue long in that mind; for upon second thoughts, he was resolved seeing he could not reclaim his old mistress, to marry another and be revenged on her. He having a good estate of his own, his friends soon found out an accomplished and beautiful lady, of no small fortune; and the time was agreed upon for him to pay his first visit: And that he might appear in some splendor, he buys him a new suit of cloaths, an extraordinary large champaign wig, a pair of gloves with gold fringe, a fine silver hilted sword, and all other suitable accoutrements: The appointed time being come, away he marches to the ladies house, which was very fine and neatly seated on a rising ground; mounting up a pair of stairs, he was conducted (by one who waited there for him) into a stately hall, where he finds a cloth laid for dinner, a

side-board table richly set out, and every thing therein, in extream good order ; the person that attended him left him, desiring him to divert himself a while in viewing the pictures, and hangings, and that the lady would wait upon him in a quarter of an hour. Walking up and down the hall, he at last spies the lady's picture ; and a fancy came into his head, to practice a little to the shadow, what he designed to entertain the real substance withal ? With that, making a very low and graceful bow, Divine creature (faulth he to the picture) your eyes have darted into my heart, two such fire-balls, that all the flames of Etna, are nothing to that raging fire of love, that burns within my breast : Then he imitating the small voice of a young woman, replies to himself in his mistresses behalf : O sir, I am sure you can see nothing in me to give your breast the least disturbance : Then he replys for himself, Divine creature ! I am all rapture, all flame ! O my charming angel let me embrace you ! With that he runs hastily, and catching the picture with some eagerness, (it being not fast set up,) down it tumbles, and knocks to pieces a very fine spinnet of the young lady's, that cost her five and twenty guineas ; this mischance very much troubled him, but to remedy it as much as he could, he was going to hang up the picture in its place, but the corner of the frame overturned her ladyship's tea table that stood near it, and all its furniture of china ware was dash'd to pieces ; this so disordered him, that he was going to make his retreat without seeing his mistres, but just at that instant she entred the hall, leading her sister of about 8 years of age in her hand : Our spark advances and salutes her ; but unfortunately his wigg entangling with some wiers, with which her head-dress was made up, which when he retreated to make his honours, off comes the lady's head-dress, and being pinned to her hair, it tore up roots and all, putting her to mortal pain ; her hair at the same time tumbling all about her ears, put her into great disorder, and he no less confused than she, stooping hastily to take her head-dress off the ground to return it her, unhappily his great sleeve pushing down suddenly the hilt of his sword, the other end flew up with that violence, that hitting the little child over the face it gushed out with blood in a terrible manner. This accident so amazed him, that resolving to go off as well as he could, not minding the side-board table, he blunders over it, flinging down and bruising in a piteous manner, the fine servers of plate, and shattering a multitude of fine glasses all to whinders. This last accident perfectly confounded him, he runs out of doors as fast as his legs could carry him, and forgetting there was a pair of stairs to go down, he made but one step from top to bottom, and had certainly broke his neck, if the fall had not been broken by my ladies woman, who was coming up with a pyramid of sweet meats to entertain the gallant ; but as he was gathering up his wig, hat, and gloves, that were scattered in the fall ; what with screams of the child, the screek of the lady who thought the child's wound dangerous, and the bellowing the waiting woman made, who lay rowling with her coats over her ears at the bottom of the stairs : I say this hideous out-cry roused up old towsr

towser the house mastiff, who seized upon our spark, tore his fine wig to pieces; the skirt of his coat on one side, and a sleeve on the other were entirely routed in the battle, and most of his other cloaths suffered extreamly. With much struggling he at last got off, but in a most piteous torn condition, cursing his fortune, and resolved never more to have to do with that unfortunate sex: But he soon forgot these resolves, for he soon after fell into one of the most comical adventures in the world, with another woman: An account whereof you shall have in my next.

\* In my diary of 1705 I gave you the history of Cleantes, an unfortunate courtier, who lost his mistress by one of the most extravagint whims that ever was. In the year following, his history was continued, in which was shewn, what a train of unlucky accidents attended a visit he made to another lady. I fully designed to have prosecuted the story of his misfortune in my last, but other subjects engaging me too far, I was forced to defer it till now; which be pleased to take as follows.

Cleantes (as you have already heard) was a gentleman very well educated, and heir to a competent estate; but a perfect maggot, possess'd of a roving fancy, very unsteady and irresolute, often changing his mind upon the least grounds and flightest circumstance; but his peculiar character was, in imitating and practising in private before hand, what he designed afterwards to undertake.

Having lost his first mistres, and fell into so many misfortunes in an attempt he made upon the secound, he was resolved never to have any thing more to do with a sex that had led him into so much trouble; nay, he was resolved to wage an everlasting war against them: He (like the fox in the fable) despised what he could not come at, and wondered that any one durst embark in the fatal vessel of matrimony, because he, forsooth, could not get a woman in the mind to marry him.

The first fruits of his hatred was levelled against the married state, and with the assistance of a friend in the peak, he thus burlesques that sacred rite.

1. How uneasie is his life,

Who is troubled with a wife!

Be she ne'er so young and toward,

Be she ne'er so old and froward;

Be she kind with arms enfolding,

Be she croſs, and always scolding,

Be she blithe or melancholly,

Have she wit, or have she folly,

Yet uneasie is his life

Who is married to a wife.

2. If young and sweet, she is too tender,

If old and croſs, no man can mend her,

If too too kind, she's ever clinging,

If a scold, she's ever ringing,

If blithe, find fiddlers or y'undee her,

If sad, then call a casuist to her,

\* From the diary for 1708.

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If a wit, she'll still be jeering,  
If a fool, she's ever sneering;  
So uneasie is his life  
Who is married to a wife.

3. These are all extremes I know,  
But all womankind is so :  
And the golden mean to none  
Of that fickle race is known :  
The first rib did bring in ruin,  
And the rest have since been doing,  
Some by one way, some another,  
Woman still is mischief's brother,  
And yet cannot man forbear,  
Tho' it cost him ne'er so dear.

4. What are then the marriage joys  
That make such a mighty noise ?  
All's enclos'd in one short sentence,  
Little pleasure, great repentance.  
Why then all this great pains-taking ?  
Why the sighing ? why the waking ?  
Why the riding ? why the running ?  
Why the artifice and cunning ?  
Why all this clutter to get wives,  
To make us weary of our lives ?

5. Oh ! 'tis pleasant to be free,  
The sweetest miss is liberty ;  
And tho' who with one sweet is blest,  
May reap the sweets of all the rest ;  
In her alone, who fair and true,  
Reserves those sweets for none but you :  
Yet 'tis better live alone,  
Free from all, than ty'd to one,  
Since uneasie is his life,  
Who is married to a wife.

But not contented with this, he was resolved to rail against all womankind, and to affront them all he could; the first he set upon was his quondam mistress, whom he lost by acting the abbot. (As you have read in my diary for 1705.) She was now married to a very honest gentleman, with whom she lived very happily: Our woman hater was resolved to give her a serenade, but such an one as the ladies are seldom entertained with ; to this end he provides a copy of verses, the most provoking he could think of ; and that the music should bear some proportion to the words, he gets him a gridiron with a key, an empty salt-box with a lid on it, a bar of iron with a rough file, and some cat-calls; being thus prepared, and hearing that the husband was gone from home, he takes with him some assistants, well skill'd in those famous instruments of musick, and about midnight they all steal softly under the lady's window. They began with a prelude so horrid and discordant, enough to strike a terror into the soul of any mortal : After this, he with a

D

hoarse

hoarse and dreadful tone yells out as loud as ever he could bellow the ensuing abusive lines.

1. MOPSA thou ugly dirty drab,

All cover'd o'er with mange and scab ;  
Whose hair hangs down in curious flakes,  
All curl'd and crisp'd like crawling snakes :  
The breath of whose perfumed locks  
Might choke the devil with a pox.  
Look down you fulsome dowdy see  
Our new invented harmony.

Chorus, Let the gridir'n and cat-calls, and salt-box resound,  
And the scream of old iron her senses confound.

2. Her forehead next is to be found,

Resembling much the new plow'd ground ;  
Furrow'd like stairs, whose windings lead  
Unto the chimney of her head ;  
The next thing that my muse descries,  
Is the two mill-pits of her eyes ;  
Mill-pits whose depth no plumb can sound,  
For there the God of love was drown'd.

Let the gridir'n, and cat-calls, and salt-box resound,  
And the scream of old iron her senses confound.

3. Help, furies, you that cannot flatter,

I knew her nose affordeth matter ;  
For on her nose there hangs I wot,  
A curious pearl of chrystral snot.  
And then her blobber-lips are suck,  
'Tis almost pain of death to touch ;  
I'd wish the Devil so much bliss,  
Those daily to be damn'd to kifs.

Let the gridir'n, and cat-calls, and salt-box resound,  
And the scream of old iron her senses confound.

The lady, you may be well assured, was not a little nettled at this extravagant affront, but stifling her resentments, she was resolv'd to be reveng'd ; she knew very well the voice, and the humour of the man, and, after some thoughts how to manage the point, she at last pitches upon a project which succeeded to her wishes. She orders her maid Lucy (who was her confident when he courted her) to find him out next day, as if it were by accident, and gave her full instructions how to manage her plot, which she effected to admiration : She meets him next day, and passes carelessly by him, but he longing to know the success of his serenade, calls her back, and asks her how her mistress did ? Very well in health (replies the maid) but very weary ; weary ! (says he) upon what occasion ? why (replies Lucy) we are come home this morning out of the country, and if you will promise to be secret, I can tell you something which will not displease you : as secret (says Cleanthes) as if it were in your own breast : then know, (proceeded the cunning gypsie) my master going often abroad upon pretended busyness, (when in reality he had none) made my mistress suspect there

was something in the wind more than ordinary, and upon enquiry, found that he had a mistress ten miles off; she took coach, and me along with her, and her two servants, the rest being abroad with my master; so that not a soul was left at home: we stop'd half a mile short of the place, she goes and surprizes them in a posture that shall be nameless; she flies like a tygress on the jilt, scolds in a horrid manner against her husband, vows never to come between a pair of sheets with him again: he, not regarding her cries and reproaches, takes his Moggy behind him, and is gone she knows not whither; when my mistress came back to us, she took coach and came home this morning, and did nothing but cry and sob all the way, as if her heart would break; I by much persuasion at last got the secret out, which is what I have related to you: but ever and anon she would cry out, O my Cleanthes! O my first love! that has made such deep and lasting impressions on my soul, I am sure he would never have served me so: nay, since she hath come home she hath said a thousand tender things of you, vows to be reveng'd on my master; and I am persuaded if you should now wait on her, you would not repent your labour, for a more favourable opportunity could never happen; but for your life speak not, one word to any mortal of what I now have told you. Cleanthes was overjoy'd at this romantick story, being glad at heart that nobody was at home (as he thought) to hear his fine song and harmonious music; and slipping half a piece in Lucy's hand, he told her he would go home and dress himself and wait upon her mistress presently. Lucy returns home with joy, and tells her mistress how handsomely she had decoy'd the serenading spark; to be short, he soon comes to wait upon her, and after some indifferent matters talked over, they came to repeat over the times of their courtship, and the endearing words and actions past between them; being a little heated with discourse, Cleanthes watches a favourable opportunity to urge his love, she defends her honour, he urges revenge upon a treacherous husband; at length she seemingly yields, and appoints twelve a clock that night to make him happy, when a ladder of ropes should be let down out of the window over their draw-bridge, and upon a sign given by Lucy he was to ascend and be happy. Cleanthes returned the most happy of all men, and now the ill thoughts he conceiv'd against the fair sex are all vanish'd; now no one in the earth had a greater value for them than himself, as he will let the world see by his future conduct towards them: and now he thinks every minute an hour till the appointed time come, he chides the sun for loitering so long in viewing our upper hemisphere, and oft would he say,

Fly swift you minutes! like my wishes fly!

Make haste! make haste! and bring me to my joy.

In the mean time, that he might prepare himself both in language and behaviour to entertain and accost his mistress, he was revolv'd, as his usual custom was; to practise it over before hand.

To this end he privately procures a ladder of ropes; and slips into his chamber, his elder sister's pastboard head-block which happened

to be drest with her best suit of french night-cloaths. About ten a clock at night, when he thought the old folks, and all the family were in bed, he gets into his chamber to act over his part; and finding no convenience to tye his ladder to the window, he carries the end of the rope athwart the room to tye it to the beds feet; but his head being so full of his project, he not minding what he did, tyed it to the foot of a two arm'd chair that stood by, and puts the other end out into the yard, and laying the head, dressed with the night-clothes, into the bed between the sheets, puts out the candle, locks his door, and goes down into the yard; and standing in the yard for some time, and imagining Lucy came to the window and gave him the sign agreed on, up he mounts with the nimbleness of an eager lover; but having got almost to the top, the chair he ty'd his ladder to gave way, and down tumbles my spark into the yard, with that force that it bruised him in a pitious manner, the chair above at the same time making so dreadful a noise that it wakened the whole house; his hurt did not half so much grieve him, as his being so near his imaginary happiness and to miss it: and he could not forbear thinking sometimes, that this forboded some mischief would ensue the prosecuting his amour with his mistress; but after some time he reassumed his former courage, and was resolved to prosecute his first design. He goes up into his chamber again, ties the ladder fast, and locking the door, leaving the key in it, he steals down into the yard, and forgetting his other misfortune, up he mounts with better success; for now he gets into the window, leaps down into the floor, and undresses himself with all the haste imaginable, all the time speaking to his lovely mistress in bed, my dear! my life! my soul! now I am blest indeed! why dost not speak, my charmer? then would he answer himself for her, in a small effeminate voice, my dear Cleanthes, joy so stops my breath I can hardly speak; come to my arms, that I may devour the with kisses! then would he reply in his own voice, I come! I come! my everlasting charmer! he was so very eager, and his thoughts ran so much upon his approaching bliss, that as he undressed himself he flings his coat one way, his breeches another, his shoes and stockings another, and, not minding what he did, he pulls off shirt and all, and flings himself into bed, falls a kissing the pasteboard head, with all the transports of a violent passion, and a world of fine talk passed between them, he to attack, and she to defend her honour; at last he supposes the fair one yielding, cries out aloud as it were in an agony, oh unexpressible rapture! my bless is greater far than mortal man can bear.

Oh! pleasures! boundless pleasures! that ev'n Jove  
Might envy; so transporting is my love.

At this very instant enter'd into his chamber, his father, mother, two sisters, and some neighbours with lights in their hands; for his father hearing the noise that was made by the chair, and afterwards his jumping into the chamber from the window, had slipt on his night-gown, and coming up to the chamber door, heard the endearing conversation (as he imagined) between his son and his bed-

bedfellow, down thunders he to his wife, calls up his two daughters, sends for some of his neighbours that were not yet gone to bed, tells them the misfortune of his family, that his son was in bed with a lewd woman; he desires them to accompany him to surprise them together, and that they should both of them feel the effects of his just indignation. Away they come with sorrowful hearts and wet eyes, and enter the room as before related. Cleanthes was strangely surprized at so great a company, he slipt the past-board head quite down into the bed, and resolving within himself not to answer one word to whatever they should say to him, he lay very snug; the company coming up to the bed-side, the father first broke silence, thou wicked abandon'd wretch (saith he, in a violent angry tone) will no place serve your polluted purposes but my own house? thou stain of my family! thou destroyer of my good name, get out of my house! I will disinherit you this moment, you graceless rascal. O Cleanthes! saith the mother (sighing and sobbing as if her heart would break) you have broke my heart; I expected comfort from you in my latter days, but this nights work has ruin'd my repose for ever: then raising her voice of a sudden, come out, you base woman! thou wicked deluder of young men! come out you strumpet! I'll tear your eyes out! I'll pull you limb from limb, you she-devil! Look (says the younger daughter) what confusion the room is in, see how all his cloathes are scattered about the chamber. Hah! what's here (continued she) in the window; a ladder of ropes as I live; is this the way, madam impudence, you came in at? you'll hazard your neck to compass your lewd ends, but I'll cool your courage you brazen-fac'd quean; I'll make you an example to all the loose strumpets in the country. Come Madam minx (said the elder sister) let's see your brazen-face; and with that, turning down part of the bed-cloaths, which Cleanthes held down as fast as he could, she spies her head-cloathes, which she snatches away in the greatest fury imaginable, crying out, Oh thou devil incarnate! Thou impudent brazen-faced quean! put my night cloaths upon thy whore's head. Think you (saith she to her neighbours) I'll ever wear them again? No, I'll be hang'd first: Then in a rage, and crying for very madness, she tears off the lace, pulls the fine knots to pieces, and rending it into an hundred pieces, she stamps it under her feet: this put the company into a terrible feud; and now they were all resolv'd to expose this wicked woman, and laying hold upon the bed-cloaths, they pull'd to get them off, and Cleanthes pull'd to keep them on: And during this struggle, the father, mother, and daughters threatned her, in all the angry words that rage and malice could invent. You shall be whipt in Bridewell for a whore, says one. You shall be whipt at a cart's arse for a thief, saith another. We'll pull her limb from limb! We'll tear her into a thousand pieces; we'll rip out her heart, a base impudent whore! In the midst of this shower of passion, they gave one grand pull, and off came the bed-cloaths, where they found this base strumpet to be nothing in the world but a past-board head; and Cleanthes, for his part, as naked as he

was born. Cleanthes immediately slipt under the bed to hide himself, and all the company were so amazed, that for a long time they stood staring at one another, not being able to utter one word; but at length the scene began to change, the wet eyes were dried up, and the angry countenance exchang'd for one more gay; and at last, all of them (especially the neighbours that were not so much concerned in the mournful part of the tragedy) fell into such a fit of laughing, they could not contain themselves for a long time; only the sister that pulled her best suit of night cloaths to pieces, was so enraged, that she fell upon poor Cleanthes's mistress, and tore her limb from limb, and that very night burnt her to ashes; nor would any of the family ever after endure a paslboard head in the house. When they had laughed their bellies full, they quitted the room, leaving a light for Cleanthes to go to bed by, and happy had it been for him if he had done so; but instead of that, he dressed himself again as fine as he could, resolving to pursue his real mistress, as he had practised before upon his paslboard one, where he fell into such a series of misfortunes, but so pleasant withal, that scarce the like was ever heard of.

\* Having in my last given you a full relation of the confusion Cleanthes was in, at his being surprized in his chamber, and of his resolution to prosecute the appointment which he made with his first mistress, who by a pretended quarrel with her husband, endeavour'd to decoy him into her clutches, being resolved to punish him for the affront he put upon her, (to which I refer you) I come now to prosecute that story, and to tell you the success of that renounter.

The lady had before hand acquainted her husband with her design, who readily joined with her in her project, and all things were prepared for his reception; and exactly at the time appointed the lover arrived at the end of the drawbridge, as was at first concerted between him and Lucy, where he had not been long before the signal was given, and the ladder of ropes let down from a window over the bridge; up he mounts with a lovers haste, but he had not climbed above three steps, before the ladder was pulled violently up about half way, and there it was fastened, and the window above clapt too, that he could neither get up nor down: he durst not leap for fear of breaking his neck; presently he heard a noise coming towards him, which made him lye snug, and which proved to be some of the servants to draw up the bridge, which when they had done, away they go, but left poor Cleanthes in a much worse condition than before; for now he hung over the very deepest, and most dangerous place in the mote; into which if he fell, there was no escaping drowning. In this perplexity he hung for sometime, wishing heartily he had been asleep in his own bed at home. At last Lucy comes and opens the window, and lets in the frighted lover, who blames her for using of him so hardly, but she telling him some neighbours being at the time of his first coming in her mistress's chamber, being the next to that they were in, she durst not let him in for fear of making a noise; but now he might be free

and

\* From the diary for 1709.

## No. 2. THE UNFORTUNATE COURTIER.

and fear nothing; with that she led him to the next room, being a very stately one, wherein was a bed, and all the walls painted with trees, groves, bowers, and such other rural landscapes; bidding him get to bed as fast as he could, for her mistress was undressing herself, and would wait upon him presently; but she desired him to put out his candle, when he was in bed, for she would not be seen in her shift. Cleanthes soon undressed himself, and putting out the candle, lay waiting for the coming of his mistress, forming to himself a thousand ideas of her beauty and perfection, and that now he should embrace real flesh and blood, and not an imaginary mistress only.

While he was thus pleasing himself with these thoughts, he found himself suddenly seized upon, and notwithstanding all the opposition he could make, he was forcibly bound hand and foot to one of the bedposts; this put him into a terrible fright, being uncertain what would be the issue of this strange adventure; presently appeared the lady and her maid Lucy clad all in white like good spirits (tho' they proved not so to him) with white wands, in their hands, and going about him, and waving their wands over his head sung as follows.

We must make these walks and groves,  
Free from the dregs of mortal loves;  
And clear them from th' unclean abodes  
Of croaking frogs, and creeping toads;  
For Oberon the fairy king,  
Fair Mabb his queen will hither bring,  
And they must dance, and we must sing.

At the end of every verse they gave him a good smart blow over his back with their wands, which made him shrink up his shoulders, but he durst not complain nor speak one word: then the spirits proceed

Come, oh come, without delay,  
Ye goat-prancers of the groves,  
Leave your embraces, leave your loves,  
And clean the mighty monarchs way.

Then entered two servants of the house dressed in the ugly shape of satyrs, who seeming to be surprized at a stranger's being there, one of them came up to him, and in an angry fierce tone, that almost frightened him out of his wits, said thus to him,

Bold mortal, how durst thou be here,  
When Oberon was to appear.  
To prie into the unknown rites  
Of fairy ladies and their knights,  
And search into the hidden sport  
Of the happy fairy court.  
Stay till the king himself doth come,  
That thou mayst hear thy dreadful doom.

Whilst one satyr thus accosted him, the other very dexterously had conveyed a good quantity of cow-itch all over him.

Immediately a company of boys dressed like fairies came dancing in

in, and ~~despering~~ about, and pinching him severely, that he roar'd out like a town-bull ; the boys singing all the while

In lieu of the cat-calls and salt-boxes sound,

Let cow-itch and pinches his senses confound.

But that which gave him the greatest uneasiness, was what he heard the boys sing, which plainly shew'd he was betrayed, and what would become of him he knew not.

Presently a great noise was heard at a distance, down with the drawbridge quickly, my master is come and brought Mr Slashum the chyrurgeon with him ; immediately all his troublesome companions left him, taking all the lights along with them ; and soon after he heard the husband's voice in the next room saying, I am glad with all my heart we have got the young lecher, I'll teach him for ever abusing any woman for the future ; at this rate we shall have as many horns as heads, nor can a wife or virgin be safe as long as such young rogues are in a capacity to abuse them ; but I'll spoil his sport for him. Then pausing a little.—Come Mr Chyrurgeon, saith he, is all your tackle ready ? is your lances very sharp ? is your tow and spirit of wine in readiness ? is your cords strong to bind him fast till the operation is over ? yes (reply'd the servant that personated the Chyrurgeon) all my things are in good order and I shall be ready presently. This discourse made the poor lover tremble, for he would rather lose his life, than be pointed at for a capon by all the women in the town. Now would he give all he had in the world to be at home again, and fast asleep in his own bed. Then hearkening again, he heard the Chyrurgeon cry, now, sir, I am ready, but you must get very good help, to bind him fast, and hold him steady, for it is a very painful and dangerous operation : yes, reply'd the master, you shall have help enough ; call up Tom Lusty, and Dick Stouthead, and bid Sampson come along with them : this made poor Cleanthes ready to dye for fear, and now he expected every moment to be made the most miserable wretch on earth ; but in the midst of his perplexity in comes Lucy in a pretended heat : alas, sir, (saith she) what shall we do ? my master is come home in a rage, and threatens to murder my mistress, and to deal most barbarously with you ; O wicked man ! to spoil a fine young gentleman in the flower of his age, I cannot forbear telling you, tho' I am ashamed, and blush to think on it ; we would have persuaded him to be satisfied in making you a rigel, but nothing will content him but a perfect eunuch, and no intreaties, prayers, or tears are able to alter his resolution. But I'll hazard my life before so fine a young man shall be so served. With that she unbouad him as fast as she could, bidding him dres himself with all speed ; but the cunning jade had before took away his own cloaths, and slipt into their place and old-fashion ragged suit, and had left in room of his fine perriwig, an old sun-burnt one, that had not been comb'd out in seven years. Cleanthes, you need not doubt of it, dressed himself in a trice, promising her mountains of gold for her kindness ; but what with the smart of the blows, pinches, and cow-itch, and what with the fear the scurvy Chirurgeon

geon had put him in, he did not perceive the cheat put upon him in the change of his cloaths. As soon as he was dressed, Lucy bad him follow her softly into the garden, where when they were come, she told him there was no way of escaping, (the draw-bridge being then up) but by going over a plank laid over the mote, to which place she directed him. But the malicious baggage had shewed him a way all full of nettles, thistles, and briers; he had not gone twenty paces, when according as they had before plotted, out comes all the people of the house crying, where is the villain, we're resolved he shan't escape so cheaply. Yonder he runs, crys one of 'em towards the plank, follow quick or we shall lose him; with that they follow him amain, crying stop thief! stop thief! (Cleanthes runs to the place where the plank was, forcing his way thro' all before him, where he was most bitterly stung, pricked, and torn, by the nettles, thistles, and bryers; being come to the plank, over he goes, the people following him being almost at his heels; but alas poor misfortunate lover, he had not got scarce half-way but the plank, which had before been sawed almost thorough, broke short in two, and sowse comes my spark over head and ears in the mote; but being nimble, and assisted by his fear, he soon scrambles out on the other side: the gentleman, his lady and attendants return into the house, laughing most heartily at the poor soaked lover, and wonderfully pleased at the success of their plot; and rifling his cloaths, they found in his pockets, a good watch, twenty guineas, and four broad pieces in gold, with some silver; and in a private place some papers which he had forgot to leave at home, containing nothing but abusive reflections upon the fair sex. The lady would not part with any of them except one, which contained a comical description of the beauty of his mistress which for the novelty of it was read by the husband to all the company; a copy whereof followeth.

1. I love you for your squinting eyes,  
They'll breed no jealousie;  
When you perhaps on others look,  
They'll think you look on me.  
I love you for your sparrow-mouth,  
For in an am'rous close,  
There's room on either side to kiss,  
And ne'er offend the nose.  
I love you for your pudding-waste,  
If you a taylor lack,  
We need not send to France for him,  
We'll fit you with a sack.  
Venus perhaps might comlier be  
But had not such variety.
2. I love you for your copper-nose,  
The feature's ne'er the worse;  
I find the metal in the face  
You wanted in the purse.  
I love you for your rotten teeth,  
A fine new-fancy'd grace;

You wear black patches in the mouth,  
 'Tis common in the face.  
 I love you for your blubber-lips,  
 In them I thrift propose;  
 Fit dripping-pans they're for your eyes,  
 And save-alls for your nose.  
 Venus perhaps might comlic be,  
 But had not such variety.

They all laughed heartily at the fancy; and being satisfied with their revenge, and tired with mirth, they betook themselves to rest, little dreaming of the number of sad misfortunes that befel the almost drowned lover before he got home, occasioned by his tumbling into the water; an account of which you shall have in my next, with which I shall conclude the story.

\* The conclusion of the last part of Cleanthes's misfortune, left him in a tatter'd old nasty suit of cloaths, just scrawled out of the moat of water, wherein he was finely sows'd, and terribly wetted; and hardly recovered from the deadly fright he was put into by his quondam mistress, whom he had a little before grossly affronted, the particulars of which I must refer you to in my last; and shall now proceed to the remaining part of his story.

He was got out of the water but a very short space, when he heard the watch coming towards him, occasioned by the noise of thieves that was made on purpose to fright him (as you read in the last diary) he fain would have avoided them, but it was impossible. When they were come up, they asked him who he was, whence he came, and what noise of thieves it was that they heard? He told them he heard no noise of thieves, but that he was a gentleman, and walking by the moat, he unfortunately tumbled into it. A Gentleman! cry they (seeing what equipage he was in) this is a rare gentleman indeed; and with that they fell into a fit of laughter for half a quarter of an hour. As soon as the fit was over, cry one in a sneering tone, this sure is a gentleman-usher to a company of pick-pockets and beggars: aye, saith another, this is one of prince Prettyman's near kinsmen, a footman to one of the black guard. Pray, says another, don't laugh so at the gentleman. We laugh, reply'd another, to keep his coat in countenance; for that has laughed so unmeasurably, as to have burst at least 20 holes in it. Upon this Cleanthes, who stood all this while amaz'd at their discourse, viewing himself, and perceiving what wretched tatter'd cloaths he had got on, was ready to sink down with shame and confusion; for he had not only lost his cloaths, but a good watch, a considerable sum in gold and silver, and several papers, upon which he set a very high value. When he was a little recovered out of his amazement, his chief care was how to get out of the clutches of his troublesome companions, who now talked of securing him in the watch-house, and taking him to be examined in the morning before the chief justice in the town, which happened to be his own father; this put the lover to his wits end; but at that instant some

Gen.

\* From the diary for 1710.

gentlemen quarrelling in the next street, and murder being cried, they all run with their lights towards that place, leaving only an old man with Cleanthes to guard him till they returned: but it being dark, he silently got a good distance from him; but hearing the other watchmen returning, the quarrel being soon over, he slips down a small ally, and seeing a house-door open, in which were a great many lights, and a great company, he goes in, and softly creeping up one pair of stairs, gets into a small closet, by which means he avoided them. When he had a little recovered himself from his last fright, he perceived himself in a closet, on one side whereof was a small descent of five or six steps into a large room, which was at that time enlightened with great candles, and full of people, and only a thin slight door to part them; where listening a while, he perceived the company to be a parcel of merry women with their husbands, that were come to the peep-up of a lying-in lady, and that supper was just upon the point of being set upon the table; and groping about to find something to sit upon, he stumbled, and fell down upon a parcel of feathers that was put there out of the way; and being still very wet, abundance of them stuck to his cloaths: but getting up again, he at length finds an old close-stool, upon which he sits to rest himself a little; where for some time he was extremely diverted by the pleasant and entertaining talk of the women, who at such times are usually very merry and jocose. Presently supper coming up, put an universal silence upon their tongues for a while; and a very large table, on which was a curious table-cloth that hung down to the ground on all sides, was soon covered over with roast and boil'd, and other dainties of all sorts, with good store of ale and wine to remember the woman in the straw. Whilst these things were doing, Cleanthes was troubl'd with a tickling in his throat; and finding a fit of coughing coming upon him, he to prevent any noise that might discover himself, or disturb the company, gets up, and thrusts his head down into the hole of the close-stool; notwithstanding which, he made such an odd rumbling noise in the hollow part thereof, that a little startled the company, they not knowing from whence so strange a noise could be produced: But our unfortunate hero, after his fit of coughing was over, going to withdraw his head, found to his surprize, that the hole was so little that he could not possibly do it; but with some struggling, the hinges being old, and slightly nailed, the top of the close-stool came off: and now our spark had got on a band much larger than a Spanish ruff; and withal so stiff and stubborn, that he could not put his hands to his mouth by a foot at least; which with his tattered cloaths all bedecked with feathers, made him one of the horridest monsters in the world. This gave him infinite trouble; but

We must with patience more or less

Sustain those wrongs we can't redress.

Here we must leave our unfortunate spark for a while, striving all manner of ways to get off his monstrous neck-band, and return

to the good company in the next room ; who being all seated, and grace said, prepared to fall on lustily. Madam Dainty had got her a wing of a partridge, Mrs Cramwell had got her a lusty piece of venison-pasty; gooddy Gutler had pil'd up her plate with plum-pudding as high as ever it could hold : Mr Thirsty could eat but little, but he had got a large tankard of stout, and two or three bottles of claret, and every one had plentifully furnished themselves with what they most had a mind to : and just as they were all going to fall to, it unluckily fell out, that Cleanthes making one grand effort to disengage himself from his troublesome companion, made a false step down one of the stairs that led into the room, and not being able to recover himself, the weight of the top of the close-stool tumbled him over and over with that violence, that falling against the door, it flew open, and down he tumbled in the midst of all the company. The suddenness of the noise, the flying of dust and feathers, and the horrid and frightful apparition, put 'em into such a dreadful consternation, that all (except a young fellow that crept under the table) quitted the room in a moment, with dreadful shrieks and outcries, tumbling down stairs one over another, some running one way, some another, to hide themselves; and some were so affrighted, that they could not get up again, but lay almost dead upon the floor where they fell.

As for Cleanthes, the dust and noise, the shrieks of the women, and roaring of the men had so amazed him, that he was as much frightened as any of the company; and seeing them quit the room, after them he follows as fast as he could; but such was his unlucky destiny, that coming to the stair head, his monstrous band hindering him from seeing where he was, he made a trip at the stairs, which flung him cleaver from top to bottom, with that violence that he had certainly broke his neck, or dashed out his brains, were it not that the jawms of the door below, being less than the passage down stairs, the top of the closestool being by his weight thrust violently between them, it stuck just in the middle, as fast as if it had been riveted into them; so that our spark was caught in a new fashion'd pillory, which it was impossible to get rid of. But oh the terrible plight this put him into! he would have given all the world to have been at liberty again.

After some time, the grand consternation being over, the cook-maid being a stout-hearted girl, was resolved to see what gave occasion to all this disturbance; and taking a candle to mount the staircase, of a sudden fell into a fit of laughing, which so encouraged the rest, that shaking of their fear, they came up to her, to see what was the occasion of so much mirth; is this, says she, the formidable demon, that so affrighted you, why (continued she laughing) he is no other then some tumbler, come to make sport at this merry meeting, and has got on some antick clothes, and the top of our old close-stool about his neck, to shew his tricks in. "The devil sport him for me, (quoth Goody Gutler in a mighty pet) for otherwise by this time I should have had six pounds of good plum-pudding in my belly, besides the leg of a turkey, two good plates

full

" full of pastry, and half a dozen of tarts to fill up the chinks; but  
 " I'll be revenged on him, and with that gives him a good soufe  
 " on the chops. Would I were hang'd, says Mr Thirsty, if it  
 " was not for this unlucky dog, but I had drank up a tankard or  
 " two of stout, and a couple of bottles of claret before this time,  
 " whereas now I am almost choak'd, and ready to expire with  
 " thirst; and with that gives him a good kick o'er the shins. Cry  
 " you mercy, faith madam Dainty, I am in his debt, for diverting  
 " me from eating an excellent wing of a partridge, the most delic-  
 " ous morsel in the universe; but I shall now come out of it, and  
 " with that hits him a smart box on the ear. Let me die, quoth  
 " Mrs Cramwel, if the venison pastry doth not stick in my stomach  
 " tho' I never tasted of it; but it is thus that I will ease it, and with  
 " that gives him a bloody pinch on the nose; but her middle finger  
 at the same time pressing hard upon his mouth, he catches it fast  
 between his teeth; she pulls, he holds fast; she begs and prays,  
 he grips harder; she squeals and roars out, the company laugh un-  
 measurably, Cleanthes bites unmercifully, insomuch that the noise  
 and confused medley of mirth and sorrow, so frights the young fel-  
 low that lay concealed under the table, that he was resolv'd to quit  
 the house incontinently; so out he flies with all his might and  
 strength, and clapping his hands hard upon his face (that he might  
 not see those horrid fiends as he imagined way-laid him) he held  
 one corner of the table-cloth so hard, that he pulls it, and all upon  
 it, off the the table after him; down fell the dishes, plates, roast  
 and boil'd, bottles, glasses, candles, salts, and all other furniture;  
 some roiling this way, some that, some following him to the stairs-  
 head, some tumbling down stairs with him, which made so dread-  
 ful, terrible and amazing noise and jingling, as if all the devils in  
 hell were broke loose at once; this, with the horrid yells and cries  
 the young man made, frighted all the people in the house ten times  
 worse than before; so that happy were they that could find a  
 place to hide themselves, (but oh! much more happy Cleanthes.  
 Fortune, who had been so long at variance with him, begins now  
 to turn and smile upon him) for the young fellow flung himself down  
 stairs with such violence, that his weight split the top of the close-  
 stool in the middle, and released the poor prisoner out of his new  
 fashion'd pillory.

Cleanthes immediately quits the house, leaving it in the greatest  
 confusion that ever was, and hasteth home to bed, where he seri-  
 ously reflects upon the unhappy consequence of unlawful love, and  
 resolves never for the future, to engage any more in such pernicious  
 courses, that might have proved so fatal to him; he thanks heaven  
 for his deliverance from those numerous troubles he had involved  
 himself in that night, and if he can but excuse himself to his father  
 for the loss of his cloaths, he doubts not but by his future conduct  
 to regain his favour: While he thus reflected, a servant brought  
 him a bundle with a letter, which came from his quondam mistress;  
 telling him, that what she did, was only to be revenged of the af-  
 front he offered her and that now she was perfectly reconciled;  
 that she had sent him all his cloaths, money and every other thing

(except the papers that reflected upon the fair sex) and hoped he would behave himself with more discretion for the future. This gave our lover a great deal of joy after his afflictions, and he mightily commended the lady's discretion and generosity. To conclude, he became after this a very sober and virtuous person, and the lady's husband soon after dying, she married him to make him some recompence for the trouble she had caused him, and by her prudent conduct they lived a happy life, to the joy of all their friends and acquaintance. And this brings me to treat how the fair ones should regulate their conduct towards their husbands, to gain and secure their love and esteem, which shall be the subject of my next diary.

*The various tempers and dispositions of the men. Continued.*

But single men are not the only persons that shew their folly; sometime the married are tainted with the same disease as you will find by the ensuing relation, whose single act of folly out-did all the others together.

*Of the man that Cuckolded himself.*

A young married man, being one afternoon with some of his friends, told them, that that very evening he was to have a ball at his house to entertain his wife's sister and some other young ladies, and that if they would go along with them, they should be welcome; one of the company told the young married man, that the pleasure would be much the greater if they all disguised themselves, and went in masquerade. He consented, and they presently sent for habits of masquerade. The hour of the ball being come, they all went thither, and their gentle carriage made many conquests. The young husband made one, which at the end pleased him not at all; for his wife fell in love with him, and soon gave signs of it by tenderly squeezing his hand, and he answered the kindness in the most loving manner he could; for the adventure had a little chilled his blood, and never was man so vexed to be taken for another: he found all things so well disposed that it was no mighty task to make himself happy. I mean happy in quality of a gallant, for he was not so as husband. An opportunity offering, they slipt aside; she led him up a pair of stairs into a private chamber where they could not be surprized. He for his part would not speak one word for fear of discovering himself, and she talked to him after such a manner as if she took him for another, and often asked him the reason of his silence; he would not then answer her; but as soon as he had proceed far enough, to convince her of disloyalty, he broke silence and began to reproach her with her falsehoods. She laughed at him and told him that she knew him as soon as he came into the house, and that she only contrived this on purpose to make the encounter the more agreeable and diverting: he was not at all satisfied with these remonstrances, but would, and will pass for what other men are so afraid of being accounted; and though it was done by himself, yet he believed himself as substantial a cuckold as any man in the world could make him. He would never see his wife from that time, and designs to sue out a separation from her.

3. A covetous miser is a miserable wretch, one that will grudge you the droppings of his nose, and looks upon a new silk gown or a fashionable head-dress, as the bane of an estate, and money absolutely flung away. He curses the inventors of new fashions, and wonders how a woman can wear out a suit of cloaths in so short a time, when for his part his cloak has served him these 50 years and his new suit is at least five and twenty. such a blade as this will make a beautiful and well bred gentlewoman a rare husband, provided she marries him three days before his death, for if she keeps him any longer she will have but a hard bargain.

The wretched miser starves amidst his store,  
Broods on his gold, and griping still for more,  
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

*Enigmas answer'd.*

I had thoughts to go on with the drunkard, the ill-temper'd churl, the lascivious man, &c. and to intermix 'em with delightful stories, but I must postpone them that I may have room to say something of my last year's *enigmas*.

In my last I inserted four *enigmas* or riddles, which gave general satisfaction; the two first of them I explained, which were the alphabet, and a shadow; the two last I left to excercise the wits of the ingenious, to try if they could find them out themselves, and those that succeeded in their enquiry have found the third to be a lace, and the fourth a bed. I have here added four more, the first was made by Mr *Tate* the poet laureat, which being something difficult to find out, I shall therefore ease you of that trouble by telling you, it signifies puppets: But the other three, I shall forbear to explain till my next.

*New Enigmas.*

I. ENIGMAS.

We are a people of no certain station,  
Rambling like wandring jews through ev'ry nation  
Our tribe encreases without propagation.  
We have no laws, our liberties to tether,  
All night we pig promiscuously together,  
And yet incur thereby no scandal neither.  
We oft make love, but without inclination;  
We fight and quarrel too, but without passion;  
Laugh without mirth, and when set to work we play,  
Yet ne'er are disappointed of our pay;  
Talk much, but never mean the thing we say.  
Money we get but can't command one penny:  
No money spend or lend, yet ne'er keep any;  
Tho' most of us go fine in our attire,  
And eat and drink whatever we desire.  
To what ye ask, fit answers we repay,  
Yet ne'er so much as heed one word you say.  
Our wit, you'll say is of the middle size,  
For there's not one among us fool or wise;  
No one that e'er was born, or ever dies.

## II. ENIGMA 6.

I serve the greatest king on earth,  
As also those of meanest birth.  
Lewis his orders sends by me  
To Ville oy, and to D'Estree,  
Yet am I with light freedom sent  
From England to the continent.  
A thoufand wrongs I cause and bear,  
Slighted while spotless I appear,  
And, like too many, valued most  
When my virginity is lost.  
Tho' in such favour, in such grace,  
Yet am I of a dunghil race.  
For, not long fince, in rags I went,  
Both then, and now alike content.

## III. ENIGMA 7.

In a small cell I live, that is arch'd over-head,  
Not with stone, brick, or plaster, wood, silver, or lead.  
I am grateful to all, from the clown to the prince,  
Yet excepting my feeling, I want ev'ry sense.  
Tho' sometimes in dainties and wealth I abound,  
I'm sometimes so poor that I lie on the ground,  
No liquor or food's in my house to be found:  
I travel as well by night as by day,  
Yet never am weary, nor out of my way.  
If you touch but my door, tho' I can't see or hear  
(As already I told you) yet I know you are there.  
If you rap ne'er so gently, as I live all alone,  
I strait make all fast and will open to none.  
For, to open my door when with force you contrive,  
I'm turn'd out of doors, robb'd and buried alive.

## IV. ENIGMA 8.

No man could ever yet my shape reveal,  
From mortal sight I still myself conceal,  
I'm an aerial vehicle of sound,  
Still within hearing, never to be found.  
Oft in strange languages I silence break,  
Without a tongue in ev'ry one I speak.  
Skilful I seem, and yet I nothing know,  
Tho' from examples all my actions flow;  
Yes, and to music to I dare pretend;  
For all their art could ne'er my power transcend.  
Greatest musicians strive with me in vain,  
I emulate the best and tire the longest strain.  
And tho' of instruments I know not one,  
On all (in confort) play, but not alone.  
Go learned wits, now proudly boſt your parts,  
I, though untaught, can talk of all your arts.

Tie

1706.

*The author's preface.**To the obliging fair.*

## LADES,

The speedy sale of my last year's diary, surpass'd my utmost expectation, when, of several thousands printed, the whole impression was sold off by new-year's tide, and no doubt but a great many more would have been sold, if they had been printed. For such unusual success, what can I do less than thank my indulgent stars? my meaning is, I thank yon, fair ladies, whose powerful influences excite the publication of this diary, more than all the stars of heaven besides. This hath emboldened me to adventure again into the world, not doubting but you will encourage him, whose only aim and design is to oblige the fair, and set their worth and excellency in a true light. I shall conclude with my kind wishes for our most glorious queen, and all the glorious train of beauties in this island.

May heavens, the surest guardian of the fair,  
From wrong defend, what best deserves his care,  
Against your vertue all designs destroy,  
And equal to your wishes, be your Joy.

Coventry, august,  
the 1st. 1705.

J. TIPPER.

*The history of famous women began; and first of illustrious queens; the life and noble actions of Semiramis, Artemisia, Aspasia, and Zenobia.*

Having in my last year's discourse proved that women are of a more excellent nature than man, and there promised to shew that they have been no way inferior to him in valour, conduct, beauty, magnificence, poetry, arts and sciences; I come now to prove that what I there advanced was no rhodomontade or flourish; no paradox handsomely maintained, but a real truth, as shall abundantly appear in due time by abundance of examples from the most credible historians. I shall now begin the history of famous women, with the lives of some of the most illustrious queens that have appeared in the world.

*The lives of four illustrious queens.*

(I.) Semiramis was born in Ascalon a town in Syria, and in her infancy exposed

In unfrequented deserts, where none stay  
But savage beasts, or men as wild as they.

But being found by some wandering shepherds, they took her home, and bred her as their own daughter. She was extremely beautiful, and of a piercing wit, and uncommon courage and magnanimity. When she arrived to full age, she was presented to the Syrian Vice Roy, who gave her in marriage to his eldest son. Going with him to the wars, she fell acquainted with Ninus, who being wonderfully pleased both with her person and conduct, took her to his wife. She by her charms prevailed upon his fondness so far, as to grant her one day to sway the royal scepter, and to command his empire. Upon this he issued out his proclamation, that for the time aforesaid her will should be obeyed in all things that she commanded without reserve. Some authors say, she caused her husband to be imprisoned, and afterwards to be slain. Having thus got the government into her hands, she presently became the talk and glory of the world. She led an army of one hundred thousand chariots, five hundred thousand horse, and a vast number of foot, and overcame vast nations, kingdoms and provinces.

A full and perfect conquest was obtain'd,

That for the sword no further work remain'd.

She was the first that ever attempted to invade India, and none but Alexander durst ever since attempt it. Berossus saith, no man was ever to be compared with this woman, such great things have been written of her. She built the walls of Babylon, one of the seven wonders of the world. They were threescore miles in compass, two hundred cubits high, and so thick, that six chariots might drive upon the top of them without jostling one another; most lovely gardens, walks, and towers did adorn them; and no less than two hundred thousand men were employed in the building of them. Babylon ought rather (saith Aristotle) to be called a country than a city; and when the same was taken, it was three days before the farthest part of it had any knowledge of it. It would be almost endless to enumerate all her famous actions, and therefore I shall add but one passage more to shew her conduct and vast presence of mind: one day, as she was dressing and adorning her head, and one side of her head being curled up, and the other hung down ready to be done, word was brought her, that the Babylonians her subjects were all in an uproar, she goes out immediately in that manner, and by her presence, persuasions, threats, and management, she soon suppresses the raging multitude; and then went home and finished her dressing. Thus she who in her infancy was at the brink of ruin, became one of the most famous women in the universe by her conduct.

Greatness we owe to fortune or to fate,

But wisdom only can secure that state.

Had not this lady some failings, she would have been the glory of the world. But what hero on the earth has been entirely innocent? I shall therefore conclude her life with the excuse of the poet;

The best may slip, and the most cautious fall,  
They're more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.

(1.) Artamisia was wife of Mausolus king of Caria, a woman of invincible courage, and a most ardent lover of her husband: for when he was dead, and his body burn'd and reduc'd to ashes, she mix'd these ashes with sweet scented water, and drank them up, because she thought she could not better testify the extreme love she had for her husband, then by drinking his ashes, and making herself by this means, his sepulcher. She built him likewise a stately monument in the city of Halicarnassus. It was in circuit four hundred and eleven feet, and in height five and twenty cubits, supported with thirty pillars excellently engraven. It was open on all sides with arches seventy and three feet wide, framed by the most exquisite workmen of that age. It was enriched with images of marble, and was accounted one of the wonders of the world, and a master piece of architecture. This work hath so far merited the approbation of all ages, that all the magnificent monuments of kings and heroes are from it named mausoleums. After her husband's death, she performed a multitude of brave and gallant actions, two of which only I shall here relate.

When Xerxes made his expedition into Greece, Artemisia went a volunteer in the fleet, and fitted out five at her own costs and charges for that intent. In the great sea-fight near Salamine,

Ship against ship, beaks meeting beaks, resound:

And run a stern; the air is darkened round;

Deform'd destruction, and wild horror ride.

In fearful pomp upon the crimson tide.

I say, in this fight Xerxes retired at a distance, and stood only as spectator: she demeaned herself in that battle to the admiration of all men: of whose ships the king taking particular notice, said with a deep sigh (after he had lost the battle) that all my men this day have shewn themselves women; and there is but one woman among them, and she only hath shewed herself a man.

The other instance of her gallantry is related by Vitruvius in these words. "Having taken upon her the government of the kingdom, the Rhodians could not endure that a woman should reign over all Caria, and therefore they equipp'd out a fleet to make themselves masters of the kingdom: but Artemisia being informed of it, gave order that a fleet of ships should be hid in the little harbour which the king had caused to be cut, together with gally-slaves and such military men as had been accustomed to fight at sea, and that the rest should appear open upon the ramparts. Then the Rhodians approaching with their fleet very well equipp'd, as it was just ready to enter into the great harbour, the queen gave a signal from the walls, to give them to understand that the city would surrender. Whereupon the Rhodians left their ships and went into the city, and immediately Artemisia caused the little harbour to be opened, out of which came the fleet, and went into the great harbour where the Rhodians had left their ships, these her fleet carried away with them into the open sea, after they had furnish'd them with seamen and soldiers; at the same time the Rhodians having

" no means left of escaping, were all kill'd in the public place where-  
 " in they were found shut up. Nevertheless, the queen went  
 " straight to the isle of Rhodes with the ships of the Rhodians;  
 " and the inhabitants seeing the ships returned crowned with laurel,  
 " received their enemies, whom they took for their own people re-  
 " turning victorius. But Artemisia posseſ'd herſelf of their city,  
 " in the midst of whose ruins ſhe cauſed her own moſt glorious  
 " ſtatuſ to be erected."

This is one of the finest Stratagems I ever read of, and executed with a boldness becomming the greatest mind that ever was. Artemisia died two years after her husband for the grief ſhe had lost him, and was buried by him in the mausoleum ſhe had buiilt for him.

Thus we ſee an uncommon ſucces and glory attend thoſe wo-  
 men who have had an entire love for their husbands whiſt living,  
 and have retained a grateful ſeſe of them after they were dead.

(3.) Aspasia was descended but from mean parentage, and of  
 humble fortunes, but was carefully brought up in all the rules of  
 modesty and virtue, of which ſhe was an exact obſerver.

So bleſt her ſoul, and ſo divinely taught,

No vain inſinuations ever wrought

Within her virtuous breast, one base designing thought.

Growing to understanding, ſhe had many dreams that preſaged her future fortune. She was in her youth troubled with a ſwelling in her chin, that grew almost to deformity; but being miraculously cured, by the direction of an apparition that appeared to her in a dream, and bid her make uſe of the powder of dried roſe leaves, ſhe was reſtored to her prifte beauty, with ſuſh an addition of comeliness that charmed the eyes of all beholders.

For the bright image of her lovely face,

No art could paint, or eloquence expreſſ;

Such were the graces of her wit and youth,

The muses fiction cannot reach the truth :

In her bright eyes ſate ſmiling ſweet delight,

Able to tempt a fullen anchorite.

It happened that Aspasia was taken by a Persian from her father, and preſented unto Cyrus the ſon of Darius, but much againſt her own will or the liking of her father. Being preſented to him with divers other beauties, ſhe was commended above them all, not only for her unſpotted beauty, but for the civility of her carriage, and the moſtude of her countenance.

Like her, the nymphs of great Diana were

Modest and chaste, and moſt divinely fair

As the ſerenest ſummer's purged air.

But that which hightened the love of all men to her, was her ſingular wiſdom, and admirable diſcretion. The firſt time ſhe stood before the king was at ſupper-time; which ended, Cyrus (as the perſian manner is) took his cups luſtily; in the miſt of which, he was preſented with four grecian damoſels; Aspasia being

one of them, the other three were richly adorned and beautified to entertain the monarch, but Aspasia would use none of those adornments, but appeared in sorrow and disorder, and scarce with stripes and threats could she be forced to appear, choosing rather to be an innocent virgin, than a strumpet to the highest monarch. The other damosels coming before Cyrus, smiled and used many immodest and enticing gestures, suffering the king to stroke their cheeks, breasts and necks; but Aspasia, with virgin-blushes, stood aloof, and when the king came to dally with her, she struck his hand aside, and boldly told him, that if he offered to touch her, tho' he was the greatest king on earth, he should not go unpunished. This unexpected coyness, so charmed Cyrus, that he the more ardently fixed his affections on her, and after some time, he took her to wife, and she, in that capacity, loved him entirely. She used a wonderous modesty in her behaviour; and her wisdom was such that Cyrus admitted her sometimes into his counsels, and her advice being followed, seldom failed of success. Cyrus was one day presented with a most admirable rich jewel, he flies with it to his beloved Aspasia, here (saith he to her) I bestow upon thee a gift worthy the daughter or mother of an emperor, which I charge thee to wear about thy neck for my sake: to whom she wisely and discreetly answered how dare I be posses'd of so invaluable a treasure, which rather becomes the majesty and grandeur of your mother Parasetides? And therefore I entreat you send it her, for I without this ornament can present you with a neck sufficiently beautiful.

Her words did drop as manna when she spake,  
And from those pearls and rubies, softly brake  
A silver sound, that music seem'd to make.

This answer extreamly pleased the king, who accordingly sent it a letter to his mother, with what the fair Aspasia said, and did: for which she was not only extremely valued by the princess, but Cyrus, to reward her, presented her with many rich gifts of mighty value; all which she modestly sent back with this message: these kings, O king, may be useful to thee that hath the charge of such infinites of men, when the greatest riches I desire is to be truely beloved by thee.

So great her love, so innocent her life;  
The virgin was not purer than the wife.  
And heav'n in her, so great a gift bestow'd;  
It self could only be a greater good.

With these and the like means she tied the king in inseparable bonds of affection towards her.

But some time after, Cyrus was slain in battle by his brother, and his whole army overthrown, and she among the rest made prisoner; whom Artaxerxes with singular care and diligence caused to be sought out; and being found, he comforted all he could, but in vain, she was inconsolable for the death of her dear lord.

The deluge of her melting tears disgrace,  
And drown'd the world of beauty, in her face.

But time, at length, began to moderate her grief, and abate her passions, and then it was the king persuaded her to rase out of her memory Cyrus dead ; and in his room, to admit Artaxerxes living : which slowly, and by degrees, he did obtain, respecting her above all other his wives, and she till her death, living in his most especial grace and favour. Thus we see the admirable advantage of a good education, and that a modest and honest woman, is them oft valvable jewel of the world ; that tho' beauty has its charms, yet vertue has allurements no less powerful ; and the surest way to be passionately beloved, is to be truly valuable.

Virtue, beyond compare's by all allow'd,  
The fairest beauty, and the best endow'd.

(For what imperial dame like her can say,  
I've wealth can ne'er be lost, and charms will ne'er decay.)  
An Eden where unfading pleasures grow,  
And joy's pure streams, uninterrupted flow.

(4.) Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, was a most learned princess, and a most incomparable woman. She perfectly understood the oriental tongues, and the greek and latin in their purity, and taught her own sons herself : she was extremely beautiful, and so chaste, that were it not for the sake of a successor, she would willingly have abstained from the pleasures of the marriage-bed. She was a most courageous lady, and often march'd on foot at the head of the army, and made her husband Odenatus lord of the east. She wore her armour even at her devotions. After her husband's death, she conquer'd Egypt, beat the lieutenants of the emperor Gallienus, and maintained a vigorous war against the Romans. But after great many battles, Aurelian the emperor overthrew her, and carried her in triumph to Rome, where she appeared with such undaunted courage, that tho' the Romans used to kill all their captives, yet they suffer'd her to live safely in the city Tibur in Italy, and the emperor thought the conquest so considerable, that he built a temple at Rome, and dedicated it to the sun, and enrich'd it with this statues of the sun and Bacchus, and other spoils which were brought from Palmyra thither.

Thus learning, beauty, courage, all combine

'To make the glories of Zenobia shine.

And she (tho' led in triumph) conquer'd more,

By her undaunted mind, than she had done before.

My narrow scantling will not permit me to proceed any farther on this glorious subject at this time, otherwise I should have shew'd you, that our own nation has produced several illustrious queens, no whit inferior to these, or any other, such as Boadice, Elizabeth, and our present most renowned queen Anne, whose reign has been attended with so many amazing instances of success, that almost surpasses human belief.

Nay, so sensible are the men of the skill and conduct of the fair sex in the nature of government, that the most important article of the education of children, upon which the good or ill of a nation

depends

depends, is almost entirely committed to them: and according to my promise, I shall here say something of it, referring the remainder to another opportunity.

### Of Education.

In education two things are chiefly to be regarded, namely, the health of the body, and the improvement of the mind. As for the first, being no physician myself, I shall give you the quintessence of what is said upon that head by a most ingenious physician and incomparable philosopher, in as few words as I can.

Take care then, that children be not too warmly clad winter or summer, and as soon as nature has covered the head with hair, and strengthened it with a year or two's age, 'tis best to let them (he means the boys) run about by day without their hat, and to lie in bed at night without a cap. For there is nothing that tends more to head-achs, colds, catarrhs, coughs, and several other diseases, than keeping the head warm. Let the feet of children be every day washed in cold water, and their shoes so thin that they might let in water, whenever they come nigh it. Let them be as much in the open air as possible, and very little as may be by the fire, even in winter; but take a special care children lye not on the ground when they are hot with play; or drink cold dr<sup>n</sup>k, till they have eat a piece of dry bread, and the beer a little heated; for by the neglect of this caution, there are more brought to the grave, or to the brink of it, by fevers and other diseases, than any other one thing besides. Let not children's cloaths be made stright, especially about the breast, for this spoils the shape, causes short and stinking breath, ill lungs and crookedness. For diet, let them eat little or no flesh till two or three years of age; let them eat bread plentifully, and chew all things well; season nothing for them with spice, and sparingly with sugar; give them but little salt, and use them to no high seasoned meats. But let their chief-diet be milk, milk-pottage, water-grewel, flummery, bread and butter or cheese. Give them to drink small beer, and that only at meals, and never suffer them to drink between meals, till they eat a piece of brown bread. But above all things take great care that they seldom if ever taste any wine or strong drink; let them eat no fruit but what is full ripe; and let them have as much sleep as is to their full satisfaction; there being nothing that contributes more to the growth and health of children than sleep; but as they grow up, the allowance must be shortened. Let their bed be hard, and rather quilts than feather-beds. And never give children physick for prevention; but if a child should fall ill, a little cold still'd poppy-water, which is the true surfeit-water, with ease, and abstinence from flesh, often puts an end to several distempers in the beginning, which by too forward applications might have been made lusty diseases. When such gentle treatment will not stop the growing mischief, then it will be time to seek advice from some sober physician.

This

This is the sum of what this incomparable physician directs in relation to the health of the body, which in short is, plenty of open air, exercise and sleep; plain diet, no wine or strong drink, and very little or no physick, not too warm and straight cloathing especially the head and feet kept cold, and the feet often used to cold water, and exposed to wet.

The second part of the education of children consists in the improvement of the mind. I have not room at present to advance any farther than their childhood, and therefore the directions will serve indifferently for children of both sexes, but hereafter, when I come to treat of their advanced age, I shall confine myself only to the female sex, and I do assure them, I have by me in store for their use, some curious remarks and many important advices and directions towards the managing of their conduct; which they shall have in due time. But to proceed;

Children like tender oziers, take the bow,  
And as they first are fashion'd always grow:  
For what we learn in youth, to that alone  
In age we are, by second-nature prone.

The little and almost miserable impressions on their tender infancy have very important and lasting consequences; our utmost care must therefore be employed in seasoning their minds as soon as possible, with the tincture of virtue and religion; and to make no impression on their minds, that will be of ill and future tendencies.

The most important rules is to begin betimes, before the principles of nature are corrupted by ill advice or ill examples of others; not to humour them too much in any thing, or to teach them to be revenged of an injury; not to soften their minds by too much tenderness and pity upon every little mischance; but to reward them for a good act, and to punish them with moderation for an ill one; to make them in love of credit, and apprehensive at shame and disgrace. These are the true principles that will constantly work and incline them to the right. This is the rudder that will steer their little bark, by the guidance of a skilful pilot into the haven of happiness.

I cannot here omit one observation I have frequently made, which too many parents are guilty of, and with which I shall conclude this head at this time. If children do not readily comply to their desires, rather than to beat or persuade them into obedience, they will endeavour to fright them into it, by telling some frightful stories of spirits, and goblins of raw head and bloody bone that are ready to fetch them away, and devour them. But this method of education of all others is to be avoided, for it softens the mind, depresses the spirits, and strikes such terror upon the imagination, that oft times it never can be erased, and they carry the impression to their graves. This makes them dastards when alone, and afraid of their shadows and darkness all their lives after; an instance of which I shall give in the ensuing story.

*Of the Man that frightened himself.*

Roger was a lusty and a bonny lad as one should look on in a summer's day : he could fling the bar, wrestle, play at cudgels, quarter-staff, fisty-cuffs with the best of all his neighbours ; but being terribly frightened in his infancy with the stories of hobgoblins, spirits, and wandering ghosts ; and hearing his old grannum tell strange stories of fairies, especially of Mab their queen, and of the strange feats they acted ; for thus she used to tattle,

There is Mab the mistress fairy,  
That doth nightly rob the dairy,  
And can hurt or help the churning  
As she please without discerning.  
She that pinches country wenchess  
If they rub not clean their benches,  
And with sharper nails remembers,  
When they rake not up their embers ;  
But if so they chance to feast her,  
In their shoe she drops a tester.

These and such like stories of ghosts walking in churches and church-yards, (especially after any one's death) made such strong impressions on his mind, that he could never shake them off, but was as great a coward when alone in the dark, as he was stout and courageous in the open day. The master with whom Roger lived, died, he was an assistant at the funeral, and being come home very weary, he went to bed ; between twelve and one at night, Roger wakes, when presently the death of his master, and the stories of walking spirits and ghosts came crowding into his thoughts, and his fears increased because he lay in the room his master died in ; in these perplexities looking towards the window, he was strangely surprized to see, by the weak glimmering of the light from the moon, a man stand at some small distance from his bed-side, with his hat on his head, his neck-cloth on, his arms hanging carelessly by his sides ; he crowds himself over head and ears in bed, and imagined it was his master come to reproach him for some tricks he had put upon him. But recollecting all his courage, he was resolved to have another look, not knowing but it might be the effects of his fear or fancy, or else some of the servants might take this opportunity to affright him. Well then he ventures another look, and then he was sure it was no fancy, nor any trick play'd him, but a real apparition. He saw his master (as he thought) with a pale face, hanging down his head, with huge saucer eyes, a terrible wide mouth, his neckcloth carelessly put on, one side hanging lower than the other, and his two hands cut off to the wrists. This sight strangely amazed him, he covered himself over head and ears trembling and affrighted ; now nothing but churches and charnel houses, ghosts and goblins, ran in his head, and nothing more concerned him, and proved plainly it could be no delusion but a real spectre, was because both his hands were cut off. In this dreadful fright he lay till about two o'clock, the

cock crew, which gave him some comfort, for those who used to fill his head with these spirit stories, used to say, that at the cock crowing all spirits vanished away. He therefore once more ventures to peep out, it being something lighter than before, he plainly and distinctly saw the same apparition in the very same place and posture as he was in before. This struck him like a thunder bolt, and now he thought the devil in the shape of his master was come to fetch him bodily away, for his wicked life: this brought all the actions of his whole life in view; how many girls he had deceived, how oft he had swore, cursed, or been drunk; how many cheats and tricks he had put upon his master and others. Then he thought of the dreadful place and torments he should go into; those lakes of brimstone, mountains of fire, the rattling of chains, and the yells and horrid din of the damn'd; these thoughts put him into a terrible agony.

Horror and heat, amazing fear possest,  
The fainting powers of his troubled breast.  
His knees each struck, the frighted blood  
Fled to his heart, his hair like bristles stood;  
And from his trembling body and his face,  
Show'sr's of cold sweat, roll'd trembling down a-pace.

In this pickle he lay, 'till day was pretty far advanced; and being then assured all spirits disappeared, he once more looked out towards the place he did before; and then he was confounded by his shame as he was before by his fear; for coming to bed late in the dark, he had put his coat upon a chair that stood some distance from his bed, whose two sleeves happened to hang down flinging, his neckcloth upon his coat, and his hat upon both; this was the spirit that gave him all this disturbance, and what the appearance wanted his imagination and fancy supplied; Poor Roger looked wofully for a good while after, and this terrible fright, it seems, had made him evacuate with great plenty something else besides sweat; for when the maid came to make his bed she was fain to hold her nose with one hand while with the other she carried away his sheets, to change them for some more sweet and cleanly.

### *The Enigmas.*

Of the eight enigmas I have presented you the two years last past, five of them are already explain'd, the sixth was paper, the seventh an oyster, and the eighth an echo. I shall now present you with three more.

#### I. E N I G M A 9.

They who first form'd me were within my womb;  
In fight I'm vanquish'd when I overcome.  
The mistresses I court are very coy,  
And parthian like, would kill me as they fly,  
But shun me, lest I should myself destroy.  
Yet ne'er was swain so constant as I am,  
No breast e'er harbour'd so unfeign'd a flame;

For

For th' end of my pursuit and my desire  
Is clasp'd in their embraces to expire ;  
And then life from me does in transports fly,  
Tho' I ne'er truly live but when I die.

## II. E N I G M A 10.

From the retirements of the dead,  
To regions where no mortals tread  
I mount, then born, I first on high.  
Become the object of the eye.  
To those regard me from below,  
I habited in sable show ;  
But when descended from my height,  
My robes are of the purest white,  
Whilst I am hast'ning to my fate,  
Unfusly'd yet my virgin state,  
No down of swan was e'er so light,  
So soft, so beautiful, and bright.  
With emblematick innocence,  
A cold, but yet a sure defence :  
Great nature's nurse I masque, and place  
Protection o'er her rev'end face ;  
But for this tender action, I  
Unpitied, unregarded die,  
Trodden and mixt with common earth,  
Mean fate ! for so sublime a birth.

## III. E N I G M A 11.

Tho' always I travel, I'm always at home,  
And am robb'd by my neighbours wherever I come ;  
My birth there's none could ever remember,  
And yet I'm as young as this present November.  
My shape is but crooked, yet pleasant to view,  
Calm and cold is my temper, and pale is my hue ;  
Yet when I'm enraged, I swell and grow red,  
And none can against me presume to make head.  
Weak women and children I often affright,  
But men to my company often invite.  
Whene'er I vouchersafe for to take to a side,  
I victory bring, and the battle decide ;  
No quarter I give, but merciless roar,  
Battalions and squadrons at once I devour.

Of these three riddles, the first is a fire-ship, the other two I shall not explain till next year ; but I doubt not but they will be found out long before that time, by the ingenious ladies.

1707

*The history of famous women continued: The life of Boadicea, Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne.*

Having in my last began the history of famous women, with the lives of four illustrious foreign queens, namely the magnificent Semiramis, the courageous Artemisia, the learned Zenobia, and the charming Aspasia, (whose lovely character deserves to be read by all the married fair ones.) I shall now proceed to the history of some queens of our own island, who come not short, but in many cases exceed them in those great and noble qualities; And among many others that might be named I shall insist only upon three, namely, Boadicea, (by some called Bonduca) queen Elizabeth, and our present glorious queen Anne.

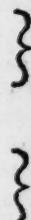
Boadicea was wife of Prasutagus, one of the kings of this island, who in wealth surpassed all others; to secure his house and family from any injury, and his kingdom from any danger from the Romans, (who did then inhabit our country) he made Nero (the then emperor of Rome) and his two daughters his heirs, not doubting but such a generous and advantageous donative to the emperor would tend to his future peace and tranquility: But it happened far otherwise, for under the colour of viewing the estate that was to descend to Cæsar, they filled his kingdom with centurions and soldiers, seizing upon all as their own, turned the chief of the inhabitants out of their possessions, and misused the queen herself, and reputed her relations and friends as no other than slaves. This put the Britains into a mighty ferment, but the following inhuman accident raised it to its utmost height. A Roman General pretended love to Camilla one of queen Boadicea's daughters, and made offers of relaxing some of their grievances if they would give him her to be his wife; but the affronts they had received were so intolerable that they refused his offers with the utmost disdain, and the queen told him,

Fir'd with a just resentment and disdain,  
Britain shall never hear of peace again.  
Not tho' your Cæsar could command our fate,  
Shall Boadicea condescend to treat.  
Would but my daughter once herself resign,  
Tho' to an Emp'ror of the Roman line!  
By heaven I'd use her as my deadliest foe,  
Scarce should I use a faithless Roman so.

But whatever the general's pretences were, his designs were otherwise; for one day catching the virgin at unawares some distance from the court, he strove all he could to persuade her to his lewd embraces; but finding he could not possibly prevail by fair means he resolved to force her which she perceiving, made her cry out.

Oh

Oh! that mine eyes like basilisks could roll,  
And dart their pointed glances through thy soul :  
Gods! if you ever are concern'd to know,  
The barb'rous crimes done hourly here below,  
Exert yourselves and shew your justice now.  
Without distinction let your vengeance strike,  
Confounding guilt and innocence alike :  
Drive us on precipices, daggers, flames,  
Dash'd against rocks, or drown'd in rapid streams,  
So either dies, 'tis all your suppliant claims.



Notwithstanding all her cries, prayers, tears, exclamations and entreaties, he at last by force inhumanly deflower'd her. — But oh! the piteous moans, and doleful lamentations she made after that fatal disgrace, 'twould make a tender virgin's heart to bleed to hear the whole, but a few lines will shew the substance of the rest.

Look down, relentless heaven ! look down and see  
All that is greatly wretched here in me.  
Winds cease to blow, and weeping clouds to rain,  
And ruffled seas grow'still and smooth again.  
Stars take their turns to glitter in the skies,  
The silver moon, her brother's place supplies,  
And the descending sun again will rise ;  
But an unhappy virgin once deflower'd,  
Can never have her rifl'd wealth restor'd :  
No remedy is known, no cure is found,  
When our wrong'd honour has receiv'd a wound :  
For ever lost if once it suffers wreck,  
Nor men, nor gods themselves can give it back.



And now the Roman, conscious of the wickedness he had done, used all the means he could to allay her grief ; but she with the utmost indignation cry'd out,

Oh ! what a wretched creature am I now ?  
And what a most inhumane villain thou ?  
How shall I fly from thy detested sight ?  
How (since thou mad'st me loath it) shun the light ?  
I'll take no food, but stop my stifled breath,  
And find at last some path that leads to death ;  
Then when I reach the dreadful thund'r's throne,  
I'll make him hurl his slothful vengeance down  
On thy curs'd head, thou monster of a man !



This last act join'd to all their former grievances fired the Britains to revenge, they gathered all their forces together and chose Boadicea their conductor; who leading them on in person fell upon them, and gave them an entire overthrow. She sacked divers cities and other places, putting all the Romans to the sword, so that the whole number of her enemies that was slain in the whole, amounted to threescore and ten thousand souls. There are other things very remarkable in this queen's life, which I am forced to omit for want of room. I shall conclude therefore with the saying of Tacitus the hislo-

historian, it being so much to the honour of the female sex; (viz.) It was the custom of the Britains, to make war under the conduct of women.

Elizabeth was the second daughter of king Henry the eighth, by Anne Bulloign his second wife; she had excellent tutors in her younger years, and she improved under them beyond expectation; she was brought up in the protestant religion, and in all good learning and virtuous education; she lived very happily during the reign of her brother king Edward the sixth; but after his death she was by the artifice of her enemies very hardly used by her sister queen Mary, being thrown into the tower of London, and no one of her friends permitted to see her, and things were carried to that height against her (tho' without any real or just grounds) that she feared every day would bring her an admonition to prepare for death.

But God doth always take peculiar care  
To help and succour the distressed fair.

For after this she was taken out of the tower, and lived something more at large, but was still kept as a close prisoner under a severe guard. Under this confinement of body she enlarged the faculties of the mind, and was extremely modest and submissive, for

A prison humbles, and affliction tames ;  
From passion and revenge our heart reclaims,  
And purifies our souls as metals in the flames.

But whilst her inveterate enemies the papists were contriving her ruin anew, her sister died on a sudden, and the parliament being then sitting, they forthwith proclaim her queen, to the universal joy of the nation. Thus was she advanced unexpectedly from a life of constant trouble and danger, to a life full of glory and triumph.

Thus the fond mother meets her absent son,  
Transported thus, she doubts if 'tis her own ;  
She bathes his bosom with her joyous tears,  
She feels, and yet to trust her pleasure fears,  
Till waking from a dream, she thought so sweet,  
She finds her fortune is as true as great.

When she was but fourteen years of age she was courted by the prince of Denmark, but she refused him then as she did the king of Spain, and all others that were ever offered to her afterwards.

Wisely she does resolve never to prove  
The various perils that attend on love ;  
Nor alter her unsullied virgin state,  
For a more careful and unfortunate.

Likewise when she was desired by her people to marry, told 'em she intended to live a virgin, and to have no husband in her kingdom, and therefore do not upbraid me (said she) with the lack of children, for every english-man is my child and kinsman of whom if God deprive me not, I cannot without injury be accounted barren.

The first thing she did, was repealing in parliament all the laws her sister had made in favour of the popish religion; whereby she incur'd so much of their hatred and malice, that she never was free from plots and conspiracies. The pope thundered out his excommunications against her, but these she despised. King Philip of Spain, sent a vast fleet to destroy the kingdom; which the pope christen'd invincible, and presented it a consecrated banner that defy'd all the malice of men and devils; but all this mighty fleet was overthrown, and of above 130 ships that set out of Spain but a very few returned home. The scotch rose in arms against her, and the french set up a title of their own pretending to the crown: there were also two insurrections of the irish, but all of these were brought to a happy termination by her wisdom, and the conduct of her generals. The spaniards failing of success, and meeting with so many losses afterwards one upon the back of another, resolved to try stratagems, and hired her own physician to poison her, according to the proverb.

It matters not so I revenged be,  
Whether by valour or by treachery.

But the gallows was his reward, as he justly deserved: for God was pleased to persevere her against all their machinations, and made use of her as a scourge to the spanish arrogance, and a seasonable assistance to the protestants of France, and guardian to the distressed states of Holland, and a sovereign prote&toress of the evangelical doctrine throughout Europe.

Her reign was long and glorious; she was the darling of her people, and the dread of her enemies: so peculiarly happy in the choice of her ministers, that she rarely failed in any undertaking; she had the art of pleasing her parliaments, whereby she had whatever supplies she wanted; and the house in return obtained whatever they desired; for as she would ask for no more money than what was necessary, her people would never petition for any thing that was unreasonable. She spake five or six languages, was very well kill'd in mathematicks, geography and history. She translated several both greek and french treatises into english, and was respected by her very enemies. This heroick queen of ever blessed memory, of whom envy can't speak ill, nor eloquence too much, died a virgin on the 24th of march 1603, having reigned 44 years and upwards, and in the seventieth year of her age, to which no king of England ever arrived. I shall conclude her life with an epitaph that was made on her soon after her death, as may be easily known by the length of each verse.

None like Elizabeth was found, in learning so divine,  
She had the perfect skilful art of all the muses nine:  
In latin, greek and hebrew, she most excellent was known,  
To foreign kings ambassadors the same was daily shwon.  
Th' italian, french and spanish tongues, she well could speak  
and read  
The turkish and arabian speech grew perfect at her need.

I proceed now to the life of a most glorious woman our present queen, one, who without flattery or hyperbole, has excelled all the princes that ever reign'd in England, or perhaps in Europe, if we consider the great number of amazing successes, that have in so short a time been transacted by her.

Anne the second daughter of king James the second by his first wife Anne daughter of Sir Edward Hide, afterwards earl of Clarendon and lord chancellor of England, was born the sixth of february 1664; and in the seventh of august 1683, was most happily married to the most illustrious prince George, hereditary prince of Denmark, and only brother to Christian the fifth king of Denmark. She was proclaimed queen of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, &c. on sunday the 8th of march, 1701, (being the very same day that king William died) at her majesty's royal palace of St. James's at charing cross, temple-bar, and at the royal exchange in London, with all possible demonstrations of universal joy and satisfaction, for her rightful succession to the crown. And has by her eximious piety, unparalleled integrity, her indefatigable care, uncommon prudence, her sedulous application, her martial soul, and irreproachable love to the church of England, carried the honour of England to a higher pitch than ever any crowned head had done before.

Her reign has been little else than a continual series of the successes of her fleets and armies, or else perpetual instances of her amazing goodness. To repeat them all would be endless, I shall therefore content myself with a few, which from time to time have come to our notice.

At first we hear of her defending Holland from the incroachments of an insulting foe.

Then we are acquainted of the happy success of her victorious navy at Vigo, where they took or destroyed no less than seven and thirty men of war, gallions, and other veiels.

Next that she concluded such alliances as conduced to the universal happiness of Europe.

Then that she had received an injured monarch into her protection, and ordered her generals to teach her subjects the loyalty only to be learned by her powerful instruction.

Presently we hear that she yearly bestows one hundred thousand pounds out of her private income, to ease the burthen of the public taxes.

After this we are informed of her relieving the circles of Swabia without charge to her subjects.

And then again, that she had given her first fruits and tenths for the relief of the clergy, by which she has taken effectual care that they should be no longer contemptible for their poverty.

Next we hear of the success of her armies in taking of Venlo, Ruremond, Stevenwaert, and the famous castle and city of Liege.

Sometime after of their taking the strong pafs of donnewart in Germany, after an obstinate and bloody resistance.

And presently of the prodigious battle of Hochstet, wherein we took 35 standards, 128 colours, killed 12000 men, and took 4000 prisoners,

prisoners, besides 240 officers and their general, which relieved the emperor from the brink of ruin, destroyed or took all Bavaria, besides Ulm, Landau, and a multitude more places.

After this we hear of her sending great sums of money to the duke of Savoy.

And then of her permitting her subjects to lend the emperor two hundred and fifty thousand pounds for the relief of the gallant prince Eugene.

After this of the astonishing victory of Ramelis, wherein the french were entirely routed.

And presently of the surrender of Brussels, Lovain, Antwerp, Bruges, Courtray, and a world of other places in a few days.

Then of the relief of Barcelona and the taking of innumerable places in Spain, and lately of proclaiming king Charles in Madrid, &c.

When shall our wonder cease? when will this inimitable pattern of more than humane goodness, give us a moment's respite from our admiration?

For which wonderful successes in Flanders and Spain our pious queen appoints a day of thanksgiving throughout the nation, upon which day the author gave a short entertainment to several gentlemen, which was performed by the blue-coat hospital boys under his charge; and the same being so apposite to the purpose, he will here insert it for the diversion of the fair-sex.

*A short entertainment performed by the blue-coat boys of Babblelake hospital in Coventry, before the magistrates and divers other gentlemen in the mayor's parlour, upon thursday the 27th of june 1706, being the thanksgiving day for our wonderful victories and successes in Flanders and Spain.*

First some few of the boys enter, one of them saying.

May we poor boys have liberty to sing,

The triumphs of great Anne our glorious queen,

Must we withdraw, or may the rest come in?

Leave being given they all enter, and the same boy proceeds thus

Begin your songs, your voices raise, (John Messenger.)

To sing queen Anne's immortal praise,

And in your songs do not forget

The glories of her arms and fleet;

Join ev'ry one in tongue and heart,

To bear with us an equal part.

Then was sung the following lines by all the boys.

To our great glorious queen,

What new wreath can Pallas bring,

Already, fate has writ her name

Foremost in the rolls of fame,

Her praise all Europe loudly sings

Greatest of women best of queens..

The

*Then the same boy goes on.*

May heav'n the surest guardian of the fair,  
Our queen defend, who best deserves his care.  
Against her grandeur, all designs destroy  
And equal to her wishes be her joy :  
And if heaven bless, who can her arms withstand  
Her floating fleets by sea, or troops by Land ;  
For wheresoe'er the go they conquer sure,  
Whether near home or nations distant far.  
Spain chants her praise, great Barcelona's sav'd,  
And in the last extremity reliev'd ;  
The spacious Catalonia is our own,  
Valentia too, Galicia, Arragon,  
With multitudes of towns and lordships more,  
Which are too tedious to be number'd o'er.  
O happy Charles ! blest with such brave allies,  
Where'er they come the foe before them flies.  
If Leak appears, then Thoulouse straight is gone,  
If Peterborough advances, Tesse sneaks home ;  
If Galloway comes on, then Berwick flies,  
And \*Madrid had been ours but for the Portugueze. \*Since  
And where great Marlborough is pleas'd to be,  
Whether in Flanders or in Germany,  
His num'rous foes are forc'd to run or die.  
But give us leave distinctly to display  
The glorious subject of this happy day.

*This following sung by all the boys.*

To arms, heroic prince, to arms,  
Glory like love has pow'ful charms :  
Bid trumpets sound, and nothing name  
But battles, conquests, triumphs, fame.

*Then another boy proceeds thus :*

Mat. Briseo.] The gloomy throng look'd terrible from far,  
Disclosing slow the horrid face of war :  
The thick battalions move in dreadful form,  
As louring clouds precede a coming storm ;  
Advancing in a line they couch their spears ;  
A small, but dreadful interval appears ;  
Vast sheets of flame and pitchy clouds arise,  
And burning vomit spouts against the skies ;  
Tempests of fire th' astonish'd heav'ns annoy,  
Fierce as the storms that from the clouds destroy.  
Now dying groans are heard, the fields are strew'd  
With fallen bodies, and are drunk with blood.  
Arms, heroes, men, on heaps together lie,  
Confus'd the fight, but more confus'd the cry ;  
The earth with streaming blood is crimson dy'd,  
And death with horror sought on ev'ry side.  
In long suspence the battle hanging was,  
Till Marlborough the deep morass did pass.

Then running on with shouts that rend the skies,  
A dreadful rout they gave their enemies,  
And fill'd the glittering air with victories.

*Then were the following lines sung by all the boys.*

Who can from joy refrain? this gay,  
This pleasing, shining, wond'rous day!

*Another boy then proceeds as follows:*

[Am. Haseldine.] When first this dreadful news to France was brought,

What strange alarms in Lewis mind it wrought;  
Not the last trumpet could him more surprise,  
That summons drowsy mortals to arise.  
Reftless his feet, distracted was his walk;  
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk;  
His troubled looks reveal his inward wound,  
And storms of fury on his forehead frown'd.  
Confusion on his fainting vitals hung,  
And fal'ring accents flutt'red on his tongue.

"What are my gens-de-arms (said he) destroy'd?  
"My houshold troops cut off, and pris'ners made?  
"The fam'd invicble now forc'd to yeild,  
"And with precipitation quit the field?  
"Oh! England's queen, thou hast at length o'ercome!  
"Twas in thy power alone to fix my doom!

Then paus'd a while, and then in a dreadful rage  
he thus proceeds:

"Oh! that my arms could both the poles embrace,  
"And wrest the world's strong pillars from their place!  
"That all the crackling flame may be disjoin'd,  
"And bury in its ruin human kind!  
"Bend down ye heavens, and shutting round this ball,  
"Crush it to attoms! to confusion all!  
"And let the little creepers in't call'd men  
"Burn! burn to nothing! but let England then  
"Burn hotter than the rest! there kindle hell!  
"That souls hereafter may for ever yell!  
"And groan in all those pains which ours now feel.

Thus rav'd the monarch

But let him rave, whilst we rejoice and sing  
The glorious conquests of our beauteous queen.

*Then was sung by all the boys in a trumpet-tune.*

Let the aged and the young, let the loose and severe  
Express their true joy, let no discord be here;  
Let the haut-boys and viols, and shrill trumpets sound,  
And the arch of high heaven the clangor resound.

*Then another boy repeated as follows.*

[Am. Smith] O Ramelis! of most renowned fame  
The allies glory, and the French's shame.

Blenheim

Blenheim and Hocstedt now must yield to thee,  
 Their glories sink, and thine exalted be.  
 Great Marlborough has got immortal fame ;  
 He, Cæsar like, came, saw, and overcame.  
 The beaten French on every side give way,  
 And num'rous troops his summons soon obey.  
 Thus Brussels, Bruges, Antwerp, Ghent, Lovain,  
 And many more, he in three days did gain.  
 His chiefs and soldiers did with labour sweat,  
 And all at once strive to be brave and great.  
 Each private man had Alexander's rage,  
 Mov'd like a hero, durst with odds engage,  
 They fought, like hearts of oak, through seas of gore,  
 Each battle makes them still more eager than before.

*Then was sung as before, let the aged and young, &c.*

*Lastly, the verses ensuing were said by another boy.*

(John Field.) O mighty Anne, so great is grown thy name ;  
 It does so fill and stretch the mouth of fame,  
 That when around the impetuous blast is hurl'd !  
 It stuns belief, and do's amaze the world !  
 To speak thy worth, to celebrate thy praise,  
 Is work for laureats, not for blue-coat boys.  
 Yet in few words our humble muse will try ;  
 And what in words we want, our wishes shall supply.

Great in her birth she is, whose lineage springs  
 From a long race of rightful british kings.  
 Devout she is as holy hermits are  
 Who share their time 'twixt extasie and pray'r.  
 Modest, as infant roses in their bloom,  
 Who in a blush their fragrant lives consume.  
 So chaste, the dead themselves are only more,  
 Who live divorc'd from objects and from pow'r.  
 So pure, could vertue in a shape appear,  
 'Twould chuse to have no other form but her.  
 May earth give lasting joys to all her years,  
 And heaven be still propitious to her pray'rs.  
 And may a chain of happy days arise,  
 Days like to this ! to sing her victories.  
 And e'er her mighty doom is seal'd by fate,  
 May death some scores of years behind her wait.  
 And grant O heav'ns ! (to fill up all our store  
 Of happiness !) grant us one blessing more.  
 Give us an heir from her own loins to come !  
 That may succeed her on Great Britain's throne.  
 To close up all, our voices let us raise,  
 For these our hopes, for all such happy days  
 As this ! let's sing aloud our great creator's praise.

*All concluded with an anthem sung in three parts.*

Never did France suffer so much since her monarch came to the throne, as in this last battel, and the consequents of it. What an imbibiting mortification must it needs be to the French king to see all his deep-laid stratagems, and machiavelian tricks, of late quite overthrown by a woman! His insatiable thirst of empire damp'd by a woman! his perfidious depredations by sea and land, opposed by a woman! and all his numerous laurels so long rivetted to his brows, now magnanimously torn from thence by a woman!

Long may she live for the universal good of mankind; and may heaven incline all other princes to imitate so pious, so glorious an example.

*Answer to the Enigmas of last year.*

The 10th was *Snow*, and the 11th a *River*. They were explained by several ladies, and also by Mr. John White, of Rutterly, in Devon, who sent the two arithmetical enigmas inserted under 1707.

*New Enigmas.*

I. ENIGMA 12.

Altho' I am of little worth,  
I keep in awe men of high birth,  
And bind the greatest kings on earth.  
I go beyond the marri'ge noose,  
Ev'n death my power can't unloose;  
And what by me is done most soon,  
May last as long as sun and moon.  
I in two mistresses delight,  
Who have the purest red and white  
That ever beauty did compleat,  
With these I often do thefeat.  
Nor care I who my action sees,  
I heartily them press and squeeze,  
Nay, seldom without witnessess.  
Altho' with them I have to do  
A hundred times a week, or so,  
Yet do not I less active grow.  
No feebleness can me invade,  
No service can my vigour jade.  
My offspring likewise which you see  
In every part resemble me,  
So like that never any son  
Or daughter, since the world begun,  
Their parents image did so nicely shew; -  
It may be sworn it is my offspring true,  
Which oath your father can't well take for you.

II. ENIGMA 13.

My friend that laid me in my peaceful grave,  
Does now rejoice to find that life I have.

He loves me dearly well; but then the way  
 To shew his love is strange! He takes my life away.  
 Nay should I tell the usage I have had  
 From such a friend, 's enough to make me mad.  
 Poor me he beats, and drowns, and scorches too,  
 As if he pleasure took to find a death that's new:  
 Yet thinking this too small, to gain his ends,  
 He cuts and scalds me, then to prison sends,  
 Where I for many months am forc'd to lie  
 In horrid darkness and obscurity.  
 But now broke loose, revenge is in my hand,  
 Some I drive mad, make others sell their land;  
 Some weep, some rave, some musically mad,  
 The wife a fool, and make the merry sad;  
 Some swearing loud, and others laughing, some  
 I make all tongue, some others always dumb;  
 I foil the brave, I humble peer and prince,  
 Some I deprive of life, and some of sense:  
 Yet for all this, to those that are in need,  
 And use me well, I am a friend indeed.

## III. ENIGMA 14.

E'er Adam was, my early days began;  
 I ape each creature, and resemble man.  
 I gently walk o'er tops of tender grass,  
 Nor leave the least impression where I pass.  
 Touch me you may, but I can ne'er be felt,  
 Nor ever yet was tasted, heard, or smelt,  
 Yet seen each day; if not, be sure at night  
 You'll quickly find me out by candle-light.  
 When to this world I in my youth appear,  
 You'd think there were some mighty giant there;  
 But by degrees, e'er half my age was spent,  
 I with a dwarfish stature am content;  
 When elder grown, I stretch my limbs, and then  
 I re-assume my former size again.  
 In short, you thus may my description write,  
 Though dark myself, I am a child of light.

## IV. ENIGMA 15.

1. Bred in the womb of mother earth, unseen by mortal eyes,  
 Till nature ripens to the birth, and then I upwards rise.
2. I take a run on earth below, can stand, yet have no feet;  
 I take a round, yet cannot go, and then I mount my height.
3. When tow'ring aloft I fly, and beat the gentle air;  
 Protected from th' inclement sky, yet all its storms can bear.
4. When mortals are involv'd in ills, I sing with mournful voyce,  
 If mirth their hearts with gladness fills, I celebrate their joys.
5. I like the glorious sun above, who rounds the globe with light,  
 In motion circular do move, have beams, but not so bright.

6. I headstrong and unruly grow, if left unto my will,  
Which always proves my overthrow, I sometimes others kill.
7. I like the moon in clouded air, around i'th' dark do range;  
Like her my movement's regular, like her I'm given to change.
8. And as the lark with warbling throat ascends upon the wing,  
So I lift up my cheerful note, and as I mount I sing.

I have had several other enigmas from divers parts of the nation; the 12th was sent by an ingenious gentleman in Norfolk; the 13th by a lady in Derbyshire, and the rest from other parts.

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1708.

*Remarks on Courtship.*

IN the year 1706 I laid down some directions for the education of young ladies, and designing now to have prosecuted that subject, I find myself happily prevented by an excellent new book, entitled, *The Education of a Daughter*, to which I refer my fair reader, and shall now proceed, according to my promise in that diary, to some curious remarks, and important advices, towards the managing the conduct of the fair in their more advanced age, especially in their time of courtship, that wicked and designing men may not impose upon, and ruin them.

But before I proceed, I cannot but take notice of the hardship the fair virgin is reduced to, in that she may not court the man she loves, but only accept in marriage one of those who happens to court her, whereas the men may address themselves to whom they please; this, I must confess, is very unequal, and nothing is more just than the maids complaint in the following verses.

1. Custom, alas! does partial prove,  
Nor gives us even measure;  
A pain to maids it is to love,  
But 'tis to men a pleasure.
2. They freely can their thoughts explain,  
But ours must burn within;  
We have got eyes, and tongues in vain,  
And truth from us is sin.
3. Men to new joys and conquests fly,  
And yet no hazard run;  
Poor we are left, if we deny,  
And if we yield, undone.
4. Then equal laws let custom find,  
Nor thus the sex oppres;  
More freedom give to woman-kind,  
Or give to mankind less.

But to pass by this barbarous custom, of which I see no hopes of alteration, I come now to lay down those methods and cunning artifices which designing men take, to decoy and ruin the honour and reputation of the fair.

The first onset then upon the fair sex, is excessively to praise her wit and beauty.

Oh the bright image of your lovely face,  
No art can paint, nor eloquence express!  
Such are the graces of your wit and youth,  
The muses fiction cannot reach the truth:  
A perfect picture who pretends to make,  
From these his features, and his fire must take.

This is a powerful battery, and directly pointed against your weak part. 'Tis this disposes you to give a more easie and willing ear to all that is said to you; 'tis this that makes a breach as great as a lover would desire. Then will they tell you, how fading beauty is, and that in a few years it will undiscerned steal away.

1. Nymphs that now are in your prime,  
Make, O make good use of time;  
Each minute halts your decay,  
Beauty, like time, flies fast away.
2. If you would know how youth doth pass,  
Look on the dial of your face;  
Where, tho' no sudden change is found,  
Yet still the sun is moving round.
3. But when it comes to be full noon,  
The day grows short, and night comes soon;  
The sun steals off by slow degrees,  
And beauty fails, tho' no one sees.
4. Night's shades do pass, and day comes on,  
But beauty has no second dawn;  
The sun returns, but beauty never,  
When beauty sets, it sets for ever.

Nothing is more sure, than that beauty has decayed by time and ruined by age; but why then should it be fully'd by dishonour? (for that is the design of these intriguing sparks.) If honour be one of those endowments which most adorn the body, why should she that's beloved for her beauty, expose herself to the loss of it, merely to gratify the loose desires of one, who for his own selfish ends, uses all the means imaginable to make her lose it. Let the fair ones remember, that honour and vertue are the ornaments of the soul, and that body that's destitute of them, cannot be esteemed beautiful; tho' naturally it be so. A woman that is not modest, let her be never so beautiful, will never be constantly loved by any man: for no one will love long what he does not esteem, and nothing is perfectly loved but what is thought to be perfect, which is the privilege of vertue.

In the next place, gifts are another bait scarcely resistable: for women (especially those that are handsome) love to go gayly, and richly dress'd, be they never so chaste and vertuous; and if she has

power

power to overcome this temptation, there is scarce any other that will do.

The poets relate a story of Attalanta, who had vowed virginity; only this condition she proposed to her wooers, that they should run a race with her unarmed, and she should be allowed to have a dart, and if she out-ran them, she should kill them with her dart, but he that out-ran her should have her to wife. Now when she had been the death of many wooers, Hippomanes fell in love with her; but not daring to trust his feet, he besought the goddess Venus to help him, who gave him three golden apples, and taught him how he should use them: whereupon he undertook the race, and when he saw that she was even at his heels, and ready to catch him, he threw the golden apples three several ways, a great way off, with whose beauty she was so allured, that she could not refrain from gathering them up; the whilst Hippomanes won the race, and her. The moral is, That when no other ways can overcome the affections of a woman, gold, money, gifts, and bribes have done it.

Such sacred pow'r lies hidden in the sand,  
That glitters on the fam'd Paetolus strand.  
Gold is the byass of the world we see,  
And makes men turn from all indifference;  
It catches coyest beauties in the snare,  
And strangely melts the frosty usurer.

When the incautious virgin is thus prepar'd by her lover's praises and gifts; then he pursues her with prayers, vows, tears, promises, threats, and flatteries. He pretends to see in her so many perfections, he knows not which to value most;

A thousand beauties in thy face I see,  
A thousand graces only found in thee;  
My fancy to distinguish them's perplex'd,  
This minute this prefers, and that the next;  
Both in another excellence I lose,  
And where 'tis all perfection, cannot chuse.

Nay, he assures her it's impossible for any one to look on her, but he must of necessity love her.

Oh lovely maid! thou sooner may'st command  
The restless waves to sleep upon the sand;  
Despair may sooner think complaint in vain,  
Pleasure be sooner reconcil'd to pain;  
Pride may grow humble, envy gen'rous prove,  
Than all that see thee would forbear to love.

He pretends he cannot forbear thinking of her divine perfections, nor night, and that he cannot rest in his bed for dreaming on

When sleep, which only gives the wretched rest,  
Relieves the sorrow of my lab'ring breast;  
I view with joy, the visionary charms,  
And strive to clasp thee in my empty arms:  
I call, my love! and waking in the fright,  
The vision flies, and I am lost in night.

He insinuates, that nothing in the world is so irksome as absence,  
So much my eyes to gaze on thee delight,  
'Tis death to be a minute from thy sight.

In sum, if she doth but relate a story, repeat a copy of verses,  
read a novel, or the like, he pretends he's ravish'd with delight in  
the hearing of it.

I catch the musick from her darling tongue,  
My ravish'd soul on ev'ry accent hung;  
I curst the minutes that they roll'd so fast,  
And wish'd the darling theam would ever last :  
To ev'ry word with pleasure I attend,  
And heard her with regret, her story end.

These are the wiles and stratagems laid to betray the fair; these  
are the chief of those methods that are made use of to fully their  
honour, and despoil them of their innocence.

Thus the fly monsters of the wood beguile  
Their heedless prey; and while they kill 'em smile;  
The basilisk, with poison'd glances kills,  
The crocodile, her fraudful tears distills;  
Unwary passengers they thus decoy,  
And fawn on those they purpose to destroy.

As for those that pretend honourable love, with a design  
marry the beloved, these acts are so far from being unwarrantable  
that most of them are commendable: but it is the designing spirit  
this discourse is levelled at; that the fair ones knowing beforehand  
what artifices are used towards their ruin, they may stand upon  
their guard, and countermine all their designs, always rememb'ring  
that

One spark of evil having seiz'd the soul,  
Soon spreads such flames, as nothing can controul.

### *Answer to the last year's Enigmas.*

Enigma 12. *A Seal.*

Enigma 13. *Barley.*

Enigma 14. *A Shadow.*

Enigma 15. *A Bell.*

All the enigmas in my last were found out by Mr. Tho. Cook,  
Exon; by a gentleman in Modbury, in Devonshire; by one who  
stiles himself *Leander*; by *J. Edwards*; by a lady, who writes her  
self *Emilia*; by *A. B.* and *S. H.* The 12th and 13th were ex-  
plained by Mr. *White*, Mr. *Sparkenhoe*, Mrs. *Miller*, and others.  
have likewise received several others, which I am forced to defer  
till my next: But if some persons find themselves disappointed  
that they have not their verses and enigmas here inserted, let them  
thank themselves; for I am resolv'd (as I have several times publicly  
declared) never to print any thing in my diary, whereof the  
postage is not first discharged.

## New Enigmas.

## I. ENIGMA 16.

My birth is mean, my bulk is small,  
Yet by my pow'r high buildings fall:  
I speak aloud, yet want a tongue;  
Not Samson's arm was half so strong:  
Like him, no gates my progress stay,  
And by my death I thousands slay:  
I seldom wound till I am dead,  
And e'er I win the field am fled.  
No feet I have, yet swiftly run,  
And never speak till I'm undone:  
With clouds the troubled air I fill,  
And seldom touch the wretch I kill.  
Note but my habit, you would swear,  
That I some country parson were;  
But when I take my soldier's hue,  
My colours then are red and blew.

## II. ENIGMA 17.

I with a vizard-mask am born,  
To shew my face to th' world I scorn;  
And tho' the curious searchers strive  
Me of my vizard to deprive,  
Altho' they bite their nails and frown,  
Long as I can, I'll keep unknown.  
Nor am I without cause thus shy,  
For when bold mortals me descry,  
I in that very moment die.  
Oft times my father is a man,  
But sometimes not, for woman can  
Beget me; but be't he or she,  
Who e'er begets, doth bring forth me.  
My passage also into light  
Is to all others opposite,  
For I Minerva-like do come  
Forth from the head, the nobler womb.  
A race so ancient, scarce another  
Can boast of; for my eldest brother  
Did (as unquestion'd writers show)  
Flourish three thousand years ago:  
He that Philistines did subdue,  
And so hope I to be victorious over you.

## III. ENIGMA 18.

I live in all things, nothing lives in me;  
I serve all master'd, master all if free:  
And whilst a servant, all men's love I have,  
When master grown, am hated as the grave,

And

And quite as merciless; I none do spare,  
For all my servants surely beggars are.  
I'm us'd by all to keep my nature's frame,  
If not well us'd, I do destroy the same.  
If I am starv'd, the universe must fall;  
And if full-fed, I shall subvert it all.  
Oft times content to serve at board and bed,  
At other times lift up my tow'ring head,  
Ev'n to the clouds; at such a height I grow,  
As if I never thought of being low;  
Tho' for the most part I am kept in awe,  
Ne'er being useful, but when I am so.

## IV. ENIGMA 19.

When pale Lucina, governess of night,  
Had given way to the approach of light,  
And welcome Dame Aurora, newly born,  
Open'd the crimson curtains of the morn:—  
Young Astrophel advanc'd his lovely crook,  
And to a verdant mead drove down his flock;  
Where beautiful Dorinda all alone  
Was to the woods and fountains making moan;  
(Only a little pretty charming boy  
Shar'd in her grief, and bore her company.)  
Fair Shepherdess (said Astrophel) what mean  
These sighs, these groans, this melancholy scene?  
What makes you thus hang down your drooping head?  
Have you an husband, or a sister dead?  
For surely nothing less could make you tear,  
With raging passion, thus your flowing hair!  
No, courteous Astrophel, I never had  
An husband or a sister, (Oh I'm mad!)  
When e'er I think that this boy's mother lay  
In my dear mother's womb. Shepherd away!  
I've told the cause of all my grief and woe,  
And now what kin this boy's to me, you'll quickly know.

## V. ENIGMA 20.

I am the parent which to truth gives birth,  
Th' allayer of immod'rate grief and mirth:  
Revenge and malice often I make tame,  
And turn the lion to the harmless lamb.  
Deep secrets I reveal, and what to fight  
Of men is hid, I surely bring to light.  
I'm both the child and heav'ns companion,  
Began and travail with the sun and moon.  
In motion ever, rest not day or night,  
Hold the same course whether't be dark or light.  
No storms or sunshine make me mend my pace,  
But constant always, hold an equal race.

E'er since the world's creation tho' I be,  
And am grown old, its end I hope to see:  
My self I go before, and follow too,  
By my own footsteps I myself pursue.  
And what's most strange, whereas nothing am I,  
Yet ev'ry day I'm born, and ev'ry day I die.

1709.

*The Author's Preface to the Ladies.*

*To the charming Fair.*

ACCEPT this gift, (you fair ones) and approve  
The humble tribute of a real love.  
Verse is the fittest off'ring we can give  
To beauty, or that beauty can receive:  
For love and poetry companions are,  
And wit was given to oblige the fair.  
Since 'tis her charms alone that can inspire,  
And fill the poets breasts with heav'nly fire;  
To offer to another shrine would be  
The highest pitch of gross idolatry.

(*Anonymous.*)

Here the composer has employed his care,  
To choose what best might entertain the fair;  
And in one body skillfully unite  
Both what might truly profit and delight;  
No unchaste words, with harsh offensive sound,  
Shall here the ears of blushing virgins wound;  
Nor thought, which nauseous images inspire,  
And damp the glowing heat of soft desire:  
But innocent delight my pen doth move,  
For pleasure is the offspring of true love.

*Your most humble servant,*

August 14th, 1708.

JOHN TIPPER.

Of ENIGMAS.

N Enigma is an ingenious and beautiful obscuring the plainest things, which when discovered, strikes the soul with admiration, while we pleasingly wonder to see how it was possible to lay it were a veil before the sun. It is an artificial representing a thing under the shape of those of another, with so much cunning, hides a thing while it discovers it, and persuades us it is some-  
thing.

thing else than what it is really designed for: I do not by this mean those trifling and foolish riddles, which are calculated only for the capacity of the vulgar; but those perfect and compleat enigmas which pleases more when the thing it means is known, than it did before; and is read again as a description thereof. Those innocent deceptions of the mind (as legerdemain is of the sight) whilst we strangely wonder at the thing before it is known, but after we know it, we as greatly wonder at our selves, that we should be so strangely deceived with a thing so very obvious. All ages have esteemed much these pleasing and innocent surprizals, and as it had formerly been the diversion of princes and philosophers; so I now find it to be no less the delight and satisfaction of the fair sex.

I have in the five several diaries already published, presented you with no less than twenty enigmas; the first fifteen whereof I have already explained, and the remaining five in the last diary, are as follows; namely, *Gunpowder*, an *Enigma*, *Fire*, *Dorinda's Baffler* and *Time*; all which were explained in verse, by Mr. Jacob Proff of Maidenhead, in Berks, as follow.

*The sixteenth Enigma explained.*

Offspring of dust, like man, deriv'd from earth,  
To whom a cursed chance at first gave birth:  
An undesign'd invention, which prov'd since  
Of most destructive fatal consequence:  
Art's masterpiece, to imitate heav'n's thunder,  
As swift as lightning, to increase our wonder.  
But if you'd know this champion after all,  
'Tis that ingredient which we Powder call.

*The seventeenth Enigma resolv'd.*

Here we attack a knave in masquerade,  
A perfect master of the fencing trade;  
His only weapon is a crafty cloak,  
His serious talk is nothing but a joke;  
To shirk and cheat, is his ambitious boast,  
He's e'er most pleasing when he puzzles most;  
Tir'd in the search, we baffle all our skill,  
And must confess, 'tis an *Enigma* still.

*Enigma the eighteenth resolved.*

Guardian of life, the universal soul  
Of the creation, that informs the whole;  
Whose vig'rous heat, and cheerful influence,  
Revive our spirits, and preserve our sense:  
Whose kind assistance all the world require,  
And seek for daily by the name of *Fire*.

*Enigma the nineteenth explained.*

Had beautiful *Dorinda* been so wise,  
As to be careful of her chiefest prize ;  
I mean her slipp'ry maidenhead, when she  
First yielded to the villain's treachery,  
That got the lovely boy which caus'd such grief,  
She might be safe, till she had been a wife.

*The twentieth Enigma resolv'd.*

Mysterious nothing, which doth all comprise,  
Natures to enigma confound the wise :  
Strange paradox to all the learned schools,  
Above their art, beyond their narrow rules :  
An awful secret kept in private store,  
Nor to be known till time shall be no more.  
To most refined wits, much too sublime,  
Only distinguish'd by the name of *Time*.

All these five enigmas were likewise explained by Mrs. *Jane Giles* *Highworth* ; also by one who calls himself *Antenor*. The four were resolved by a gentleman who writes himself *Lindamor*, and a gentleman of *Modbury* ; all but the second, by Mr. *John Niccock*, of *Uttoxeter*, in *Staffordshire*, and by *W. P.* of the same place. The three first were resolved by Mr. *Moyle*, of *Gwenap*, in *Cornwall* ; also the three last by one who styles himself *Oedipus*, and the fourteenth by a young lady who is pleased to write her self *Hercione*. And by several others, whose names I have omitted, because they did not pay the postage of their letters.

*New Enigmas.***I. ENIGMA 21.**

The world my age doth scarce exceed,  
I'm old therefore you'll say indeed ;  
A wonder strange it seems to be,  
All mortals should have love for me :  
For I one brother only have,  
Who's hated by them as the grave :  
I count that man worthy of fame,  
That's able for to tell my name.

**II. ENIGMA 22.**

Fetch'd with much labour from my native home,  
Around this lower globe of earth I roam :  
Pale as the moon, tho' my complexion be,  
The brightest beauties still fall down to me.

The oriental monarchs do me grace,  
And characters divine print on my face.  
The princes of Great Britain and of France  
Give me a copy of their countenance.  
The Dutch Myn-Heer, who loves me not the least,  
Instead of that, doth fix on me a beast.

## III. ENIGMA 23.

I challenge nature from her store or magazine to show  
One thing that doth by its great age, or use, the stronger grow,  
Or any thing but what proceeds forth from its mother earth,  
Or else begotten is by two, and brought unto the birth.  
Yet I by years my strength increase, and use doth not impair,  
But as the number doth amount, so I the stronger are.  
And as most men at forty years their strength begin to fall,  
E'er half that time or more I pass, I scarce have strength at all.  
And as all creatures in their kind, 'twixt two begotten be,  
I so far differ from them all, 'tis thousands that got me.

## IV. ENIGMA 24.

My lady's lap-dog, pretty Spot,  
Colours of ev'ry kind hath got:  
With lovely shape, and piercing eyes,  
Fine head, and ears of curious size:  
But what's more strange, yet very true,  
The which to tell, I challenge you?  
He's got a thing the very same  
As ev'ry thing has you can name.  
" That's strange (you'll say) what has he like  
" A hog, or porridge-pot, or pike?  
" A crown, a spur, or silver spoon?  
" A ship, or Vigo's mighty boom?  
" A looking-glass, or bottle beer?  
" An oval table, or cane chair?  
" An angel, devil, or a tub?  
" A book, a quill, or fillabub?  
Yes he has got a thing the very same  
As each of these, or any other thing that you can name.

## V. ENIGMA 25.

He who begot me, did conceive me too,  
Within one month to a man's height I grew:  
And should I to an hundred years remain,  
I to my stature not one inch should gain.  
A hundred brethren I have here on earth,  
And all like me of this unusual birth.  
Some curious garments do their limbs adorn,  
And some as naked are as they were born,  
Yet both alike are cold, alike are warm.

Some want an eye, and others have no feet,  
Some have no arms, others no legs; and yet  
Most men esteem them equally with me,  
Tho' I in all my limbs unblemish'd be.  
And tho' in most men 'tis esteem'd a fault  
To look nine ways at once, in me 'tis thought  
The greatest beauty, and is chiefly sought.  
To sum up all as briefly as I can,  
I am man's offspring, tho' I am not a man.

## VI. ENIGMA 26.

E'er time, or place, or forms were usher'd in,  
I am of ancient sacred origine.  
O'th' empty space, once an unquestion'd king,  
Till half my native lot I did resign  
To a bright rival, who to me must owe  
His glorious lustre, and dominion too:  
'Twas from my pregnant undiscerned womb,  
That all existent forms at first did come;  
To me the stars above their brightness owe,  
And mortals likewise their repose below;  
To my protection the distressed flee,  
Under my shade the conscious lover's free;  
I bear alternate rule, one half of time  
My undisturbed right, I justly claim:  
Then of my silent reign th' advantage take,  
And try what of the myst'ry you can make?

*Of the Country, City, and Court Lives.*

It being a great dispute which is the most happy life, the court, the city, or the country, I thought it would not be unacceptable to represent the conveniences and inconveniences of each, in a dispute between the fair ones of each place.

*The Country Dames and Shepherdesses in Praise of a Country Life.*

1. Oh happy nymph is she  
Who leads a country life,  
From court ambition free,  
From city noise and strife;  
Grant me (good heav'ns) so sweet a life.
2. We see our flocks at distance feed,  
The fountains clear, the sky serene;  
The herds are grazing in the mead,  
Whilst maids are milking of the kine.
3. The spring affords us flowers  
That deck the gaudy fields,  
Summer gives us shady bowers,  
Where birds their pretty musick yeild.

4. Autumn brings us corn and fruits,  
Which are laid up for winter store;  
We sing and dance and tune our flutes;  
Ah! what can mortals wish for more.

5. When winter comes and cold prevails,  
Around the shining hearth we sit,  
With pleasant pastimes, merry tales,  
The nights are spent in mirth and wit.  
*Oh happy nymph is she, &c. (See the 1st verse.)*

*The Court Lady and Citizen's Wife in Derision of a Country Life.*

1. Fond nymphs, from us true pleasure learn,  
There is no musick in a churn;  
The milk-maids sing beneath the cow,  
The sheep do bleat, the oxen low:  
If these are comforts for a wife,  
Defend me from a country life.

2. The team comes home, the plowman whistles,  
The great dog barks, the turkey bristles,  
The jackdaws caw, magpies chatter,  
Quack, cry the ducks, in dirty water.  
If these are comforts for a wife,  
Defend me from a country life.

3. Then melancholy crows the cock,  
And dull's the sound of th' village clock;  
The leaden hours pass slow away;  
Thus yawning mortals spend the day.  
If these are comforts for a wife,  
Defend me from a country life.

*The Court Lady in Praise of a Court Life.*

Give me the gay and splendid court,  
The lofty roof adorn'd with gold,  
Where all the great and gay resort,  
There the noble and these the bold.  
There highest honours are acquir'd,  
Queens ador'd, and beauty admir'd:  
The court's a lady's proper sphere;  
O let me live for ever there.

*The Country against the Court Life.*

Oh who would be another's slave,  
That may her self be free;  
And pay that homage she might have,  
Or bondage take for liberty.

*The Citizen in Praise of the City.*

The court is but show, and vain tittle tattle,  
 Then give me the city, where in coaches we rattle;  
 Tho' not quite so nice, nor modishly drest,  
 We're rich in our jewels, and wear of the best.  
 The courtiers spend all, and ever are poor;  
 The citizen gets, and increases his store :  
 'Tis they only know the true pleasures of life;  
 There's nothing like being a citizen's wife.

This contest brings to my mind another which is managed with no less heat and obstinacy on both sides, and that is, whether it is best to marry for beauty, or marry for money. Let us see what each faith for himself, and against his opposite.

*Marry for Money.*

The prudent cautious man that weds for gold,  
 Wisely for wealth his liberty hath sold :  
 What tho' she prove vexatious, proud, and naught,  
 Her baggs will balance all the plagues she brought.  
 But he that barely does for beauty wed,  
 Is by his wife most finely brought to bed :  
 For if Dame Fortune on this match shoud frown,  
 And with the curse of want their marriage crown :  
 No longer will her charms her vows preserve,  
 But she'll turn lewd, and leave the fool to starve.

*Marry for Beauty.*

The man who only weds for sordid gain,  
 Trucks golden liberty for endless pain.  
 Ambitious, scornful, envious, and morose,  
 Are epithets due to a wealthy spouse;  
 With irksome jarrs she wracks his calm repose,  
 Nor night, nor day, rest to the wretch allows :  
 But he that weds for beauty's dazzling charms,  
 Still clasps a heav'n of bliss within his arms :  
 The happy moments swiftly pass away,  
 Each night fresh pleasure brings, new joys each day.  
 But the following copy of verses will shew, that there are other motives for a wife, besides beauty and money; and if some persons have wives that are not agreeable, they may thank themselves for it.

*On a Wife.*

Let me but have a wife whatev'r she be ;  
 So she be woman, 'tis enough for me.  
 I ask not one in whom all vertues shine,  
 Her sex alone endears her to be mine.  
 If she be young, she is not stubborn grown,  
 And I may form her manners to my own :

If old, a wife and mother both I have,  
And either may a kiss or blessing crave.  
If she be fair, she's lovely to the sight;  
If ugly, why? What's matter in the night?  
If she be barren, I am free from care;  
If fruitful, children costly blessings are.  
If poor, she'll humble and obedient be;  
If rich, who'd fear a golden slavery?  
I'm lord and master if she prove a fool;  
If wise, I shall be so to let her rule.  
Unjust are those who 'gainst the sex declaim,  
When 'tis not they, but we deserve the blame;  
They all are well enough, had we but skill,  
The good in them to take, and leave the ill;  
That wife's and husband's humours seldom meet,  
Is not 'cause she wants goodness, but he wit.

It must be confess that harmony and concord between husband and wife, is greatly owing to their own prudent conduct, and is the most happy life on this side heaven; and to entertain my fair reader a little on this subject, I shall here give one historical example of the charms of true conjugal affection.

A Spartan king one morning a hunting, was stopt in his chase by the surprizing encounter of a marvellous beautiful country dame, sitting at her cottage door, at her homely morning exercise, her wheel, with four or five sprightly children about her, all her own true pictures: Good morrow, fair dame, (says the king) whose children I pray are these? Mine, sir, (replied the dame.) They are very pretty ones (saith the king.) All the reason in the world (saith she) they should be so; for they had honour to their father, and virtue to their mother. Honour! (replies the king) why, do you country people pretend to honour? Ay, sir, (cries the dame) and the greatest honour in the world. Prethee, what's that? (says the king.) (The woman answered him) To love well. Nay, (says he) 'tis a sign you do love well, by those hearty children of yours; really the more I look upon them, I cannot enough admire such innocent sweetnes: all that lovely and cheerful white and red, perfect beauties, without one spot of blemish. Without one spot of blemish! (replies the lovely dame) never wonder at that, for the sheets they were got in never had any. Have you (saith the king) a husband? You may see (saith she) I have one. How do I see that (quoth the king.) In my face, sir, (answered she;) for what do you see there, but all the lively and cheerful airs of that blest mistress of all true felicity, a wife? Is there any thing in my face (continued she) that looks like the sour and rueful aspect of that wretched thing a widow? Pray (says the king) what kind of man is your husband? Such an one (says she) as a husband should be; one that loves all at home. And does your country simplicity (cries the king) pretend to understand love? Yes, sir, (says she) true love, which is a flower that rarely grows in any garden but ours. Pray, good woman, (saith the king) what is true love? (She reply'd)

(reply'd) To love without wishes or desires. That's strange (reply'd the king) love without wishes or desires! Yes, sir, (says she) for I have the man I sighed for; all that I ever wished or desired, I possess: and she that enjoys all, has nothing to covet. Certainly (faith the king) you two must be the happiest couple in the world. Ay, sir, (reply'd the dame) 'tis impossible we should want blessings, for nothing is so cheap as happiness.—And how so, sweet mistress, (faith the king.) Because (says she) we make it our selves.

The king was extremely pleased, if not a little amazed at these replies from such rural innocence, and heartily wished that his proud court would take pattern from an humble cottage; and that all his court ladies had such country school-mistresses.

Oh, faith my fair married reader, this is a charming life indeed! What would I not give to live with so much innocence, peace, and satisfaction? But my husband is a drunkard, a spendthrift, a lewd beast, or perhaps a covetous, peevish, jealous person, that instead of such a life of happiness, I am one of the most miserable of women. But let not the too much abused lady despair; for there are ways, which tho' they may not absolutely cure, yet may greatly abate, and allay these ill tempers: and tho' you lead not altogether so sweet a life as this example comes up to, yet a wise management, and prudent conduct, may make your life tolerably easy, if not absolutely happy; and how the ladies may manage their husbands to obtain this desired end, shall be the subject of some of the ensuing diaries.

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## 1710.

*A Discourse of the Nature of Love; of the various Passions it raiseth in the Soul, particularly in the Absence and Presence of the beloved Object, and the Disorders it causeth in the Body.*

LOVE is not only the spring of the passions, but as Senault affirms, is all the passions in one; that according to its different conditions, it hath different names; but that custom hath so prevailed, as in its birth it beareth the most glorious name. For when an inclination is formed in the heart, and that a pleasing object doth with delight stir up the will, we call it Love; when it sallies forth from it self, to join with what it loves, we call it Desire; when it grows more vigorous, and that its strength promiseth good success, we call it Hope; when it encourageth it self against the difficulties it meets with, we call it Fortitude; when it prepares to fight, and seeks out weapons to defeat its enemies, we call it Boldness. But in all these conditions it is still love; these are but several motions which it causeth, and different figures which it assumes.

Without love there would be no sciences in the world; virtue would be without followers, and civil society would be but an imaginary good. It is that which breeds in us a desire of fair things, and makes us possess them; and, by a wonderful incantation, changeth us, and transforms us into them. It is a pleasing wound which men hath received from a beauteous object: it is the beam of a sun which warms him; a charm whose virtue is attractive. To it we owe all the good things we possess, and if it drive not from us the ills which necessarily accompanies this life, at least it sweetens them, nay, and even renders them pleasing, and makes them the instruments of our felicity.

Love's the most generous passion of the mind,  
The softest refuge innocence can find;  
The safe director of unguided youth,  
Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth:  
That cordial drop heav'n in our cup has thrown,  
To make the nauseous draught of life go down. [Rochester.]

'Tis love that forms us to a civil life, that teaches us to be discreet, obedient, and faithful; it renders us eloquent and ingenious; and indeed, had it not been altered by men, it had never produced any other effects but these; and we had not been obliged to have added to its elogies, the crimes of which it is accused, and the ills, which at all times it has done through the whole world.

For when this passion is fixed upon base and terrestrial objects, that noble vigour which incites the mind to fair actions languisheth; that divine fire, wherewith they say the soul is cloathed, and which naturally raiseth it towards heaven, decayeth and dies under its weight: then it is, that it corrupts virtue, and ruins society, and renders art despicable.

We shall not here undertake to give an account of all its disorders, neither will we stain this discourse with the blood and infamy it hath brought into families and states; let it suffice to say, love is the most dangerous enemy wisdom can have; for of all those passions which may disturb her, there is only love against whom she hath no defence. Those that enter violently into the mind, are but almost of a moment's continuance; those that enter by slow degrees, she soon perceives, and stops their progress. But love slides in so secretly, that it is impossible to observe its entry or its progress; like a mask'd enemy, it advanceth, and seizeth all the parts of the soul, before it is discovered. When there is no means to be found to get him out, then he triumphs, and wisdom and reason must become his slaves.

There are but few objects which can reach the soul, which are not able to move this passion; riches, honour, pleasure, and, in a word, all goods (whether false or true) may raise it: but I shall not disembroil this chaos; my design is to speak of no other kind of love but that which beauty begets in the appetite, and of those various storms and emotions it raiseth both in the soul and body.

Beauty, like ice, our footing does betray,  
Who can tread sure on the smooth slipp'ry way?

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the passage we slide swiftly on,

And see the dangers which we cannot shun. [Dryden.]

The first wound that beauty gives the soul is almost insensible, and altho' the poison of love be already in her, and dispersed too thro' all her parts, yet doth she not believe her self sick, or at least thinks not her mischief so great.

At first we take it for a simple liking, or the complacency we bear to a lovely person, with whose presence we are pleased, of whom we delight to discourse, whose remembrance is sweet, and the desires we have to see and entertain her are so calm, that wisdom, with all its severity, cannot condemn them; even she approveth them, and passeth them for civilities, and necessary duties: but they are not long at a stand; they by little and little increase, and at last, by frequent agitations of the soul, they kindle that fire which was there hid, and cause that flame to increase which burns and devours it.

For beauty, like white powder, makes no noise,

And yet the silent hypocrite destroys. [Cleaveland.]

Then this pleasing image, which never presented it self to the mind, but with sweetnes and respect, becomes insolent and impudent; it enters every moment, (or more fully to express it) it never leaves it, it mixes with its most serious thoughts, it troubles the most pleasing, and profanes the most sacred; it even slides into our dreams, and by an insufferable perfidiousnes, it shews it self in them severe and cruel, when there is nothing to be feared; or buseth us with a vain hope, when we ought truly to despair. Then love, who was before but a child, becomes the father of all the passions; but a cruel father, who hath no sooner produced one, but he stifles it to make room for another, which he spares no less than the former; at once he causeth a hundred kinds of desires and designs to live and die; and to see hope and despair, boldnes and fear, joy and grief, which he causeth continually to succeed one another; despight and anger, which he makes to flash at every moment; and from the mixture of all these passions, it's impossible but you must fancy some great tempest, where the fury of the wind raiseth, throws down, and confounds the waves, where lightning and thunder breaks the clouds, where light and darkness, heaven and earth, seem to return to their first confusion.

But as there are times when storms are more violent and more common, there are also encounters wherein this tempest of love is stronger, and more frequent. The chief, in my opinion, are the presence and the absence of the beloved person; her love, and her hate, and the concurrence of a rival; and I may say, that these are the five acts wherein all the accidents, and all the intricacies of this passion are represented; at least if there are others, they pass behind the curtain, and out of the spectators sight.

Let us imagin then a lover to be absent from his beloved object, quiet and fretting pursue him every where, he hath no friends but are importunate, the divertisements which were most pleasing to him are troublesome,

The tedious hours move heavily away,

And each long minute seems a lazy day.

[Otway]

In

In short, there is nothing in his life which displeaseth him not; but silence and solitude, as it he were possessed with those strange diseases which makes us hate the light and men. He loves nothing but darkness and deserts, there he entertains the woods, the brooks, the winds, and the stars; they have nothing, as he fancies, but what is conformable to the humour of her he loves, and to the pains he suffers. He calls them insensible as she is, and finds them, like him, in perpetual agitation; and after having a long time tormented his spirit with such like chimera's, he begins to think of those happy moments when he shall again see that desirable object, that he may speak to her, and give her an account of his sighs and of the tears he shed in her absence.

Through seas of tears (where ev'ry sigh's a gale!)

Young lovers must to beauties temple sail :

No calmer way by the rash child is giv'n,

Than pass by hell, before they come to heav'n.

Sometimes he meditates the complaints wherewith he must soften her rigour, the thanks wherewith he will receive her favours, and the vows wherewith he will confirm his servitude. Sometimes he puts pen to paper; he writes, blots out, tears, and if he have any thoughts that may securely stay on the paper, they are those only which witness the excess of his love and fidelity; and then what artifices doth he not employ to procure the delivery of his letters! What extravagances doth he not commit when he receives any, or even when any thing that hath but touched the person he loves comes to his hands? He keeps them always joyn'd to his eyes, or to his lips; he makes them his idols, and would not change them for scepters and diadems. To conclude, we may say that absence is the true night of lovers, not only because their sun, as they say, illuminates them no more, but also because that all their pleasures are but as in a dream, and at that time all their ills are irritated and augmented.

But let's consider the day which follows this night, 'tis infallibly the presence of the person beloved: indeed a lover calls it no other, who believes that when he comes near it, all the beauty in the world is discovered to his eyes; he finds a new heat dispense thro' his soul, and a certain mixture of joy and astonishment causeth him so pleasant a trouble, that he is ravish'd therewith, and as it were out of himself: then how proud, bold, or eloquent soever he be, he must humble himself, be afraid, and lose his speech: it availeth him nothing to have prepared his courage and discourse, they prove but so many dreams and fantasies which vanish at the sight of this light; nothing but his eyes can speak for him, which witness by their looks what an excess of pleasure and respect this meeting affords him; but whatever is said, that this is the particular language of love, there is yet another which is much more proper, and which is also far stronger than this: for altho' there are passions as violent as this, yet there is none which inspires like this, such extravagant and ridiculous words; for a lover scarce utters one probable word. What care and what interest soever he

implor

employs to make himself believed, all his discourses and writings are perpetual hyperboles; he burns, he languisheth, he dies; he speaketh of nothing but of prisons, of chains, and of torments; he tells her he loves his sun, his heart, his soul, and his life; he swears that he alone hath more love than all men besides; that his passion is infinite, and shall be eternal.

Go bid the needle his dear north forsake,  
To which with trembling reverence it doth bend;

Go bid the stones a journey upward make,

Go bid th' ambitious flame no more ascend;

And when these false to their own motions prove,

Then will I cease, thee, thee alone to love. [Cowley]

In brief, all his words are beyond the truth, his designs and his promises beyond his power, and all his actions beneath his courage; or there is no so base submission which he will not make; there is no service so low or vile which he will not render; there is no subjection among slaves so diligent, so careful, and so express as his; he often adores a person that despairs him, courts a confident that betrays him, cherishes servants that mock him; he must use his enemies with respect, his friends with indifferency, and all the rest of the world with scorn; he must suffer without complaining; he must fear all, desire much, hope for little: in a word, he must love his ill, and hate himself.

Want of room will not give me leave at present to speak of the profuse expence he makes, the danger he runs through, to gain only word or a favourable look; the transports of joy which a good reception yeilds him; the excess of grief and despair which a disdain causeth; the furies which jealousy inspires when a rival traumatheth his pursuit; and the rest of the extravagancies which love causeth, although indeed they cannot all be discovered. For besides that there are no disorders in the other passions which are not to be found in this; that it's capable of all the follies which can possess a distracted mind; it hath so many faces and several countenances, that it's impossible to take their picture; sometimes its violent and impetuous, sometimes sweet and peaceable, in some pleasant and toying, in others peevish and severe, in many bold and insolent, in others timorous and modest: it appears ingenious and stupid, fantastical, light, furious, and in a hundred other fashions, which seems to be the cause that some feigned love to be the son of the wind and of iris, to shew the wonder and the variety which there was in this passion, and to teach us that his original as much hid as that of those two kind of meteors. I shall conclude with a word or two of the changes this passion causeth in the body, and more particularly in the face.

I do not believe that he who first painted love with a veil before his eyes, intended thereby to shew the blindness which is in that passion, but either through the debility, or by the privilege of his art, he was obliged to hide what he could not express. In effect, what colour, nay even what words can express all the changes which love causeth in our eyes? How can that resplendent humidity be

be represented which we see shine in them? that modest disquiet, that laughing grief, and that amorous anger which is to be perceived in them? Now you shall see them turn this way, and now that; now swiftly lift themselves up, and then by little and little fall down again, and pitifully turn towards the beloved object. Sometimes they dwell on it as if they were fixed, sometimes they turn from it as if they dazzled, sometimes their looks are quick, sometimes sweet and languishing, now they fly out with liberty, and now they steal and escape between the lids, which seem as if they would shut upon them. In a word, all the motions wherewith the eyes in other passions are agitated are to be observed in this; you shall always find laughter or tears, which sometimes agree, and mingle together, although they are sunk and hollow, they do not therefore dry up or lessen; on the contrary they seem bigger and more humid than they were before, unless it be after a tedious grief, or an extreme despair, for then they become dry, dim, call down, and set. The forehead in this passion seldom gathers itself; on the contrary it seems as if it were extended, and if sorrow sometimes casts it down, the wrinkles do scarce so much as break in evenness; 'tis there where the redness begins to appear which love often raiseth in the face, and even then when the other parts are pale, this always retains something of its first colour, sometimes the lips are red and moist, sometimes pale and dry, and they never almost move without forming a pleasing smile; sometimes the undermost is seen to tremble, and to whiten with a subtil froth; sometimes the tongue passeth over them, and by a light touch and trembling which it gives, it flatters and tickles them; when it would form words, it lisps, and the humidity which the desire raiseth in the mouth stifles and drowns them. Even the ears are of no use to a lover, he hears not half what you say to him; if he answers, 'tis with confusion, and his discourse is every moment interrupted by deep and long sighs, which his heart and his lungs incessantly exhale: if he speaks of his passion, 'tis with a trembling and softned voice, which he lets fall at every stroke by those passionate accents which desire, grief, and admiration usually form: he grows pale, lean, and loseth his appetite; he cannot sleep; and if sometimes grief and weariness overtake him, his slumbers are continually interrupted by dreams, which do often more afflict his mind than the true ills which he suffers. When the beloved person prefens herself to his eyes, when she is but named, or when any thing awakens his remembrance of her, at the same instant his heart riseth, and is agitated, his pulse becomes irregular and unequal, and he grows so unquiet that he cannot stay in one place: sometimes chilness seifeth him, sometimes heat fires all his blood; sometimes he feels himself animated with an extraordinary force and courage, sometimes he is cast down and languisheth, and even sometimes he faints: lastly he feels himself stricken with a sickness that laughs at the physician's skill, and which finds no remedy but in death, or in love it self. But let's no farther; let us finish this discourse with the artifice of the painter, as it begun; let's hide

that we cannot describe; lest, Ixion like, whilst we endeavour to asp a goddess, we embrace a cloud. Let us therefore proceed to the

## ENIGMAS.

I presented my fair reader last year with six enigmas from number 1 to 26 inclusive, the 22d whereof is *Money*, and the 25th a *Picture*; the explication of the other four I have received in verse by a gentleman of Tarvin, who styles himself *Terpsephilus*; and the 24th by an ingenious lady, as follows.

*The 21st Enigma explained.*

Once more — to crown my dignity and worth,  
I gave assistance to that noble birth  
Of Eve, the first of all the fairer kind,  
From dust more pure than Adam's, twice refin'd;  
My brother can't such ancient honour boast,  
Who scarce was found before the world was lost:  
And since 'tis common, in this age, to see  
Brothers, as we are, seldom can agree;  
It is not strange th' inconstancy of men  
Fix'd love and hate on two so near a kin;  
For he destroys, I cherish, life and breath,  
In short, I'm SLEEP, men call my brother Death.

*Enigma the 23d explained.*

Whilst a fond sect of young philosophers  
Admir'd your last year's monsters characters,  
That thousands did not in conjunction breed  
Like num'rous offsprings from like num'rous seed,  
I heard at last an angry senior speak,  
My sons! what blindness caus'd this strange mistake?  
What mystery can lie conceal'd in this,  
That nothing but old USE and CUSTOM is?

*Enigma 24th resolved by a Lady.*

As I in shady grove was walking,  
And of your mystick riddles talking,  
What is't, said I, spot has the same  
As every thing that I can NAME?  
An echo from a neighbouring place,  
Distinctly answered what it was.

*Enigma 26th explained, in the person of Light.*

I like your project I protest,  
For, when all think impostures near,  
The best discourse is to appear

In our own colours dress;

Yet

171  
 Yet this I must presume to say,  
 'Twas rashness and a strange defect,  
 To trust your rival, nor suspect  
 The bright approach of day;  
 Since 'tis the property of *Light*  
 To your more dubious ways averse,  
 To draw up vapours, and disperse  
 The grosser shades of *NIGHT*.

These enigmas were explained by Mr. *Jane Giles*, of Highworth; by Mr. *Rob. Holmes* and *T. H.* of *Sheffield*; by one who writes himself *Damon*: and several of them were explained by Mrs. *Mary* and Mrs. *Anna Wright*, of *Crew*, in *Cheshire*; Mr. *Abr. Simmons*, Mr. *John Smith*, Mr. *W. Allen*, Mrs. *Ann Inman*, of *Chewton*, near *Wells*; Mr. *Sam Pickering*, of *Yorkshire*; Mr. *Richard Gulson*, of *Beverly*; Mr. *Dothat*; and by Mr. *John White*, and several others, who desired that their names should not be made public.

### New Enigmas.

#### I. ENIGMA 27.

I challenge nature's treasure to produce,  
 One thing of such an universal use,  
 That scarce in substance does exceed a worm,  
 Yet can the best and greatest acts perform;  
 On whom th' affairs of kingdoms do depend,  
 For so my virtues thro' the world extend.  
 I'm author of a small yet num'rous race,  
 Of different forms from mine, in equal space,  
 Keeping according to their age their place.  
 For my first-born at their full growth arrive,  
 (To which they almost in one moment thrive)  
 Before their younger brothers can begin to live:  
 From which time all in one communion stay,  
 (Perhaps the years of old Methuselah)  
 Till they by some schismatick villany  
 Must sep'rate or alike as martyrs die.  
 But what my nature and my skill commands,  
 I have all learning at my fingers ends,  
 Whence you'll admire me for the greatest wit,  
 Verse from my mouth distils, nay e'en I spit  
 Both Rhyme and prose too, without studying it.  
 Give rules and precepts for all sciences,  
 No part, no scene, no argument amis.  
 Off hand I treat of deep philosophy,  
 Grammar, and logick, and theology,  
 And am the best instructor of posterity.  
 Without whose aid men can no farther go  
 Than what they by their own experience know.  
 And, ladies, but for me, you had in vain  
 Expected your *Clanthes* here again.

#### II. ENIGMA

## II. ENIGMA 28.

Than man more tall in stature, and erect,  
By the almighty architect  
Bless'd and ordain'd in paradise to dwell,  
Like him from my first state I fell;  
Not by serpentine guile, but humane force  
Imposing, dragg'd me to a curse,  
Ev'n than the serpent's worse;  
Which has deprav'd m' aspiring nature so,  
That sliding, on my back I go;  
And as man's fall requir'd a spacious dres  
To hide his native nakedness;  
So since my change, I various figures wear,  
Monsters that on my breast appear;  
And with a monstrous gluttony devour  
What busy mortals most adore,  
Nor spare m' own masters; yet disgorge them all  
Unhurt, as Jonas from the whale:  
For that all creatures living once did come,  
Forth from my eldest sister's womb,  
By this advantage now perhaps you will  
Explain the jest, pray try your skill,

## III. ENIGMA 29.

Tho' kings and princes my acquaintance be,  
To beggars I dispence my company.  
In different shapes, and different postures drest;  
I'm a beloved and a hated guest.  
Sometimes (I'm such a strange prepos'rous thing)  
I sooth a beggar but insult a king.  
In me a thousand contractions lie,  
I'm too too often dead, yet never die:  
'Tis I that chiefly grieve and chiefly please,  
Create the greatest anguish, and the greatest ease:  
I'm mild and calm, yet rough and stormy too,  
A bosom friend, and yet an inmate foe:  
Unseen, I all things see, and 'tis in me  
(Tho' I'm no glass) that men their selves do see:  
There's none but God himself knows more of man  
Than I; now solve this riddle, if you can.

## IV. ENIGMA 30.

A thing more strange all men will say, no mortal ever knew,  
A thing of so great use as I, yet less than nothing too:  
Yet at my name some break their hearts, and others do run mad,  
I'm worse to some than fi'ry darts, while others I make glad.  
In seeking what I am, no doubt, you'll often hear me nam'd,  
And if you chance to find me out, you'r worthy to be fam'd.

I frequent am in most discourse, in truth and lying too,  
In work and play, both night and day, but chiefly when I wea.  
Pray seek and find me if you can,  
What is my name, and what I am.

## V. ENIGMA 31.

I'm a monster as great, fir, as e'er you wish to meet,  
I've four and twenty heads, fir, and four and twenty feet;  
I'm black and I am white, I'm short or I am long,  
I prate more than lawyers, and yet I've ne'er a tongue.  
The courtier and the cobler with me make a pother,  
I speak too like the one, and I think like the other;  
Twice fifty times a year I'm born, and I die,  
And if I e'er told truth, fir, you never told a lie.

## VI. ENIGMA 32.

Tho' always I travel, I'm never from home,  
O'er land and o'er water I constantly roam;  
Whilst I slowly advance, I am back again driv'n,  
Like a boat that rows flow 'gainst a violent stream;  
Yet by that time a night and a day is past o'er,  
I'm got to the very same place as before.  
By painters I'm pictur'd among the horn'd race,  
The figure of five is seen plain in my face;  
I've a mark in my neck, which I plainly can prove  
Has been known for these four thousand years or above:  
Both the town and the country me very well know,  
By my horns, head, and neck, for my tail I ne'er shew;  
Sometimes you may see me twelve hours or more,  
Sometimes I do play at bow-peep half a score;  
Sometimes you can't see me a fortnight together,  
And yet I'm no farther nor nearer you neither;  
But the thing which I fear that will soon me discover,  
Is that one of my eyes is far bigger than t'other.

It was my intent to have explained two of these enigmas, and have left only four to be discovered next year; but upon receiving several letters from several ladies that all my enigmas were so easy they could find them out almost at the first reading, I have altered my design, and have left them all to be explained; but am so far from thinking all of them so easy, that I do hereby promise that whatever lady sends me the first answer to this last enigma 32, (provided they do it before new-year's day next) I will make them a present of twenty of these ladies diaries, to distribute among their friends and acquaintance; and whatever person sends me the first answer to the last arithmetical question following (number 16) I will make him or her a present of twelve of this year's diaries (tho' the question is not very difficult) both to encourage, and promote, useful learning and ingenuity.

Answe

## 1711.

*Answers to the Enigmas of last year.*

IN my last I proposed six new enigmas to be resolved, and six arithmetical questions to be answered; to the last of which enigmas I promised a reward of twenty diaries to be given to that lady who should first send me its solution; and a dozen of the same books I proposed to bestow upon that person who sent me the first answer to the last arithmetical question. This proposal proved very acceptable to the ladies, from whom I received abundance of thanks and complements, and a multitude of letters from all parts of the kingdom, in somuch that in one day I received no less than 28 upon that single enigma. And that I may both divert and gratify the curiosity of the inquisitive fair ones, in relation to the success of that affair, I shall give a full and faithful account of that matter.

I received a considerable number of letters before I received the true solution of the last enigma; some calling it the *Moon*, others a *Snail*, others *Jupiter*, others *Heaven*. Some of these were so certain they were in the right, that they ordered their friends and correspondents to call for the 20 diaries; others wrote me word where I should direct them to them; one man assured me that his wife was positive it was the *Moon*, and therefore he as positively demanded, and would not be bubbled of the promised reward: (but whether it was the full or the horned moon his wife told him it was, I cannot now remember.) But at length I received two letters on the same day, and of the same date one as the other. One of them came from Mrs. *Mary Lloyd*, at Mr. *Hill's*, in Corn Street, in Bristol, in these words,

Your six enigmas for the ensuing year,  
Must needs delight and charm the reader's ear:  
I find you twenty diaries have prefixt  
On her that truly does unfold the fixt.  
The constellation Taurus doth present  
Each thing that you in that enigma meant;  
For in his neck the Pleiades appear  
To have been plac'd above four thousand year;  
And what doth yet more plainly it discover,  
Is Aldebaran: now the riddle's over.  
If I have won the palm, pray send it down,  
That I may triumph in a paper crown.

The other answer was from a very ingenious lady, who is pleased to style herself *Blowzabella*, in these words,

This comes to demand (sir) the promis'd reward,  
Which if you don't pay (Mr Tipper) 'tis hard.

But in april, you know, the sun is in Taurus,  
 And you'll tell us perhaps one's intitled before us,  
 And make't a fool's errand; tho' you thought that we ladies  
 Didn't know that the mark in the neck's the Pleiades,  
 Or the V in his face, which you call the Hyades,  
 Or his eye Aldebaran; and how could he fail  
 Of being cornuted, that has ne'er a tail?  
 When his next neighbour Aries has found it his fate,  
 Without such mischance to have horns on his pate.

She adds,—"If you answer my expectation, you may have, by  
 " my next, your other enigmas explained in Sternhold and Hop-  
 " kins's rithm. The solution of one of them I have in my hand at  
 " the present writing hereof. The other I think my self bound in  
 " conscience to answer; and if I happen to travel, as I hope to do,  
 " you may expect to hear from me by the next *ship* that comes."

This is none other but an artful explication of the 27th, 28th, and 29th enigmas, which are a *Pen*, *Conscience*, and a *Ship*.

Thus having received these two answers on the same day and date, I knew not which to prefer in justice, therefore I sent half a score diaries to each of them, but neither was so kind to let me know whether ever they received them or not.

But before I quit Madam *Blowzabella*, I must inform my fair reader, that it was this ingenious lady that sent me last year that neat and elegant explication of the enigma of *Spot* my lady's lap-dog; and also the answer to the question of the persian king's buying the diamonds of the merchant; upon which occasion she then wrote me this following letter from Fairy-Land, earnestly soliciting me to recommend her to a husband, which letter follows :

" S I R,

" I herewith send you a short specimen of my skill in numbers, in the resolution of your first arithmetical question, in hopes that you, who are so ready to oblige the ladies, will recommend me for a yoke-fellow to some rich dutch merchant; for tho' my fortune will come something short of the persian king's bounty, I have it however at my fingers ends. As for my age, size, stature, and complexion, the mark is not yet out of my mouth; and tho' I am not dutch-built, I may serve at a time of need for a mast to a mackerel-boat; and if my locks be a little golden, it surely will be no objection to a man that loves money. Pray, sir, with this account of me, take a turn upon the Exchange, and let me know the success in your next diary. Yours, &c."

But having then for want of room not answered her request, she is mighty angry with me in her last, which here likewise follows.

" S I R,

" I find my solution of one of your enigmas, in your last diary, but can't say that you have been so kind to me as to the lady's lap-dog; and for fear you should omit it the next year too, I once more tell you my name is *Blowzabella*. I desired you to recommend me to some rich dutch merchant; and if I don't hear from you in your next, you shall be sure to hear of it: for I am

of the family of the *Tatlers*, Mrs. *Crackenthorp* is my particular acquaintance, and Mr. *Bickerstaff* a near relation; besides, I will print a perpetual almanack I have now by me, and spoil the business of all almanack-makers for the future; nor shall your impertinent amusements escape my remarks, for, if I am provok'd, I am *Virgo*, *Leo*, *Draco*, &c. If you do me justice I am your friend *Blowzabella*."

Seeing the lady will have no nay, and lest I should bring an old mouse over my head, I shall, for once, comply with her desires.

### *The Request.*

Ye merchants Dutch, that wealth have much,  
And want a brisk Bed-fellow,  
I'll recommend a female friend,  
The witty *Blowzabella*:  
If you prove kind, you then may find  
A jolly wife to brag on,  
But if you be for snigger-snee,  
She'll fight like any dragon.  
She's rich in mind, besides you'll find  
Her locks like shining gold;  
But then beware, to please the fair,  
For she's a cursed scold.  
You see your fate, then e'er too late,  
Take care you make a wise bout;  
If good you prove, she will you love,  
If bad, she'll pull your eyes out.

And thus much of *Blowzabella*.

Besides these two answers, I soon after received divers others in verse; one from Mrs. *Anna Philaster* (as she stiles herself) in these words:

On this your favour you bestow,  
To tempt our eyes from things below,  
To raise 'em to the stars above,  
(Towards the seat of bliss and love;)   
Where you on half a constellation  
Make your witty observation.

As I walk'd home at ten at night,  
When Aldebaran glitter'd bright,  
I look'd on Taurus as I went,  
And found 'twas Taurus which you meant.  
In's head I saw the Hyades,  
And, in his neck, Pleiades:  
His horns do fright Auriga's soul,  
Who hardly 'scapes, and climbs the pole:  
But bold Orion with his club  
Always gives Taurus such a snub,  
That backwards he, in sad amaze,  
In four and twenty hours' space

Runs round the earth, and round again  
He backward runs, and strives in vain  
To reach the east, and forward go,  
For stronger fate opposes so,  
That he has gain'd but few degrees,  
In more than forty centuries.

And now, good sir, your diaries.

Another answer I received from Madam Dywoue, who sends me word, that being born a Catalan, and lately come into England she was mightily pleased with my diary, especially with the 32d enigma, because the Pleiades and Hyades were her intimate acquaintance, and she has spent many a day with them at their father Atlas's house in Barbary; and, after some other pleasant discourse she thus proceeds:

A horned beast, but whether bull or cow,  
Until I see its tail I cannot shew :  
The mark you speak of, or that golden speck,  
Is th' Pleiad-beauty-spot upon his neck ;  
And by his figur'd face, as I suppose,  
You mean the merry-thought upon his nose ;  
To set you right about his saucer eye,  
You're so afraid he'll be discover'd by,  
It's Marshal's monstrous spectacles hung up on high ;  
To shew I am not enigmatick dull,  
'Tis the celestial Taurus, or the Bull.

But should I set down' all the answers I have received to this enigma, I should fill a volume twice as big as my diary; I shall only add a few lines of Mrs. Ma. Frankland, and conclude this enigma.

Taurus performs all these, for in his face  
Five stars the horned constellations grace.  
Upon his neck the Pleiades appear,  
Which marks well known since the creation were,  
His tail the fish obscures, nor can you know  
But it as well may be a heavenly cow :  
A star resplendent does enlarge one eye.  
That this is the enigma, who'll deny ?  
But mystick lines if mine do not explain,  
Some Oedipus may try his happier strain.

I have likewise abundance of answers in verse to the other enigmas, one of each only I have set down, for it would be almost endless to insert them all.

#### *The 27th Enigma explained by T. M.*

An useful engine, and but small, the PEN,  
Instructs the youth, but more informs the men ;  
And children-letters brings forth with such care,  
Tho' nimbly bred, they true proportion'd are,  
And different tones in various tongues declare,  
Could flowing verse, soft pleasing numbers swell,  
Or barbarous idioms strenuous prose dispel.

Without this little engine's needful aid?  
 Whose powerful mandates princes have obey'd:  
 Increase of arts, and their perfection too,  
 The world to this small instrument does owe.  
 What lady could her tender thoughts declare  
 To distant lover, if this absent were?  
 But all obedience, 'twill attend the fair.

*The 28th Enigma explained by Mr. John Ford.*

That was at first erect, lofty and tall,  
 Her breast the seat of monsters since her fall,  
 That swallows men with their beloved treasure,  
 Disgorging them oft without hurt to either;  
 From whence all mortals came, what can it be  
 But **gliding SHIPS**, fram'd from the lofty tree.

*The 29th Enigma unfolded by Mrs. Eliz. Clarke.*

'Tis **CONSCIENCE** is that universal thing  
 That sooths the beggar oft, and checks the king;  
 That chears the helpless, suff'ring innocence,  
 And in all evils is our chief defence.

*The 30th Enigma resolved.*

You say a thing that less than **No**—thing is  
 May give us sorrow, or advance our bliss:  
 What is it less than **No**—thing? say you so!  
 The wonder's out—It needs must yield you woe  
 When you a favour ask, the fair one answers, **No**!  
 And, on the contrary, it yields you joy,  
 When you cry don't defer it, **No** (cries she) not I.

*The 31st Enigma answered.*

That uncouth monster in your fifth enigma—  
 That prates so very fast, and is so big,  
 Is black and white, is short and long, nay more,  
 Of heads and feet has got above a score,  
 Is lying **News** that twice a week is writ  
 With all the letters of the alphabet.

*All of them answered by Mrs. Barbary Sidway.*

**A Pen, Ship, and Conscience**, and the little word **No**,  
**A News-Paper and Taurus** do all your riddles show.

Having thus dispatched the answers to last year's enigmas, I shall now propose six more to be resolved, besides the prize enigma.

## I. ENIGMA 33. By Hermione.

When first I on the stage of life appear,  
 I tidings to th' expecting world declare :  
 A noted prophet to the earth I come,  
 And to remotest countrys swiftly roam ;  
 Admiring mortals crowd to see my face,  
 While dark events I shew to human race.  
 Now I'm belov'd by all, by all carest,  
 And go to every house a welcome guest,  
 Where my rich robes the eyes of all invite,  
 Scarlet and black wrought on a ground of white :  
 But see the sad reverse in adverse fate,  
 What dire disgrace does on my glories wait ;  
 When thus a while, esteem'd and lov'd, I've reign'd,  
 A deadly foe I find in every friend.  
 My gay attire by barb'rous hands is torn,  
 And, to a proverb, I'm expos'd to scorn.  
 With restless hatred they pursue my life,  
 And often make me feel the fatal knife.  
 Sometimes the flames I try, or faithless wave,  
 Or in the sink obtain a sordid grave.

## II. ENIGMA 34. By Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke.

Not born with man, but yet I did appear  
 At the first moment that he entered here ;  
 And, as a faithful servant, him attend  
 Where'er he's seen, until his latest end.  
 I fear no swords, or any dangers shun,  
 And from my charge assign'd I never run.  
 I act more motions than e'er fancy drew,  
 And yet 'tis plain I'm less than nothing too.

## III. ENIGMA 35. By Astrea.

Without feet, and without tongue,  
 Into the world I first did come ;  
 Yet art and my dexterity  
 All those deficiencies supply ;  
 For without these I speak and go,  
 As all my neighbours well do know ;  
 To whom I wise advice do give,  
 As may instruct them how to live.  
 No hasty word escapes my wit,  
 E're I maturely ponder it.  
 The school-boys bless me, when each day  
 I give them leave to go to play ;  
 And weary lab'lers, when each night  
 To peaceful slumbers I invite.

And tho' my stature be so small,  
That Aesop's would by me seem tall,  
Yet pond'rous burthens I sustain,  
And never of their weight complain.  
But stay,—I fear I speak too far,  
And too plain make my character.

## IV. ENIGMA 36.

My size is small, but great my vertues are,  
I am by mortals courted far and near;  
So fond a tenderneſſe they have for me,  
That, if they travel, they'll uneasie be,  
Unless I'm always in their company.  
O'er hills and vales, when'er they take their way,  
I guide 'em, that they ſeldom go aſtray :  
Ev'n to the utmoſt circles of the main  
I ſend 'em forth, and bring 'em ſafe again.  
I'm uſeſul in their orchards and parterre,  
Their fields and woods, and buildings large and fair;  
Ev'n in their mines, I am instructive there.  
Not many ages have I had a name,  
But ſince, am lifted on the wings of fame;  
I roam around the globe with ev'ry blast,  
And to its diſſolution I may laſt.

## V. ENIGMA 37. By Terpſophilus.

I'm doom'd to lye till certain times To cleanse away my earthly crimes And by this new regen'rate birth Then ſtreight ascend, and leave the earth Yet ſtill my tongue and actions prove Such is my condescending love That ev'n I dance when men rejoice, Or at their death, with mournful voice My highneſſe leads no armies forth, The nobleſt militants on earth And in their proper ſtations wait, End my days in Haman's fate,	Appointed do expire, In purgatory fire; My nature I improve, To chant in choirs above. I humane paſſions know, To theſe my friends below, And ſhare their miſery; I ſing their elegy. Yet as a general, Obey my potent call : But what quite ſpoils my fame, Whence you may learn my name.
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## An Enigmatick Tale. By a Gentleman of Derbyshire.

The charming Phillis once was wond'rous fair,  
Each youth's delight, her parents only care,  
Admir'd and lov'd by all the neigb'ring ſwains,  
And own'd the lovelieſt nymph that grac'd the plains.  
Orant the lov'd, of mean and low degree,  
A ſervant in her father's family.  
Her parents knew how ſhe her love had plac'd,  
Yet blam'd her not, because they ſaw 'twas chaf't:

One hour to her each morn they freely grant  
For private converse with her dear Orant :  
Unskill'd in language, he her heart beguiles,  
With am'rous looks, and with obliging smiles :  
All shapes he wore, yet ne'er by her was seen  
Without a beauteous face, and lovely mien.

When thus he had her youthful heart betray'd,  
A foul distemper seiz'd the blooming maid ;  
Long time a burning fever rag'd within,  
And rising pustles spoil'd her lovely skin.

While thus she lay, th' indulgent mother near,  
O give me leave once more to see my dear !  
My dear Orant ! she said, 'twill ease my pain,  
If I can once behold Orant again :  
Why must I now in vain with tears implore  
That favour, which was ne'er deny'd before ?

Her mother cry'd, my child, take no offence,  
Your suit is now of dang'rous consequence ;  
I can't permit you once to see your love,  
'Till time shall this disorder quite remove.

At length perceiving she was left alone,  
And her desire, as yet, fulfill'd by none,  
Up starts th' impatient maid without delay,  
And to Orant's apartment found the way ;  
She found the object of her passion too,  
And cry'd, what says he to his Phillis now ?

" You're foul, you're monstrous grown (said he) therefor  
" Henceforth I'll see that loathsome face no more."

Impatient of the wrong, she turn'd aside,  
And snatch'd a dagger which by chance she spy'd,  
Then, half distract'd, to the scorner flew,  
And at his breast the pointed weapon threw :  
I'll make thee feel, ungrateful wretch, she said,  
The just resentments of an injur'd maid :  
Pierc'd thro' and thro', he fell upon the ground,  
While she, without remorse, pursu'd the wound.  
With unrelenting rage she trampled o'er  
His body, which with utmost rage she tore,  
And strow'd his mangled limbs upon the floor.

Ladies, no doubt, this seems a monstrous tale,  
But if I should the mystery reveal,  
You'll own at least the story may be true,  
And has been acted o'er by some of you.

*The Prize Enigma for 1711, for the Ladies only Benefit.*

From shrubs, and from trees, and vast caverns below,  
And the sweat of men's bodies, our being we owe :  
But we're odd kind of be'ngs, and strange pranks have plaid ;  
Some we have delighted, and some made afraid.

If two of us meet, sir, nay, if we be three,  
All things topsy-turvy we turn presently.  
But then if our number increas'd is to four,  
We set all things to rights, sir, as they were before.  
No hands ever had we, or colour e'er saw,  
Nor ever us'd croyon or pencil to draw :  
Yet we paint with such delicate colour and shade,  
And in such true proportion our figures are made,  
That we challenge Van Dike, and the fam'd Angelo,  
Such excellent pieces as ours are, to shew.  
That lady who first this enigma explains,  
A score of these diaries shall have for her pains.

## 1712.

*An Address to the Ladies upon the New Year.*

LADIES, time flies away, the old year's gone,  
And you that in it sweet-hearts have had none,  
Bid it farewell, and joyfully adieu,  
And may ye all have plenty in the new.  
Be wise, let virtue, solid wit, and parts,  
Direct your choice, and sway your tender hearts :  
Avoid your fops, those tools of wig and Snush,  
Whose nose may raise your equal scorn and blush.)  
And when your choicest wishes crown'd have been,  
With that brave man you above all esteem :  
May the first year produce a charming boy,  
And as your years advance, increased be your joy.

May 29, 1711.

JOHN TIPPER.

My last ladies diary, for 1711, presented the beautiful and charming females with six enigmas, six arithmetical questions, and two geographical questions, all of them to be answered by the ingenious ; to which I added a prize enigma, with the promise of 20 diaries to that lady who sent me the first answer ; and likewise a prize question, with the assurance of 12 diaries to that person (whether man or woman) who sent me the first answer thereto. I shall now give my fair reader an account of the several answers I receiv'd to them from all parts of the kingdom, beginning with the prize enigma, which was a *Telescope Glass*.

The first answer I received was from a very ingenious lady, viz. Mrs. Greenway of Coventry, and the words of the answer were these :

Answers

## Answers to the Prize Enigma.

If I had but your *Tube*, and a few of your *Glasses*,  
 That long as your nose, these frail as we lasses,  
 With my opticks improv'd with *Perspective*, I'd show  
 What pranks and what figures the proposer wou'd know.  
 This gives me a title, I'm sure, to your *PRIZE*,  
 Tho' found without glasses, and only with eyes.

The next answer I received was from *Mrs. Sarah Cole*, of Oxford, in the following lines :

With *Telescopes* I have explor'd the skies,  
 Which instrument has render'd me so wise,  
 That after I beheld your rolling spheres,  
 Your prize enigma plain as day appears.

Two *Glasses* in a tube, inverted, shew  
 All objects that are seen on ~~earth~~ below :  
 So three ; but four a pleasant prospect yield,  
 Of trees erect, tho' in a distant *field* ;  
 Of things a large and lively *image* give,  
 As if they stood at th' end o'th' prospective.

Whose hair (if he's unskill'd) won't stand an end,  
 When glas of magick lantern shew's a fiend?

From Vandike's pencil no such landscapes come,  
 As are projected in a darkned room.

And what but ashes, with salt-petre mixt,  
 Could make so clear a substance, and so fixt,  
 As that which does these feats ? The first from wood,  
 The last produc'd in caves is throughly good ;  
 The glas-men melt, expos'd to constant heat,  
 And grinders sweat to make the work complete :  
 And I to find this out had sweated too,  
 Had I not view'd the stars, as taught by you.

This ingenious lady, in the conclusion of her letter, very prettily answers all the other enigmas by way of postscript, as follows :

" Fame's trumpet sounds your praise so much, that I shall never  
 " think yours an old *ALMANACK* ; but instead of putting Mrs.  
 " Clarke's *SHADOW* over *Astrea's CLOCK*, you would have done  
 " better to have put it over a *dyal*, with a *MAGNETICK NEEDLE*.  
 " When I wrote this, I did not rightly understand the Derbyshire  
 " gentleman's tale, but the little saints *BELL* calling us to church,  
 " it came into my head as soon as I went to my *LOOKING-GLASS*  
 " to dress me."

This is none other than an artificial answer to all the other enigmas ; which are an *Almanack*, a *Shadow*, a *Clock*, a *Loadstone*, a *Bell*, and a *Looking-Glass*.

A third answer I receiv'd from the no less witty and judicious *Mrs. Barbara Sidway*, as follows :

Your *Glasses* for *Telescopes*, and you are made,  
 By the sweat of those mortals who follow the *trade*,  
 Of ashes, with feathers, and chrystraliz'd sand,  
 And very well polish'd by some curious hand.

You

You objects invert, if you're two, or if three,  
But four sets them upright, as plain you may see.  
Not Michael, nor Titian, nor Urban the great,  
Nor any man else could compare with *you* yet :  
Their figures are painted, and lifeless, alas !  
Yours move, and shew action, and life in the glass.

Another answ're I receiv'd from the charming Serena, in the following words :

What we are (Mr Tipper) you'd very fain know,  
Who from shrubs, and from trees, and vast caverns below,  
And the sweat of men's bodies our beings we owe ?

We do freely confess, we are neatly refin'd  
From ashes of wood, and coals closely confin'd  
In the earth's deepest bowels, till dug up by mankind.

No eyes ever had we, and hands we disown,  
Yet our paint doth exceed all that ever was known,  
Such as neither Vandike nor Apelles have shewn.

Now I hope it may prove in the praise of us lasses,  
That it is the preparing and placing of GLASSES,  
And that your Serena the rest now out-passes.

And since your enigma I've ventur'd to shew,  
Pray be just to your word, to the lady prove true,  
And a score of your diaries send me, as my due.

The following lines sufficiently recommend themselves ; they were sent me by Mrs. A. Gardiner, of St. Edmund's Bury, in Suffolk.

GLASS is the thing which does the darkness clear  
Of your enigma ; thus it doth appear :  
Sand, wood, and nitre fetch'd from under ground,  
By human labour makes up its compound :  
And having pass'd through fire, by man's art,  
Takes various shapes, and plays a various part.  
Thus Phillis, for to order her attire,  
Consults \* Orant, sees there her charms and fire  
Which warms the swain, and kindles up desire.  
Glass being concave, shews a monstrous face,  
And turns a beauty into foul disgrace,  
Worse than the pussles that on Phillis was.  
Four glasses in a tube draw objects near ;  
By two, or three, inverted all appear.  
If through a prism you look, all things you see,  
Painted with rich and gay variety :  
Colours inimitable, tho' you search  
Apelles painting, or heav'n's watry arch.  
If I've the enigma solv'd, then mine's the prize,  
I claim as due the promis'd diaries.

\* See the enigmatick tale in the last year's diary.

*Another thus answers it.*

What you in enigma so wittily dress,  
Are *Optical Glasses*, if rightly I guess;  
For 'tis my opinion, that pretty invention  
Performs all the wonders therein that you mention;  
And as you have hinted, so owe they their birth  
To ashes from trees, and sand dug in the earth.  
Unto the ingenious they give great delight,  
But ignorant persons perhaps may affright.  
If I am mistaken it matters not much,  
The loss of my labour I never shall grudge;  
But if I am right in the time and the name,  
Then justly your promise I hope I may claim.

It would be endless to insert all the answers to this enigma; but I should do my reader an apparent injury, should I conceal the two following, being wrote with so much spirit, art, and judgment.

*The Answer to the Prize Enigma. By. Mrs. Anne-Rachel Vefy.*

Your riddle's knotty (sir) and hard enough,  
Altho' 'tis made of frail and brittle stuff;  
Glass seems to be the matter which you shrowd  
Under your dark and enigmatick cloud.  
When shrubs, and trees, and stones to ashes burn,  
These ashes with vast fires to glass will turn;  
And what so vile and fordid did appear,  
Becomes a substance, charming, smooth, and clear.  
This may be call'd *nature's mysterious change*,  
But to effect this alteration strange:  
Heat raging must like Shadrach's furnace grow,  
Coals must be brought from caverns deep below,  
And briny streams from operators flow.  
But tho' all glass in general may be meant  
In your amusing lines, yet your intent  
Seems to be fixt upon the *convex* glass,  
Or *prisms* may for the solution pass.  
Either of these exact proportions shew,  
And set forth colours in their glorious hue;  
From the best artist we must ne'er expect  
Figures so lively, such as they reflect.  
If this solution (sir) you grant is true,  
Your recompence is claim'd by *A. R. V.*

*The same answer'd by the ingenious Mrs. Mary Frankland.*

The parts composing the transparent prize,  
From shrubs, and trees, and latent caves arise:  
Men's sweaty labours from the shining mass,  
Which ground by art appears an optic glas;

Then plac'd to various uses, please, or frights  
 Those unaccustom'd to such strange delights.  
 In *Telescopic Tube* three glasses fit,  
 "Twill all inverted to your sight transmit ;  
 But add the fourth, all figures then regain  
 Their true proportion, and erect remain :  
 "Twill on the retina all colours draw,  
 Better proportion'd figures none e'er saw,  
 And I demand the prize by your impartial law.

{

I doubt not but the reader will be pleased by this great variety of thoughts and expressions upon the same subject: I shall conclude these answers with a pleasant remark, made by one of the ladies, in the conclusion of her letter.

"SIR, (says she) 'tis a hard case that we animals of the female sex often make our progressions too soon or too late: I must confess in matrimony, as soon as we are capable of thinking, we seldom believe it too soon, and only esteem too late the dismal curse. Now I suppose if you could as easily set up an office of intelligence for husbands, as you readily give information of your ingenious enigmas, you might certainly have every day more employment than you will now have every month, &c."

Besides these, and a great many more true answers I had both in prose and verse, I receiv'd several mistaken answers to it, such as *Gun-p-wder*, the *Wind*, a *Windmill*, a *Coach* turn'd upside down, and did expose the ladies backsides; the *four Elements*, a *Table*, a *Misera Tree*, a *Wheel*, a *Violin*, the *four Quarters of the Year*, the *four Complexions*, and one fancy'd it to be a *Bed of four Leggs*, on which young men take great delight in getting bastards, when they are out of danger of being discovered, but are put into dreadful frights when they are surpriz'd, and if the beds had but two or three legs, he was afraid all things might turn topsy turvy, but a bed of four legs was one for his money: The words are remarkable enough, which follow.

I do protest, I do not jest,  
 Nor *Vandike*, nor *Angelo*  
 Did e'er compose so bright a rose  
 As I with my bedfellow.  
 But whether I, or neighbour by,  
 This job did do for me,  
 'Twas kindly done, I have a son,  
 I thank him if 'twas he.  
 But if 'twas I, I scorn to lye,  
 To me it was a pleasure,  
 When I with wife got so much life  
 As is to her a treasure.  
 From shrubs and trees, if some men please,  
 Two legs can make, or three;  
 But I'm for four, which standeth sure,  
 And that's a bed for me.

A very ingenious lady, who stiles her self *Anna Philaster*, saith it is *Fire*; and to shew how strangely a good wit will strain a beloved thought, to make it suit to her desires, I shall recite her words, with which I shall conclude the answers to the prize enigma.

From highest orbs to caverns here below  
 You drop at once, and thither we must go  
 To find you out, where coals are dug by slaves,  
 With labour hard, and sometimes their own graves.  
 Such is poor mortals fate! But you mount higher,  
 And find out better fuel for yo'r fire.  
 In leather jacket clad, with sweat of brows,  
 The lopper cuts off arms of trees, and boughs,  
 Stubs up old bushes, plasheth the thick hedge,  
 And cleaves hard blocks with beetle and with wedge.  
 Hence every hearth abundantly doth blaze,  
 The wanton flame in thousand colours plays,  
 All shapes and forms does in a moment raise,  
 Such as no art or pencil ever drew,  
 Such as the great Apelles never knew.  
 But after all, for fear of sad disaster,  
 (For fire's a servant good, but a bad master)  
 Have water near, buckets and engines too,  
 Correct its first wild efforts: this will do.

I come now to the answers of the other enigmas.

*The 33d Enigma answered. By Mr. Mark Moyle.*

An ALMANACK when first it doth appear,  
 Strange tidings doth to mortal men declare:  
 A great predictor then abroad is come,  
 Who to far distant parts doth swiftly roam;  
 Admir'd by all, likewise by all carest,  
 And is in every house a welcome guest:  
 Where his rich robes the eyes of all invite,  
 Red ink, and black, wrought upon paper white:  
 One year expir'd, his glory then doth end,  
 Each one's his enemy that was his friend,  
 By cruel hands to pieces then he's torn,  
 Grown old, and out of date, expos'd to scorn.

*The same answered by Mr. George Sparrow.*

We mortals crowd to see your face when new,  
 And seek to hear your words (more false than true,)  
 But in the reverse of your prosperous fate,  
 You're but an old ALMANACK that's out of date.

*The 34th Enigma answered by Mr. Essex.*

Your thirty fourth, sir, if I do not miss,  
 Indeed's no substance, but a SHADOW is;

Which tho' not born, yet always doth attend.  
Upon man's body to his latest end :  
Fearless of dangers, doth no passion know,  
Yet, mimick like, imitates all you do.

*The same. By another Hand.*

A SHADOW is a thing we know  
That doth men still attend,  
And every where doth with him go  
Until his latest end.

*The 35th Enigma answered by T. M.*

What speaks without tongue, and goes without feet,  
Is the tatt'ling CLOCK, heard in every street,  
It warns the good h'uswife to call home her spouse,  
Which the drunkard, half mad, often kicks for a bowze.

*The 36th Enigma resolved.*

The sailers COMPASS guides to foreign parts,  
Useles's were else all our laborious charts ;  
In buildings and in mines their surest guide,  
And nimbly to all points of th' wind will glide.

*The 37th Enigma answered by Mr. Sam. Towle.*

First in the earth I'm close confin'd,  
Then in the fire well refin'd,  
By founders cast into a BELL,  
I found forth oft a funeral knell,  
When I am hung up in the air,  
My voice is heard both far and near ;  
And when I make a joyful noise,  
I do delight both men and boys ;  
If by the water I am plac'd,  
With a melodious sound I'm grac'd.

*The 38th Enigma resolved by T. M.*

The lovely Phillis's sparkling radiant eyes  
With blooming beauty, made the swains her prize.  
Tho' charming, all the lawns or groves contain,  
She greets tho'c rusticks with a cold disdain ;  
And to her glass at least one hour each day,  
In transports does a pleasing homage pay ;  
But dire Erynnys blasts the growing joy,  
And wondrous beauty 'Ecthymata destroy,  
Sent from the verge of hell ; the nymph complains  
The foul deform'd disease encreas'd her pains :

Her darling glass she long'd to view once more,  
And to that end she summons all her pow'r;  
But in such language as a glass could speak,  
Truths were discover'd which her heart wou'd break:  
Deformity enrag'd her breast to throw  
Avenging dagger at the brittle foe,  
Which gave to all its parts a fatal wound,  
The scatter'd pieces flew upon the ground.  
Thus the bright nymph, by a mistaken fright,  
Destroy'd her friendly GLASS, her chief delight.

*The same answered by Mr. Alexander Weedon.*

The charming *Phillis* who was once so fair,  
That none for beauty could with her compare,  
Until the burning fever scorch'd within,  
And rais'd the pustles on her lovely skin,  
Had she refrain'd to view her LOOKING GLASS,  
When this disorder was upon her face,  
Her rage and passion to her dear *Orant*  
Had ne'er been thought on, nor her sad complaint.

*This Enigmatical Tale was also answered by Mr. Moyle.*

I find this was a LOOKING GLASS,  
Where *Phillis* daily view'd her face,  
Till at the last the small pox came,  
And put her beauty out of frame;  
Then in revenge she broke the glass:  
And small amends I think that was.

Though I have a great many more answers in verse to this incomparable copy of verses, yet I shall for want of room add but one more, and that is from pretty Mrs. *Jenny Difstaff*, (sister to Mr. *Tipstaff*, neice to Mr. *Wagstaff*, related to Mr. *Bickerstaff*, and is shortly to be married with Mr. *Quarterstaff*.

The devil's in't, that thus in print  
Men strive to shew their wit,  
Thinking to vex the weaker sex  
With what an ape has writ.  
I think her wife that most doth prize  
That face which well she knows,  
And not to trust a man unjust,  
For their love comes and goes.  
*Phill.* lov'd her glass, because her face  
Therein she oft admires,  
She priz'd it more than half a score,  
Of fops or country 'squires.  
But when disease her face did seize,  
And spoil'd her fair complexion,  
Sh' impatient was for her dear *Glass*,  
To see her own reflection.

But

But when she had, it made her mad,  
So great was the surprize,  
To see that face so out of place,  
She scarce believ'd her eyes.  
In rage she flew, and down she threw  
Her darling *Looking Glass*,  
And vow'd that she no more would see  
Her foul and monstrous face.

Besides these answers to the particular enigmas at large, I received some who answered them all in a few lines, *viz.*

*The Answers to all the Enigmas, by Mrs. Barbara Sidway.*

The thirty third's your useful *Diary*,  
A *Shadow*, *Clock*, and *Loadstone*'s the next three :  
The *Bells* our nuptials will proclaim : each morn  
In chrystal *Mirrour* we our selves adorn.

*By Mr. Peter Hingeston, junior.*

An *Almanack*, *Shadow*, *Clock*, *Compass*, and *Bell*,  
A *Mirrour* and *Optic Glass*, sir, I pray tell,  
Don't these answer your several riddles right well ?

*By Drusilla, who sent her Letter on New-year's Day.*

This very morn I made a shift  
To read (instead of new-year's gift)  
Your choice enigmas o'er, and lest  
I lose the prize I ride post haste.  
The first three are an *Almanack*,  
A *Shadow*, *Clock*, (or I mistake;)  
The other three's *Magnetick Needle*,  
A *Bell*, and *Looking Glass* unriddle.  
But she that looks to win the prize  
Must have *Perspectives* for her eyes.

*And thus very prettily by Mrs. Anna Philaster.*

Hermione first asks you what you lack ?  
A *Diary*, or an *Union Almanack* ?  
Then Mrs. Clarke with your thin *Shadow* plays,  
Astrea's *Clock* bids you observe your days,  
The *Needle* guides us over lands and seas.  
Terpsichorus, I own, does please me well,  
With the deep note of his sweet chiming *Bell*.  
But most of all, dear Phillis moves my heart,  
And ev'n her *Looking Glass* does grief impart.

I shall now propose six new enigmas to be resolved against next year.

## I. ENIGMA 39.

There is a thing much swifter than the wind;  
 And leaves a dart, nay, lightning far behind :  
 From east to west 'twill in a moment roll,  
 Or in a minute run from pole to pole :  
 Oft it does mount the highest orb of heaven,  
 Oft down into the depth of hell is driven ;  
 Roams o'er th' infernal prince of gloomy plains,  
 And views the damned in eternal chains :  
 Down to the center of the world it goes,  
 Nor can the solid earth its course oppose,  
 No letts or hindrance, bounds or laws it knows.  
 Can raise vast armies, lay new plans of wars,  
 Can set the elements in feuds and jarrings,  
 And to the earth pull down the fixed stars.  
 What place so high, so distant, dark or deep,  
 No place so low, so dangerous or steep,  
 Tho' barr'd with adamantine rocks about,  
 And pent in monstrous hills, can keep him out.

## II. ENIGMA 40, by Mr. George Shillito.

Nothing I am, nor real being have,  
 But what quick thought and lab'ring fancy gave ;  
 And yet 'tis plain I mighty deeds have done,  
 Do measure things past, present, and to come.  
 Deep projects which at first in secret lye,  
 Are brought to light by my all-seeing eye ;  
 Nothing is free from my consuming power,  
 The wise, the brave, alike I all devour.  
 Those monuments of which the ancients boast,  
 Wasted by me, are in their ruins lost.  
 No permanence I have, my parts slide on,  
 As one wave straight succeeds another gone.  
 Thus with swift pace my constant course I run,  
 In equal motion as I first begun.

## III. ENIGMA 41, by Mr. Samuel Towle.

I'm an odd kind of monster, and of a strange shape,  
 That the finest of limners can't perfectly ape ;  
 Tho' my colour by most is allow'd to be yellow,  
 Yet I make those that keep me look pale, as doth tallow :  
 On their vitals I constantly prey night and day,  
 And with fretting and vexing I wear them away.  
 I make him still seek with a diligent eye,  
 To find out the thing he's unwilling to spie :  
 For when he hath found it, it makes him look sad,  
 Nay, a hundred to one but it makes him half mad.  
 And whosoe'er keeps me is highly to blame,  
 Therefore if you can pray discover my name.

IV. ENIGMA 42, *by Mr. John Buchanan.*

A wondrous thing in Southwark did appear  
 In june or july's month, last year,  
 Five brethren at one birth was born  
 Without either flesh, blood, or bone,  
 Two of the five had beards, and two had none,  
 The fifth had but the half of one.

(1711)

V. ENIGMA 43, *by Mrs. Sarah Newbold.*

Tell me, sweet english ladies, tell me pray,  
 What is it comes to visit us each day,  
 And like a lyon fiercely doth appear,  
 Making a dreadful noise unto the ear?  
 And yet for all he doth appear so great,  
 In a short time 'tis glad for to retreat,  
 And hides its head, but whither it does go,  
 Or why it comes, there's no man yet doth know:  
 In short, its walks are now so common grown,  
 That they are almost known to every clown.

Sometimes it causes us great grief,  
 And sometimes yields us great relief;  
 'Tis sometimes high, and sometimes low,  
 'Tis sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.  
 But when its time of travel's almost spent,  
 It homeward gōes, with tears of discontent:  
 Then streight (pufft up with pride) appears as great  
 As if it never offer'd to retreat.

Come tell me, ladies, what this thing may be,  
 And, when we meet, we'll drink a dish of tea.

VI. ENIGMA 44, *by Mr. Joseph Wood.*

Sure I'm the veriest Proteus e'er was seen,  
 Sometimes I'm red, then black, then white, then green;  
 I change my face an hundred times a day,  
 And in one shape oft not a minute stay:  
 Sometimes I seem a doctor, a physician,  
 A pettyfogger, lawyer, politician:  
 Sometimes a king, a prince, a duke, a peer,  
 A trooper, footman, or a charioteer;  
 A beggar, madman, fool, or what's much more,  
 Sometimes a queen, sometimes a common wh---.  
 All sexes, ages, all degrees I am,  
 And in all shapes I bear my common name;  
 For if I seem a king, I've still my name,  
 Or if a beggar, still I'm call'd the same:  
 Nay farther: I'm the great'st dissembling cheat  
 That ever mortal knew, for should I meet

The

The holy quaker, if he should me view,  
He'd say I was a holy quaker too :  
The fryer, shd he see me in his book,  
Would swear I was a fryer by my look :  
Thus can I seem a christian, turk, or jew,  
And with a face can change religion too :  
But then, when all religious men are gone,  
And I myself am left, religion I have none.  
Sometimes a dog, a bear, a horse I seem,  
A standing water, or a running stream :  
Sometimes I seem all of a burning fire,  
Untoucht, unhurt, unburnt, I'm still entire.  
Thus into every shape my self I turn,  
There's nought comes near me but I take its form :  
Yet tho' such various forms in me do spring,  
I'm still the self same individual thing.

*Of the Prize Enigmas and Questions.*

The ladies that live in the remote parts of the kingdom complain, and that justly too, that they have not the same advantage to gain the prizes as those who live nearer the author's habitation: To give therefore all of them satisfaction (since the publick has given us so many examples) three prizes shall henceforwards be determined by lotts, after this manner: First, the names of every of the female answerers to the prize enigma, shall be wrote on so many several pieces of paper, and rolled up, and being well mingled together, the person that is first drawn shall have a present of one dozen of these diaries. Then every of the men that have answered the same prize enigma, shall have their names likewise roll'd up in several pieces of paper, and those shall be well mingled with the women's papers, and the first that is then drawn (whether man or woman) shall have a present of eight diaries. Lastly, all the answers to the prize question, both men and women, shall in like manner be roll'd up, and well mingled, and the first person drawn, shall have ten of the ladies' diaries presented to them.

And to give my readers time enough to put their answers in good verse, and to send likewise with them some other choice and valuable particulars, this shall be done on the 27th of december next, (being St John's day) in the presence of several impartial by-standers.

And tho' almanacks will be now much dearer than formerly, and it will cost me 5s. out of pocket more than usual, yet I value not the cost, to oblige those ingenious persons who are inclined to promote this my innocent entertainment.

*The Prize Enigma.*

'Tis ten to one within this hour,  
That you have seen me o'er and o'er,  
And yet before this present year,  
I never to mortal did appear,  
In so rich garbs as now I wear.

When

When man increaseth in estate,  
It usu'ly new friends create :  
But I who am more wealthy grown,  
Have for that cause lost many a one.  
Brethren for many years I've had,  
That are with various garments clad :  
The miser loves them very well,  
And in his iron chest they dwell :  
The lawyers have them too good store,  
(But very seldom have the poor.)  
But me all sorts of people have,  
Their faithful servant, and their slave ;  
But at this time (you'll think me mad)  
A being never yet I had.

## 1713.

## Of the Prize Enigma.

IN the last year's diary for 1712, I presented the fair reader with six enigmas, six arithmetical questions, together with a prize enigma, and a prize question to be determin'd by lots : I received abundance of answers to all of them, but the lucky lady that won the prize of one dozen diaries, was Mrs. Anne Ellison, of Shavington, near Namptwich, in Cheshire, who likewise answered all the other enigmas. The next prize was won by one Mr Gray ; and the prize question was answered by Mrs. Barbara Sidway.

The prize enigma was wrote when the act of parliament was past for laying a duty upon almanacks, ordering a stamp to be impress'd on the title page of every one of them, and several months before they were printed, or the stamps prepared.

To this enigma Mrs. Ellison returned this answer (as likewise to all the other six, which are *Thought* or *Fancy*, *Time*, *Jealousy*, a *Rose*, the *Tide*, and a *Glass*.)

Tho' stranger to mysterious things,  
I *Fancy* I true answer bring.  
However *Time* will bring to light,  
Whether I guess wrong or right.  
A virgin pure and spotless, I  
(Free from love or *Jealousy*)  
Am like the fresh and budding *Rose*,  
Whose verdant brethren five do close,  
Securely guard it, safely hide  
From stormy winds, or flowing *Tide*.

As

As in a *Glas* I plainly see,  
The ladies prize will fall to me;  
As sure as I upon this *Stamp* do look,  
Plac'd on the title of your book.

A second answer to this enigma I received from the most ingenious Mrs. *Barbara Sidway*, in these words.

A radiant english cross this year,  
With royal diadem,  
On front of almanacks appear,  
To raise the price of them.  
Array'd in scarlet robes and blue,  
The royal *Stamp* is seen;  
The richness of the motto too  
Creates the less esteem.  
Twin brethren the miser keeps  
Lock'd in his safe scriptore,  
On deeds and bonds, the winding sheets  
And ruin of the poor.  
Thousands of them the law devours,  
And swallows down by pairs,  
Its constitution so secures,  
And crazy flaws repairs.  
Few royal *Stamps* the poor man has  
But these on *Kalandar*;  
And when th' enigma written was,  
These but in posse were.

A third answer I received from the ingenious gentleman of Derbyshire, who presented me with that incomparable enigma of *Phillis's breaking her Looking Glas*.

When first I cast enquiring eyes,  
On your new enigmatic prize,  
And saw your diaries return'd,  
With crowns and scepters thus adorn'd ;  
Crowns, which were never there before,  
But what the royal Anna wore :  
Which fame most constantly avers,  
Shine brighter far for being hers :  
For these I paid a double rate,  
But won't forsake my friend for that.

Tho' many different garbs were worn  
By others, which long since were born,  
Yet these new *Stamps* will now appear  
In richer garments one whole year;  
Bought at dear rates by empty fop,  
In the knicknackatorian shop.  
The lawyers have them in great store,  
Which join with them to keep us poor :  
With these the miser fills his chest,  
While the poor debtors are opprest.  
But 'tis no more than a mere shadow  
That all this compliment is made to :

A real *Two-Pence* there was none  
That with such royal ensigns shone.

“ Now if a prize falls to my share,  
“ Let half be giv’n to the nameless fair :  
“ With humble service to my dear,  
“ Who made proposals the last year :  
“ And when this message you have told,  
“ Another riddle she’ll unfold.”

Another answer I received from Mrs. *A. Wilson*, as followeth.

When I your prize enigma first beheld,  
It seem’d mysterious, and was closely veil’d :  
But viewing wistly this your almanack,  
I spy’d the *STAMP* half hid ; thought I, why’s that ?  
An’t words sufficient to secure the prize ?  
Must actions help to darken and disguise ?  
Thanks to my thoughts, but more unto my eyes.  
For had I that o’erlook’d, I’d ne’er been right,  
Its brethren had been strangers to my sight,  
And what endear’d them to the miser’s chest,  
And lawyer’s keeping, I had never guest.

And its as great a truth, and seems as brave  
*Stamp’d Almanacks* as yet no being have ;  
For unto new-year’s-day they’ll owe their birth,  
Till then deficient, of less use than worth :  
And those deserting friends that think them dear,  
Perchance may change their minds another year,  
When inconvenience more than charge appear.  
Thus you’ve my thoughts, yet I no prize can claim,  
Admit I hit, my chance must still prove lame,  
And want of luck may lose a fair set game.

*Mrs. Jane Tuck thus answered it.*

Within the hour before I read  
Your prize enig. last published,  
The bookseller shew’d me the fair  
And new-born *STAMP* your diaries wear ;  
And made me pay for it three pence,  
(Tho’ stamp’d for two) on a pretence  
They scarcer were, and that this year  
Not half the number printed were :  
Well may your diaries lose their dames,  
Made doubly dearer by these shams.  
*Stamp’d bonds and mortgage deeds the miser*  
*Hoards with his cash ; good reason why, sir :*  
By int’rest they cash multiply, sir.  
Lawyers use stamps another way,  
And make rich clients for them pay ;  
But paupers suing or defending,  
Exempt from stamps are notwithstanding :

But diaries stamp'd most people soon will have,  
Their dayly servant and their slave,  
Altho' the stamps (as yet) no being have.

This (sir) th' enigma answers right,  
So hope I shall on St. John's night  
Have a fair chance for twelve, or eight.

The fair *Orinda* too obliged me with the decyphering of this riddle; she (poor lady) could not sleep till she had found it, as you will perceive by her own words.

In the dead time of night, when sleep I did lack,  
In thinking and pausing on your almanack;  
I straightway arose, and lighted my lamp,  
And reading your riddle, I found it a STAMP;  
Which by a late act was enjoin'd to appear,  
Upon every diary you put out this year.  
Thus richly adorn'd, 'tis in value the more,  
Yet fewer friends therefore it has than before:  
But why should we think the book threepence too dear,  
When again at the old rate you'll have it so near,  
For the tax it is laid but for thirty two year.

It would be endless to put down all the answers I received from Mrs. *Anna Wright*, Mrs. *Elizabeth Goad*, Mr. *Henry Beighton*, and abundance of other ingenious pens, I shall therefore add but two more, and then proceed to the other enigmas.

*Answered by Mrs. J. Wilson.*

Your prize enigma seems to intimate  
Stamp'd Bonds and Almanacks, not yet in date:  
Pardon my first essay, if I mistake.

And your deserting friends I'll back regain,  
Or mitigate the quarrel which you name,  
Shew why your worth's the cause they you disclaim?

Your price enhanc'd, but had your old rate stood,  
They'd bought you still, but to save charge 'tis good,  
One almanack may serve a neighbourhood.

Your brethren which you boast in various dress,  
Is stamped paper, and if right I guess,  
Parchment, or whate'er else the Stamps impress.

Such are by misers lock'd safe in their chest,  
Such are by lawyers welcom'd and carest,  
But to the poor, a strange uncommon guest.

*Resolved likewise by Mrs. Brown.*

When I did spy your diary,  
And in it the prize-riddle;  
I did devise to win the prize,  
As I wrought with my needle.

For a glass of sack 'tis your *Almanack*,  
 Being marked with a crown;  
 If you've lost some friends, to make you amends,  
 I'm yours, fir, *Sarah Brown*.

*The 39th Enigma resolved by Astrea.*

What strange ubiquitary being's this,  
 Which soars to heaven, sinks to the deep abyss?  
 In the same moment glides through air, earth, sea?  
 This sure can nothing else but **FANCY** be.

*Answered also by Mrs. Brown.*

Come sir be pleased me to teach,  
 What place our *Fancy* cannot reach;  
 This moment 'tis at the north pole,  
 And presently to th' south doth rowl;  
 At once it riseth up to heav'n,  
 Then instantly to hell is driv'n:  
 Tho' towns be walled round about,  
 Yet *Thought* can never be kept out..

*Likewise by Mr. Abel Ragg.*

Our *Thought* or *Fancy* swifter is than wind,  
 (Or any other thing that you can find)  
 The dart that penetrateth thro' the air,  
 And swiftest lightning can't with it compare.  
 For *Thought* all o'er this globe soon whirleth round,  
 No other places neither can be found  
 (If solid, distant far, if dark or deep;  
 If high, if low, if dangerous or steep).  
 But thought into 'em soon can make its way,  
 Nor can the art of men its progress stay.

*And by Mrs. Hanferia Wright.*

Pond'ring on what the first enigma meant,  
 A hundred various *Thoughts* did soon present  
 Their quick succession, this conclusion wrought,  
 So swift, so copious, nothing is but *Thought*.

*The 40th Enigma answered by Mr. Mark Moyle.*

Swift *Time* is nothing, nor no beings have,  
 Only what thought and curious fancy gave:  
 Yet it most strange and mighty acts have done;  
 Doth measure things past, present, and to come:  
 Time all things doth consume, it is well known,  
 Our predecessors they are dead and gone:  
 The world's seven wonders, which the ancients boast,  
 Are wasted all by *Time*, and in their ruins lost.

*And by Mr. Mark Moyle.*

Offspring of thought, by fancy well contriv'd,  
Not yet to full maturity arriv'd,  
Of ancient date, e'er since the world begun,  
And will remain until the world is gone;  
Nor will its constant flux and growth be o'er,  
Till th' angel swears that *Time* shall be no more.

*Also answered by Mr. Tho. Smith, in Acrostick Verse.*

T I M E is a thing none can too highly prize,  
I t hastes away, and with much swiftness flies:  
M uch prudence 'tis the main thing to pursue,  
E ternity of bliss from thence accrues.

*And likewise answered by Astrea.*

The antique figure with one lock of hair  
On his bald pate, your riddle doth declare.

*The 41st Enigma answered by the same hand.*

Thou art the child of love, parent of hate,  
Envious, unhospitable, and ingrate.  
Upon the breasts which lodge thee thou dost prey,  
And like the poys'ous viper eat'st thy way.  
Thou ever pryst with an anxious mind,  
In search of that thou wouldst be loath to find.  
Conscious at home, upbraiding others sin,  
(For still suspicion springs from guilt within)  
In short, what can this hideous monster be,  
But that infernal fury, *Jealousie*.

*Resolved also by Mr. Proffer.*

Had Sam. Towle been so wise, as to keep within door,  
When his wife was abroad, and a playing the wh—r;  
Had not curs'd curiosity led him to find,  
What to know has disturb'd and distracted his mind;  
He might have remain'd, tho' with horns on his poll,  
Free from the sad curse of a jolter-pate fool.

*This Enigma was also resolved by pretty Jenny Distaff.*

I fear you are *Jealous*, or else you could never  
Describe all that passion, and jumble together  
The various effects of it into a riddle;  
But I think he's an ass that does dance to its fiddle;  
For if he's uneasy and cross to his dear,  
He's oft the occasion of what he does fear.  
But he'll have his reward for suspecting his spouse,  
When he finds to his grief, she has horned his brows.

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*And by a Lady who calls herself Sabina Frozen.*

Curst Jealousie, the parent of our cares,  
Who still destroys our hopes, augments our fears;  
'Tis sure a complication of all ill,  
That does with horror all his vitals fill.

*And likewise by Mrs. Brown.*

'Tis Jealousie disturbs the mind,  
And makes her cross who would be kind;  
For seeking what was never thought,  
Makes what he seeks too true full oft;  
For if to seek he makes ado,  
'Tis pity but he finds it too.

*The 42d Enigma answered by Mr. Mark Moyle.*

The Southwark wonder will appear,  
In june or july's month this year,  
In divers gardens far and near :  
Then if you please the same to see,  
Carefully view the Red-Rose tree ;  
For when the Rose-leaves fallen are,  
They'll be left naked then and bare.

*Also by a Lady who calls herself Dorothy Drumstick.*

In conning this riddle, I stopp'd in the middle,  
To give you my thanks for the treasure  
Contain'd in your book; for tho' pains I have took,  
Yet my trouble's rewarded with pleasure.  
But I advise you to go, to Buchanan to know,  
If he did this riddle compose;  
For he's a brisk blade, and good at the trade,  
And his words are as sweet as his Rose;  
For there's something so witty in what he has penn'd,  
That I'd have him proceed old enigmas to mend.  
In july, as your riddle does express,  
The Rose is always in his youthful dress;  
The little leaves under the rose doth grow,  
And which are fenc'd with prickles, are but two;  
The other leaves besides, which then remain,  
One half are bearded, and the other plain.

*The 43d Enigma explained.*

I was not surpriz'd, tho' I found the greatest number of my correspondents to be mistaken in this enigma; since it was hardly possible, that those who never saw the sea, or lived at any sea port town, should have any notion of the flux and reflux of the sea; yet was there not wanting several who gave the true solution thereof; and among the rest, the ingenious *Astrea* in these words.

That bold intruder which with so much pride  
Makes his approach, is the impetuous **TIDE**;  
Who having past an insolent short reign,  
At his due period back retires again.  
This our eyes view; but for the causes why,  
Into those mysteries I dare not pry,  
'Twas fatal to a greater wit than I.

} \* Aрифет.

*And by Mrs. Brown.*

Your humble servant, Mrs. **Newbold**,  
Too young to catch a bird so old;  
In vain you think to puzzle me,  
Who ev'ry day behold the *Sea*.

*The 44th Enigma answered by the same hand.*

Tho' Mr *Wood* this jest doth pass,  
His *Wood* is turned to a *Glass*;  
Where looking, any one may see  
Himself in likeness, tho' not he.

*The same answered by Madam Sabina Frozen, from the Drifts of Greenland.*

Sure I on this don't think amiss,  
You mean the counsellor of the graces,  
But that alas! is brittle *Glass*,  
Fair as European ladies faces.  
But mine is rough, and weather proof,  
Yet if you will me recommend,  
To a spark that's young, and will love long,  
You will for e'er oblige your friend.

*And likewise by Astrea.*

The *Proteus* which assumes such various shapes,  
Each man resembles, every action apes;  
Exactly limns the habit, posture, face,  
And motion, is the mimick *Looking-Glass*.

*And by Mr. Prosser thus.*

If in your *Glass*, you spy an ass,  
And must believe it's true;  
Turn but aside, the fault you'll hide,  
And may forget 'twas you.

I have a' great many other answers in verse, to these enigmas, but for want of room, am forced to omit them; I shall therefore only add two or three of those, who solved them all in a few lines, excepting the 5th, which most of my fair readers, by mistake, solved to be the *Wind*.

*All of them incomparably answered by Mrs. Sidway.*

It's *Fancy* wings the soul, and emulates  
The Deity, which boundless power creates.  
But when the labours of our souls do cease,  
Lull'd in the bosom of eternal peace,  
Lost in immense duration Time shall be,  
All real space, all vast eternity.  
Vexatious *Jealousie* no room shall have,  
The object of our *Thoughts* is boundless *Love*.  
Hence all the flatt'ring vanities that lay,  
Pleasures, like blooming *Roses* in our way,  
Fann'd with delicious *Breezes* to invite  
Our stay below, and take on earth delight.  
Our souls at freedom all perfections see,  
In the bright *Mirrour* of the Deity.

*Answered also by Mr. John Wilson.*

Quick *Thought*, devouring *Time*, and *Jealousie*;  
*Rose Greens*, a *Mirrour*, and the *Flowing Sea*;  
If I conceive aright, your six enigmas be.

*Answered also by one who calls himself Francius.*

Quick *Thought*, swift *Time*, and *Jealousie*,  
Are answers true to the first three;  
The greens of *Roses*, boist'rous *Tide*,  
I think does the next two decide:  
Our shadows that in *Mirrours* we behold,  
And *Stamps* on *Almanacks* the rest unfold.

*Likewise by Mrs. Mary Cardale.*

'Tis boundless *Thought* that runs more swift than *Time*,  
And both oft prove mad *Jealousie* a crime;  
And as the bearded husk o'th' *Rose* does grow  
Half rough, half smooth, the fickle *Wind* does blow;  
And that's a thing your *Mirrour* ne'er descries.  
Give me a lot to your *Stamp'd Diaries*.

*And lastly, by Mrs. Mary Latter.*

Once more your riddling almanack appears,  
And may it still do so for many years:  
*Thought*, *Time*, and *Tide*, with nimblest motion pass,  
And can't be represented in your *Glass*;  
Those things themselves cannot; th' effect may be,  
And so may that of pining *Jealousie*.  
Sweet-scented brethren five, under the *Rose*,  
Have oft for diverse years, regal'd my nose;  
'Tis an old riddle now vampt up anew,  
So till next year, I bid you, sir, adieu.

And

And thus have you, fair readers, the answers to all the last year's enigmas; and I take this opportunity to desire all my correspondents not to send me any thing that has been published already, that being very far from my design; but let what they are pleased to send be perfectly new, and never printed before.

I now proceed to propound six new enigmas to be solved against next year. I have so many sent me, that I cannot oblige all in one year; but in time to come, I shall endeavour to give every one satisfaction.

### *Six new Enigmas proposed.*

#### I. ENIGMA 45. *Proposed by Mr. Thomas Wright.*

My dame she said, firs, call in *Kate*!  
It's time that she her breakfast eat.  
Now *Kate* to order was the same,  
But by directions of my dame:  
Some milk was in a skillet put,  
For want of care, the heedless slut,  
Stumbling, she let the skillet fall  
Amongst the coals, with milk and all;  
My master joking, said to the maid,  
No crying, *Kate*, for milk that's shed;  
My dame cryes she will give no more,  
So *Kate* the milk took off the floor;  
And in a trice she wash'd it so,  
That it became as white as snow;  
And was as useful as before  
It got the fall upon the floor:  
Now madam, tell, I beg you will,  
What was the milk-maid's art and skill  
In washing milk, because we meet  
With pitchers oft broke in our street.

#### II. ENIGMA 46. *By a Gentleman in Monmouth.*

From heav'n at first with *Lucifer* I fell,  
But left him in his passage down to hell;  
Man entertain'd, and lodg'd me in his breast,  
And none without me can have ease or rest;  
I am the staff of age, the sick man's health,  
The pris'ner's freedom, and the poor man's wealth;  
And tho' some call me false, and others vain,  
I lead the way to what all seek to gain:  
No man without me would a mistress court,  
Nor cross the seas unto a foreign port,  
I've told you what I am, and whence I came,  
Now tell me, if you can, what is my name?

III. ENIGMA 47. *By Mr. W. B. Author of the 39th Enigma.*

Sure I am the strangest monster e'er was seen :  
I all and every thing by turns have been,  
Or am, or may be —————  
Beast, fish, and fowl of every degree,  
Inanimates of every shape that be,  
And man of every rank, and quality.  
At the same moment, tho' one and the same,  
I in a thousand distant places am.  
Sometimes a thing invisible I've been,  
And yet when am invisible, am seen :  
To sum up contradictions — I am sometimes  
A circle, made up of parallel lines.

}

IV. ENIGMA 48. *By Mrs. Hannah Giddy.*

I have a good servant, deserves a good name,  
He's always at hand, and scarce ever to blame;  
Most rich men do use him, and by none he's refus'd,  
For the light shines more glorious when e'er he is us'd;  
His outside's not handsom; as you may suppose,  
For he has a large mouth, and a pretty long nose :  
I must tell you this further, which perhaps may you pose,  
He hath oft a neat case to put on his long nose ;  
His mouth I keep shut, for 'tis black as is ink,  
And all he devours, doth most nauseously stink.

V. ENIGMA 49. *By pretty Jenny Distaff.*

Come gentlemen, you I address myself to,  
For the name of this flattering rogue;  
You love it no doubt, and you'll soon find it out,  
For amongst you it's greatly in vogue.  
It smiles in your face, when the slave you embrace,  
My words you will find to be true;  
But it leaves a damn'd curse, like for better for worse,  
Which your cunning can never undo.  
But he that denies it, and with ease can despise it,  
And makes it his servant, not master,  
Will find it his friend, and on him 'twill attend,  
And comfort him when in disaster.  
But he that pursues it, will highly abuse it,  
For where it's beloved, it's a tyrant,  
Destroying your health, good humour, and wealth,  
As surely as if you set fire on't.

VI. ENIGMA 50. *By Astrea.*

Nature produc'd me white, and guiltless too,  
But when I with mankind acquainted grew,

I lost

I lost my innocence, and native white,  
 Grew soyl'd, and blacker than the shades of night :  
 In schisms, and treasons, then I bore a part ;  
 Nay ev'n defil'd myself with the black art.  
 Yet tho' contaminated with all vice,  
 Into such estimation I did rise,  
 That kings into their closets me admit,  
 And I'm lov'd dearly by all men of wit.  
 All the fam'd heroes of antiquity  
 Had in oblivion slumber'd but for me.  
 I to great *Alexander* did afford  
 More glory, than his own victorious sword.  
 To persecuted lovers I am kind,  
 And absent friends from me assistance find.  
 Profoundest sciences I daily teach,  
 And yet I never had the use of speech.

I come now to propound a prize enigma, and a prize question; and as a reward to them that discover them, I shall present them with 30 diaries, to be distributed in three lots, according to the proposals last year: the first lot of 12 diaries to the ladies only; and the other two lots of 10 and 8 diaries, for either men or women who happen to draw them; and I design not to draw them till Candlemas-day, that every one may have time enough to think of them, and likewise to compose other subjects to send me: for I design for the time to come, to fill this diary with a much greater variety than hitherto I have done.

### *The Prize Enigma.*

The master I attend upon,  
 Is known almost to every one ;  
 Nor small, nor great, nor young,  
 Nor old ; not India hot, nor Zeland cold ;  
 But every place, and every one,  
 He sometimes comes to wait upon :  
 And this respect he pays each day,  
 But then at night he goes his way.  
 But as for me, tho' I am near,  
 Yet very seldom do appear.  
 Sometimes before him I do stand,  
 Sometimes I wait on him behind ;  
 But equally I am unseen,  
 Whether before or after him.  
 'Tis true, there's some with better eyes,  
 When I'm before him, me espy's ;  
 But this is frequently so rare,  
 That very few suspect me there :  
 When he sometimes is gone to bed,  
 I steal abroad, and shew my head ;

Yet then I never long do stay,  
But after him do hast away.  
That lucky lady who me names,  
Twelve d'ries shall have for her pains.

*An Enigmatick Dance, composed by the ingenious  
Mrs. Molly Cokayne.*

In fifteen hundred thirty one,  
Or thereabouts, a famous dance began :  
First in the middle Solomon took place,  
A blade in former time of active pace ;  
But now with age and impotence opprest,  
He sits and sleeps, and nods, and takes his rest.  
And as two country girls on holy-days,  
For want of third to hobble out the hays,  
To hedge and bind in figure, mode and rule,  
Place in the middle churn, or chair, or stool,  
Or lay my little master on the ground,  
Then nimbly draw their magick circles round ;  
So in the middle Solomon the wife  
Was stool, or chair, or churn, or what you please ;  
Candle in hand, to give their worships light,  
To step it true, and guide their paces right.  
Next him in order a bright youth advanc'd,  
About he went, about he nimbly pranc'd,  
And mimick'd curious motions as he danc'd.  
The next a lady, sprightly, brisk, and gay,  
Slender and young, and beautiful as may,  
With active paces, circled round her way.  
Next hand in hand two sisters whisk'd about,  
And next a warlike bully stalk'd it out.  
The next a king, with th' aspect of a God,  
And next with graver steps his father trod.

They both mov'd grave, as if o'ergrown with sloth,  
And infant-dancers tripp'd about them both.  
These were the jolly crew — and these were all ;  
These were the blades that did compose the ball.

They danc'd whole years in harmony and chime,  
And to their motion all the world kept time,  
Now ladies, if you tell me who they were,  
I'll say you're witty too as well as fair.

*This was the last Diary composed by Mr. Tipper, Mr. Beighton  
began in the next year 1714.*

## 1714.

THE first woman's almanack was published for the year 1704, embellish'd with enigmas, stories, verses, and such like entertaining particulars, and continu'd so for 1705, 1706. In 1707 was inser'ted two easie arithmetical questions, and some paradoxes. In 1708 the author receiv'd several letters from the fair sex, and inser'ted, besides the enigmas, four arithmetical questions: which so well pleas'd the fair ones, that in 1709 he received several excellent questions and answers, which he publish'd, and you'll find in 1710 began generally to please. But that which took most of all, was his inser'ting an enigma with a promise of 20 diaries to that lady who first sent a solution, and 12 to her who first answered an arithmetical question; which so stir'd up the aspiring fancies of the ingenuous to an emulation of out-stripping each other, that in one day he received 28 letters, and above an hundred that year. In 1711, to avoid importunity, he fill'd the diary with questions, enigmas, and answers only; notwithstanding the duty on letters, and stamp on almanacks, 1712, 1713 were not retarded in growth. Its usefulness is conspicuous, considering it is profitable, commendable, and diverting, and has (as you'll see by comparing the former and later) excited and won the fair sex to a love for mathematical learning; the utility of which laudable science I need not to describe.

## Of the Prize Enigma.

The last year's diary for 1713 presented the fair reader with six enigmas, six arithmetical questions, together with a prize enigma, and a prize question to be determined by lots, with a promise of 30 diaries to be distributed in 3 lots, viz. First, The names of all the ladies who truly answered the prize enigma before Candlemas-day, (which amongst the vast quantity received I found but 11) were well mixt, and the lot first drawn falling on Mrs. Mary Cardale, of Dudley, in Staffordshire, she won 12 diaries. 2dly, All the men who gave the true solution had their names added to the ladies. The lot next drawn fell on one who styles herself Phylander, of Wreckham, who had 8 diaries. 3dly, All the names of the answerers to the prize question, both men and women, put in lots, and the lot first drawn was Mr. John Edens, of Farmborough, in Warwickshire, who had a present of 10 ladies diaries.

*The Prize Enigma, which was the Planet Mercury, answered by Mrs. Mary Cardale, as also all the other Enigmas.*

Copernicus doth well explain  
All Mrs. Cokayne's dancing train,

Dance

Who

 Bef  
swe.  
Mary  
Mrs.  
Mr. W  
Ephue  
P

Who all from him did first proceed;  
 That o'th' *Chaos* made, and all we need  
*Hope*: from icy *Milk* to *brandy* strong.  
 Even to my *Pen* be't short or long,  
 As *Snuffers*: But by one o'th' train  
*Brisk Mercury's* help your prize I'll gain.

47. *Enig.*  
 48. 45. 49.  
 50.

*A second ingenious Answer, by Mrs. Anna Wright, who one would wonder, having Mercury at hand, should be imposed on by Urania.*

I've oft essay'd (but still 'twas all in vain)  
 Your generous enigmatic prize to gain;  
 Howe'er I'll venture still the other time,  
 Since my muse assures me, that the lot is mine.  
 For as I once was doubting of the prize,  
 Came pleasing sleep, and softly clos'd mine eyes:  
 Then golden-wing'd *Morpheus* took my hand,  
 And led me o'er *Parnassus* sliding sand,  
 And down by *Helicon* he bid me sit,  
 To hear the muses vent their florid wit:  
*Urania*, one o'th' chorus, told me I  
 The prize should win, if for it I would try.  
 Then waking, I by *Mar'chal's* aid did see  
 Both master *Sol* and servant **MERCURY**.

*By Mr. Josias Boydall.*

Those lime-twigs knaves, that live by slight,  
 Are us'd to play the least in fight.  
 Now *MERC'RY*'s known a vicious liver,  
 He stole *Apollo's* bow and quiver;  
 He drove away *Aductus'* oxen,  
 As far as 'tis from hence to *Oxon*.  
 Fetch'd *Vulcan's* tongs from off his bellows,  
 Stole *Neptune's* trident, as they tell us.  
*Jove's* thunder-bolt had gone to pot,  
 But that he found the ball too hot.  
 From *Venus'* waste her belt he strip'd,  
 And left he should be stock'd and whip'd,  
 He skulks behind or near his master,  
 To shelter him from such disaster.  
 And that's the reason why we cannot  
 Keep sight of that absconding planet.

Besides those already named, these following gave the true answer. *Mrs. Mary Boydall*, *Mrs. Marg. Bowditch*, *Theodora*, *Mrs. Mary Lingen*, *Mrs. Eliz. Clarke*, *Anna Holdfast*, *Mrs. Eliz. Clayton*, *Mrs. Sarah Grant*, *Mr. John Edens*, *Mr. John Green*, *Mr. Jos. Lover*, *Mr. Will. Beriff*, *Mr. Geo. Brooks*, *Mr. John Boswell*, *Mr. Tho. Smith*, *Ephues*, *Esculapius*, *Mr. Tho. Page*, *Mr. Ed. Elphick*, *Mr. Will. Crab*, *Poetry* M *Mess.*

Mess<sup>r</sup>. Jos<sup>i</sup>. and Robert Claton, Mr. Richard Smith, M. M. Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Mark Moyle, Mrs. Anne Doody, and several others, who answered it amongst the other enigmas.

*The Enigmatick Dance answered by Mr. Abel Ragg, of Welford, in Northamptonshire.*

'Twas the renown'd Copernicus compos'd  
This famous Enigmatick Dance, propos'd.  
The wand'ring stars do this true dance create,  
As in his system they are situate.  
First SOL (the fount of light, the planets king,  
The better to enlighten every thing  
With his bright beams; and that he may dispense  
To all the rest his clearing influence)  
Is firmly fixt i'th' middle of the world,  
Round him are all th' inferior planets hurl'd,  
In following order. MERCURY first comes on,  
Whose orb is next to the all-light'ning sun;  
Then the resplendent VENUS whisks around,  
Next TELLUS comes, with whom is LUNA found.  
And then comes MARS, and next the mighty JOVE,  
And farthest from the sun does SATURN rove;  
Round these two last some satellites do move.

*The Enigmatick Dance answered by Mrs. Eliz. Clark.*

Ingenious Cockayne, the dance is not done,  
Nor ever will be while we've planets, or sun;  
The dance is incessant, they'll never give o'er,  
Till the heavens shall cease, and the earth be no more.

This was also very ingeniously answered in verse by Gloria, Mrs. Sarah Grant, Mrs. Cardale, Phylander, Mr. Edens, and Mr. Hodge: And in prose by Esculapius, J. T. M. M. Mr. Smith, Mr. J. Richards, Mr. Williams, and others.

*The 45th Enigma, (MILK frozen to ICE) answered by Ed. Ephick, of Brightling.*

A pot of Milk froze to Ice  
May be washed in a trice.

*The same answered by the ingenious Alstrea.*

Mr. Wright, your riddle's so wondrous hard,  
To explain it I'm not prepar'd;  
So I'll leave't to Sabina FROZEN to answer,  
She'll do it i'th' turning of a hand, sir;  
In the deserts of Greenland, where she dwells,  
Such things will appear no miracles.

The 46th Enigma (HOPE) answered in acrostick verse, in the close of an ingenious letter, by J. T. of Steepclough, near Lancaster.

H ope's a dissembling cheat, oft'ner false than true,  
O ccasions first mirth when sorrow doth ensue.  
P leas'd yet to think the morrow will repay,  
E ach morrow's falser than the former day.

The 47th Enigma (Old CHAOS or Matter) answered by Mr. Mark Moyle, of Gwennap, in Cornwall, who answered all the enigmas and questions.

All things below are but compos'd of dust;  
Tho' now on mould, in short, resolve they must:  
So you may see it plainly does appear,  
What now is bread, may turn to flesh next year.  
The dust, or globe, or nothing that I know,  
Exactly does such contradictions show.

The 48th Enigma (SNUFFERS) answered by Mr. Tho. Page, of Beccles, Suffolk.

If truly your enigma I do handle,  
'Tis a pair of Snuffers for a candle.

And by Mr. W. Beaumont, of Kirklee's Hall, Yorkshire.

Pray tell Mrs. Giddy, she's much in the right,  
To praise a good man, that works in the night;  
And snuff's well her candle to mend the light.  
It's true he deserves a much better name  
Than that which she knows! yet need not to shame,  
Since servants of mettle always are good,  
Amongst the fair sex, when well understood.

The 49th Enigma (BRANDY) answered by Mr. Twiford Woodham, of Ely, Cambridge.

Dear Jenny, 'tis true what was hinted to you;  
For our sorrows come faster and faster;  
No comfort we find, nor content to our mind,  
When that which should serve becomes master.  
Thus good Brandy will do; yea, and good women too,  
If too freely we taste, I aver it,  
They waste us within; we look hollow and thin:  
Lo just such a plague is the spirit!  
Now Jenny 'tis plain, for you hide it in vain,  
Your cold Tea, as many do think it,  
Does ev'ry way nip, when you're tempted to sip;  
I'd burn it before I would drink it!

*The 50th Enigma (a PEN) answered by Vashti Blunton, of Totnes.*

Till now you never heard from me before,  
And if I err in judgment ne'er will more.  
That thing which nature did produce so white,  
I now make black, as are the shades of night;  
Guiltless still, howe'er it shall remain,  
With no foul treasons will I ere it stain;  
Myself and pen will innocence retain.

*A GENERAL Answer, by Mrs. Doro. Doolittle, who answered all the questions.*

The MILK's froze, but HOPE of thaw, no MATTER then,  
Bring the SNUFFERS, and WINE, and a QUILL to make a PEN;  
For Tipper has promis'd some books, to who can  
Write for them by MERCURY, Sol's nimble man,  
And both prizes I'd claim, had I globe, or SPHERE-Plan.

*An incomparable answer, by Mrs. Barb. Sidway, of Madely, in Staffordshire, who answered all the questions.*

Here's Copernicus, that cunning fellow,	Dance.
He makes the Gods DANCE to Apollo.	
Here's Kitty, whose breakfast was ICE,	Enig. 45.
And HOPE, for one hit, misses twice.	46.
Here Ovid old CHAOS brings in	47.
Out of metamorphosed been.	
These SNUFFERS, and noggins of BRANDY,	48. 49.
And QUILLS that white had been one day.	
Here's MERCURY, comes but in sight,	Prize Enig.
To bid good-morrow, or good-night.	

*I cannot omit the judicious Mrs. Anne Ellifon, of Shavington, in Cheshire, for her comprehensive and witty answer to all the Enigmas.*

When MATTER FIRST, once finely drest,	Enig. 47.
And planets DANC'D the round,	The Dance.
And HERMES he Sol's page must be,	Prize Enig.
Copernicus has found.	
Then gentle Kate, she SNUFF'D her light,	Enig. 48.
And found all in a trice	
Her breakfast cold, for Borcas bold	
Had -urn'd it all to ICE.	45.
To warm it straight, with PAPER white,	50.
She burns a gill of NANS, fir,	49.
So sips it up, and now I HOPE	46.
Th' enigmas have their answer.	

In the very same manner are they answered by one of Plymouth, who's pleas'd to stile herself *Theodora*.

These following answered them all, excepting some one enigma, *Phylander*, *Charming Peggy*, *Dorothy Drumflick*, *Mrs. Anne Doody*, and several ingenious pens.

### New Enigmas.

#### I. ENIGMA 51, proposed by Amarillis.

My stock is ancient known, my mother's race begun,  
Soon as the earth was made, before the moon or sun.  
I have no life, yet move; I have no tongue, yet sing;  
I run, yet have no feet; I fly, yet have no wing.  
I've ribs, yet have no bone; I've guts, but not within;  
A head, but have no brains; a beard, but have no chin.  
I've rays, but have no light, with light I cannot see:  
Yet day and night keep time, and dance in company.  
I half the world maintain, yet am at all command,  
When others please, I move, and when they please, I stand.  
When Jove the world first made, I could no pattern be,  
But since 'tis made most say, it must resemble me.  
For whether sun or earth, the center may be shewn;  
The world like me must move, on axis of its own.

#### II. ENIGMA 52, by Mrs. Barb. Sidway.

A pretty maid a cow once had,  
That was both fat and fair,  
Which by the horn, betimes in morn,  
She led to take the air.  
But when a'gen she brings her in,  
Such change was never seen,  
Streak'd o'er her back, like pedlars-pack,  
Were red, and blue, and green.  
Such dainty flow'rs, when april show'rs  
Do dress the fields for may,  
Without and in, this cow was seen,  
Which charming were, and gay.  
No milk she gives, nor food receives,  
Nor feeds on straw like ox,  
But daintily in chamber high,  
She's litter'd in a box.  
On Holiday, visits to pay;  
This pretty maid her cow,  
With pleasure takes upon her back:  
Pray what d'ye think 'tis now?

## III. ENIGMA 53, by Astrea.

Dead born I was, and one whole month I lay  
 Senseless and stupid, as a lump of clay :  
 But like Pigmalion's image, which ('tis said)  
 From a statue dead became a living maid.  
 Just so my limbs, endu'd with vital heat,  
 Took motion, and my pulse began to beat.  
 But oh my hapless lot ! by adverse fate,  
 Condemn'd to a perpetual captive state.  
 In such a narrow dungeon was I pent,  
 So strict and rigid my imprisonment,  
 That in my lodging-room could not be found  
 Where I could stand upright, or turn me round.  
 Taken at last from thence, when weak and faint,  
 A larger prison sweetn'd my restraint ;  
 Where now in robes of various colours dress'd,  
 I'm every day well fed, and much caref's'd.  
 Yet still confin'd, I round my prison walk,  
 And through my grate, to passengers I talk !  
 What language 'tis I speak, I cannot tell,  
 But those who hear me understand it well.

## IV. ENIGMA 54, by Mrs. Sarah Grant, of Kingweflon.

Five brethren of us in one house do dwell,  
 Which many learned men do know right well ;  
 Full forty years we've been in house together,  
 Without an argy word amongst us ever ;  
 We're handsome, and well shap'd in every part,  
 And known to none that are not men of art.  
 Two of us periwigs do always wear,  
 And two had never yet one lock of hair,  
 And thro' his locks the other's ears are bare.  
 And tho' in England now we take our ease,  
 Yet each of us was born beyond the seas.

## V. ENIGMA 55, by Mr. John Hawys, of the Tower.

I neither speak, nor see, nor hear,  
 And yet a human shape I wear ;  
 Have kindred two, and brothers three,  
 But they and I could ne'er agree ;  
 For traitor-like I spend my life,  
 Affront my king, and scorn his wife.  
 But tho' a thousand tricks I play,  
 And pick their pockets every day,  
 The proudest lady in the land  
 Is pleas'd to shake me by the hand ;

For then I give her more delight  
Than offer'd heaps of diamonds bright :  
To find me out is little pains,  
For letters three my name contains.

## VI. ENIGMA 56, by Mr. Jof. Boydell.

I went to angle at a brook,  
Where I was told some creatures were  
Of dreadful shape. And thence I took  
Four things, that man and beast do fear.  
They're neither fish nor flesh, but yet  
On both they oftentimes have fed ;  
And that which makes the wonder great,  
All four had but one common head.  
Their uses now are manifold ;  
By touch they make coarse paper fine,  
They set a lustre upon gold,  
And make most kinds of minerals shine.

## The Prize Enigma.

Scaree nature ever did produce  
A thing of more extensive use  
Than my offspring, who assists all  
Mechanicks on this earthly ball, }  
Who mostly for my help do call : }  
And as the scripture does relate,  
To Tubal-Cain its use was great.  
Th' four elements in me're combin'd,  
And useful each are in their kind ;  
But one's esteem'd above the rest,  
To whom my son's the usefulest.  
For without him it could scarcely live,  
Nor you from it profit receive.  
When but two elements I have,  
A man in me would be in's grave.  
Sometimes I'm dismal to behold,  
But then as useful am as gold.  
Men in my womb do oft remain, }  
Which like to Jonas's whale amain, }  
I spew them up alive again.  
Tyburn ne'er hang'd so many as I,  
Though few of them I cause to die.  
That lady who descries my name,  
Twelve diaxies shall reward the same.

1715.

*Answers to the Enigmas proposed last year.**The Prize Enigma (which is a COAL PIT) answered by Blousabella.*

I oft-times have try'd your enig. to decide,  
 And as oft found my labour in vain ;  
 So resolv'd in great ire, to throw't in the fire,  
 And ne'er to seek after't again.  
 But being ashamed to be puzzl'd and blam'd,  
 I felt to work at it once more :  
 When considering it duly, and weighing it truly,  
 I found 'twas a mineral ore.

*A second answer to the Prize Enigma, by Mrs. Dennett.*

C old helpless mortals would bewail their birth,  
 O ft wish for death, did not our mother earth  
 A fford materials, that might be warm,  
 L ive well, and guarded from external harm.  
 P roud man forbear, don't any more depend  
 I n thy poor strength ; for thou can't ne'er defend  
 T thyself, did not the earth yield fresh supplies,  
 To keep thee free from wants and miseries.

*The same answered by one who calls herself Vulcan's daughter, from Somersetshire.*

Vulcan is my name, I from Olimpus came,  
 To work in England at my tradé ;  
 Shafts for the God of love, and thunder-bolts for Jove,  
 Ten thousand I have made :  
 But to unfold your riddle, I ne'er before did meddle,  
 And if I miss 'twill grieve me sore.  
 But if I win the prize, I'll carry the diaries  
 To bright Olimpus shore.  
 Then if I rightly guest, what you so finely drest  
 In flowers of eloquence and wit,  
 By all Olimpus Gods, I'll lay you any odds  
 It is a dark COAL PIT.

Besides those already named, the following persons solved the enigma. *Astrea, Mr. C. Sharp, Mrs. K. Skerrett, Mrs. J. Buckley,*

*Mr.*

Mr. Edens, Mr. Stone, Mr. Boydell, Eusebia, Mrs. Doody, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Morgan, Mr. Boswell, Patient Giddy, D. Down-right, Beata Peters, Mr. Corry, Joan Jolly, Han. Giddy, Abig. Upright, Anna Maria, Mr. Hurry, Belonah Mirah, Eglantine, Mr. Fearne, Mr. Ragg, and Fiducia.

The lot of 12 diaries fell to Mrs. Jane Dennett, of Weavertry, near Liverpool; that of 8, to Mr. John Boswell, of Harleston, in Northamptonshire; and that of 10, for the solution of the prize question, to Mrs. Anne Morgan, of Tottenham, Middlesex.

*The 51st Enigma (a SHIP) answered by Mr. Tho. Fearne, of Deptford.*

S trange! What's this here that is accounted so?  
H ow odd it looks! What is't? A SHIP I trow?  
I think it is: but yet they have (at last)  
P ut up the sails and rigging without yard or mast.

This enigma was answered by Mr. Lingens, Mr. Page, M. E. Robert Langshaw, Dorothy Downright, and Pastora.

*The 52d Enigma (a FLOWERED GOWN) answered by Mr. T. Brocklesby, surgeon in York.*

I do believe a cow she had, and if she were her own,  
What tho' she did transform her to the figure of a gown,  
As many one besides herself hath done before this day;  
For when she'd got her on her back, then might she save her hay.  
And tho' her gown do give no milk, perhaps some silly elf  
May huddle her and cuddle her, till she give milk herself:  
Among her other braveries her gown may lie close lurking:  
Here you may see good housewifry, is better than hard-working.

Mrs. Anne Baynes, Mr. Edens, Mr. Moyle, J. C. Mr. Doody, Mrs. Dennett, Mrs. Sherrard, Mr. Hatton, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Bowdick, Mrs. Ellison, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Jolly, Mrs. Hudson, M. E. Mr. Wise, Mr. Flower, Mr. Fearne, Mr. Woodham, Cleopatra, Mr. Coles, and Mrs. Clarke, answered this enigma.

*The 53d Enigma (a PARROT) answered by Druselinda.*

And must I guess at what Astrea writ,  
She that is such a miracle of wit!  
Yes, Druselinda will presume so far,  
Tho' she in her too forward judgment err.  
And since 'tis so, I thus declare my mind,  
It is a PARROT in a cage confin'd.

*Answered*

*Answered by Nancy North.*

From rising to the setting Sol,  
I'm call'd by all, Oh pretty POLL.

To this enigma I received true answers from *Philomela*, *Mrs. Susan Taylor*, *Pastora*, *Maudlin Merrythought*, *Mr. Pratt*, *T. Williams*, *Mrs. Phillips*, *Mr. Carrington*, and 30 other persons before-mentioned.

To the 54th enigma, being the 5 orders in architecture, viz. *Tuscan*, *Dorick*, *Ionick*, *Corinthian*, and *Composite*, to be seen in several structures in this kingdom, I received but two true answers; it being variously taken for the Five Senses, a Case of Viols, the Five Oriental Tongues, a Rose, &c.

*The 55th Enigma (the KNAVE of CLUBS) answered by Mr. Bridget Townsend of Edgcot.*

Thought I what can o'er kings such power have,  
Who can be such a traiterous saucy KNAVE?  
Upon which word I straightway did reflect,  
And to my mind the sense I did collect;  
With diamonds bright I ne'er more pleased am,  
Than when I do embrace this knavish PAM.

*And by Mr. Paul Lingen, of Windsor.*

Proud and disdainful KNAVE, tho' tis not thy desire;  
A las thou'rt forc'd sometimes to light the fire,  
Much meaner offices, some like thee require.

*Answered by Mr. Pope.*

The rebel KNAVE that dares his prince engage,  
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.  
Ev'n mighty PAM, that kings and queens o'erthrew,  
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu.

This was answered by *T. Woodham*, *T. Aston*, *Beata Peters*, *Mrs. Bowdich*, *Mrs. Baynes*, and *Mr. Poole*, and most of those mentioned before.

*The 56th Enigma (4 TEETH of a dead Dog) answered by Mrs. Eliz. Sherard.*

Mr. Boydell sure thought, some prize he had caught,  
When he felt such a weight at his hook;  
But when on the bank, he smelt how it stank,  
How much like an awf he did look.  
For instead of a fish, which might be a dish  
For a lady's nice palate, he found,  
His unfortunate hook had pull'd out of the brook  
Four TEETH in the head of a hound.

Mr. Moyle, J. C. Mrs. Dennett, Mrs. D. Downright, Mrs. Ellison, A. Upright, J. Poole, Cleopatra, and Mr. Edens, answered it.

*Mrs. Anne Doody's answer to all the Enigmas.*

Kate in a SHIP sung pretty POLL, Enig. 51. 53.  
 Such symmetry and art  
 ARCHITECTURE did ne'er outvie, 54.  
 Harmonious in each part.  
 With her consent, to cards we went, 55.  
 And PAM was turn'd up trump.  
 Being at our game, old Towzer came  
 And caught her by the rump.  
 And on the ground he dragg'd her down, 56.  
 And with his TANGS he tore  
 Her curious MANTOW, which she bought 52.  
 About three days before.  
 And when the cur run out at door,  
 And she got up again,  
 She look'd as bad as if she had  
 Within a COAL PIT been. Pr. Enig.

*Mrs. Anne Ellison's answer to all the Enigmas.*

The fam'd exemplar of true chastity,  
 Long-wedded wifc, the fair Penelope;  
 Five ARCHITECTURE orders well she knew, 54.  
 And how far distant was a SHIP, by view. 51.  
 She in the arts abstruse such knowledge had,  
 Her dairy she'd not break to buy a PLAID, 52.  
 Nor pretty conscious POLL tell tales how late, 53.  
 Playing with PAM, and idle knaves, she sat. 55.  
 Such virtue needs no DOG-TOOTH glofs, nay more, 56.  
 'Tis like pure gold, not PIT-COAL turn'd to ore. Prize.

In this method answered J. C. lady of distant region, D. Downright, M. Bowdich, T. Page, M. E. Cleopatra, E. Clarke, and Mary Baydell; but they were mistaken in the 51st or 54th enigma.

*New Enigmas.*

I. ENIGMA 57, by Mrs. B. Sidway.

Like that specifick difference I am,  
 That constitutes the species, makes man man.  
 Sometimes her very name I have so near,  
 My universal laws resemble her.  
 Brutes know me not, nor see me, although some  
 Give me sensation, some reflection.

Horrid

Horrid confusion from the want of me  
 Always proceeds; and dread deformity.  
 When first the almighty fiat had dissolv'd  
 The chaos, I appear'd; and to the world  
 Unveil'd its beauteous self, loose atoms rov'd,  
 Wing'd by divine impulse of mutual love,  
 The power magnetick: but at my command  
 In order beautiful they move or stand.  
 Centers of gravity I fix and stay,  
 Which wield vast systems with an easy sway,  
 Their rapid orbs so poize, nought can transgress  
 The equilibrium of the universe.  
 Motion impress'd, the world's informing soul  
 I accelerate, retard, direct, controul:  
 Nature I regulate, her beauties show;  
 Her author saw her good, pronounce'd her so.  
 In various things by various names I go,  
 Number, weight, figure, strength, time, justice too.  
 Heaven's master-piece the lesser world survey,  
 Thereof think what prodigies are wrought by me.  
 The outward man I grace, enrich the mind,  
 Surprizing and despair'd-of truths I find:  
 Nay more, I make him love, on me he doats;  
 To me his ease, his time, himself devotes:  
 Protests I'm what I am, beauty he means;  
 She that has most of me, me best explains.

II. ENIGMA 58, *proposed by Astrea.*

I liv'd before the flood, yet still am young,  
 I speak all languages, yet have no tongue;  
 In desarts was I bred, I know no schools,  
 Nor ever understood the grammar rules;  
 Yet when the courtly gallant talks with me,  
 I've as polite a dialect as he.  
 I sympathize with all in joy or pain,  
 Laugh with the merry, with the sad complain;  
 By nature taught such an obliging way,  
 That if you hold discourse with me all day,  
 I ne'er shall contrary what you may say.  
 I meet you in the woods, and on the plain,  
 Yet all the while invisible remain.  
 I'm now in France, in Spain, and England too,  
 Next moment I'm in China or Peru:  
 Yet legs to walk on nature did deny,  
 Nor have I fins to swim, or wings to fly;  
 Though thousands old, I ne'er shall die of age,  
 Till the last conflagration clear the stage.

## III. ENIGMA 59, proposed by Mr. Geo. Arnett.

Last century I (long hid) first came to light,  
 My devotees they highly do me prize,  
 For I to all yield pleasure and delight,  
 Pleasing at once, nay charming ears and eyes  
 A parent, men me call; how can that be?  
 Because I never knew a progeny.

My name importeth age, but loads of years  
 Make me not bend, I'm cheerful, brisk, and gay:  
 Not nightingale, nor chirping lark appears  
 With such sweet notes, tho' warbl'd forth in may:  
 With the ingenuous I converse, but hate  
 A stupid block, senseless and empty pate.  
 Six unto me give being, tho' my birth  
 You'll find productive both of care and sweat,  
 But pleasure recompences this, and mirth;  
 They think the former small, the latter great.  
 Come, ladies, try your wits; tho' you my fame  
 I think scarce know, yet pray you tell my name.

## IV. ENIGMA 60, by Sylvius, of Yorksbire.

By my pernicious consequence,  
 Thousands their exit find,  
 Yet do they never take offence,  
 Or say that I'm unkind:  
 For with whoever I reside,  
 Tell them but of the same,  
 And they will quickly me deride,  
 And quite disown my name.  
 And many sisters too I have,  
 Tho' of a different sort,  
 And most of them at me will rave,  
 Tho' I be their support:  
 But what doth them so much enrage,  
 Is that I live so long;  
 For they do all wax old by age,  
 And I alone grow young.  
 Now I desire you to explore  
 What is this monster's name,  
 For should I tell you any more,  
 It would be over plain.

## V. ENIGMA 61, by Mrs. Boydell.

Time was I had a body, head, and arms,  
 So very fair that few withstood my charms:  
 And tho' I never had leg, foot, or toe,  
 I did thro' most parts of the kingdom go;

And always wrought a change where I did come,  
In saving some men's lives, and murthering some ;  
Some I make eloquent, and others dumb.  
In all the rogu'ries done at sea and land,  
Thefts, treasons, per'ry, murder, I'd a hand :  
Yet so belov'd, that thousands rather chose  
A gaol or gibbet, than my favour lose.  
Time after time I have imprison'd been ;  
As many times I was releas'd again ;  
Till villains wounded, stripp'd, and made me look  
Like Spanish Don in querp', without a cloak.  
At last I for a cheat was try'd and cast,  
Thrown in the fire, and made a holocaust.  
But (Phoenix-like) from the devouring flame,  
I rose a brighter thing, yet am the same,  
Both in my person, substance, shape, and name.

## VI. ENIGMA 62, by Mrs. Anna Wright.

Red is the common colour which I wear,  
Yet I in other colours do appear ;  
Sometimes in black, sometimes in white I'm dress'd,  
And often by the ladies am possest ;  
And tho' my size but very small it be,  
Lions or leopards keep me company.  
Sometimes the wolf doth lie upon my breast,  
Or flying birds that come from east and west :  
Love's greatest secrets I securely keep ;  
Matters of weight and import with me sleep.  
From this now, ladies, tell me if you can,  
The place of my abode, and what I am.

*The Prize Enigma. Whoever answers it before Candlemas-day next, shall have a lot to win 8 or 12 diaries.*

Mounted on high, and thus with voice aloud,  
A fortune-teller once harangu'd the crowd :  
Lo ! I who boast of Zoroaster's race,  
• And from the magi can my lineage trace ;  
• Where blood the mighty Appollonius joins,  
• Enrich'd and honour'd in Agrippa's loins ;  
• Lo ! I, my friends, come hither to impart  
• The secret mysteries of hidden art.  
• By help of torricellian tube I show  
• Stock's rise and fall, exchequer's ebb and flow :  
• I've state barometers of every size,  
• Foretel when patriots fall and villains rise ;  
• And Thermoscopes for churches, which unfold  
• In what degree religion's hot or cold.

I tell

' I tell of storms and hurricanes to come,  
 ' And prophesy of wonders past and gone.  
 ' In microscopes I Lewenhoek surpass,  
 ' And show ideas dancing in a glass:  
 ' How spirits in th' emporium of the brain  
 ' Rise into thoughts, and then dissolve again,  
 ' Where lovers sighs on nimble wings repair,  
 ' And am'rous wishes flutt'ring in the air;  
 ' The dreadful cave where blus'ring Æol dwells,  
 ' And winds lock'd up in subterraneous cells.  
 ' Come here, my friends, and see me first create,  
 ' And then by magick art annihilate.'

Some rumbling sounds in hollow throat he roars,  
 And all the Cacodæmons aid implores.

First, by his mighty fiat, there appears  
 A warlike troop of stygian dogs and bears,  
 And crowds of men together by the ears:  
 These dogs, and bears, and men, engag'd in fight,  
 Then vanish'd in a moment out of sight.

Next he a table and a feast creates,  
 Adorn'd with all the different sorts of meats;  
 Like some vast pile a pyramid appears  
 And jellies spangled with resplendent stars:  
 Rich wines for every taste and age,  
 Bourdeaux, Champaigne, Anjou, and Hermitage.

All these, as in a moment brought to light,  
 So in a moment vanish out of sight.

So I have read where fam'd romances tell,  
 When errant Knights have loos'd the magick spells,  
 Castles and walls, and guardian fiends of night,  
 Prove empty dreams, and vanish out of sight:  
 Whate'er seem'd once magniſcent and great,  
 Shews now 'tis all delusion, sham, and cheat.

So fares it with our necromancer here,  
 Men, houses, trees, beast, fish, and fowl appear,  
 And vanish in the twinkling of a star.  
 Now, ladies, cast your thoughts about, and find  
 What magick thus imposes on the mind:  
 Ignorant how 'tis done, though all you see,  
 You all know how to do't as well as he.

### *A Conclusion of this Year's Diary.*

But hold! The press hath overtook my pen,  
 The term's at hand, and I shall wander then:  
 My steed is ready [the grave pedlar's back],  
 My harbinger [his dog], my inn [the pack];  
 Old Erra-Pater (that hoof-beaten jew)  
 The shepherd's kalendar, with all the crew.

Of merry rascals, my companions are :  
 They deign to stile me fellow-traveller.  
 Then fairs and markets I must duly keep,  
 And (on the stall) make up the dirty heap  
 Of penny ware : where the disdainful eye  
 Pores on me two long hours before he buy ;  
 Whilst better judgments purchase at first sight,  
 And swear (implicitly) I'm thorough right.  
 Then some his mundungus with me lights,  
 All save three pages, where he wisely writes  
 When's mare took horse ; his cows th' impatient bull ;  
 Or when himself some foul lascivious trull.  
 Yet this forbids no entries ; only I  
 Would not be pander to such drudgery.  
 Nor do I grudge the hungry flames a whit ;  
 For they consume not, they refine the wit.  
 Others behind them (in fool's order) throw  
 My injur'd leaves : they'll serve the bible so.  
 I can't but blush for shame when I do meet  
 My name (like small-coal) cry'd in ev'ry street.  
 Howbe't, I thereon set the bolder face,  
 Because, like fortune, have ev'n acts of grace :  
 And yet some trifling shops provoke me most,  
 For here and there they nail me to a post.  
 Oh cruel hands ! But that my patience bears,  
 It well presaging what attends their ears.  
 Thus pleas'd or displeas'd, I appear,  
 Servant and slave t' all interests once a year.  
 So all to change and dissolution tend ;  
 Poor Almanacks, ev'n they, must have an —

E N D.

1716.

*The Preface to the Reader.*

THE contempt with which the writer of almanacks is look'd upon by those who consider not how useful the design is, would in some measure excuse the author's concealing his name, did not the more judicious and learned part of the world highly value such undertakings : and when I consider how many of the greatest men of ours, and the former ages, have not only encouraged it, but have in their own names published almanacks, I am almost persuaded to subscribe mine here, were it not that I would avoid that piece of folly of seeming fond of my performances ; which I am conscious (were this not the only one of this kind) would

would be the meanest, at least I am sure would fall short in meeting acceptance of its contributors.

The design is different from all our annual writers, being intended to promote some parts of mathematical learning amongst the female sex; and how far it has answered the end will be seen in the second part of this and some former diaries. This, together with the honour done me by my country, in encouraging this design, was a sufficient reason for me to undertake it, when persons better qualified would not.

If this diary meets with a kind reception, it will not only make compensation for my care and pains in compiling it, but also animate the prosecution of these studies, by

Coventry, June, 30, 1715.

Your humble servant.

### Answers to the Enigmas proposed last year.

57. PROPORTION.

60. COVETOUSNESS.

58. AN ECHO.

61. CLIP'T MONEY new coin'd.

59. GRANDSIRE BOB.

62. A SEAL.

#### The 57th Enigma answered by Mr. Ronkley.

As a small lamp much darkness will dispel,  
So a few words may solve this question well.  
It is a notion of as large extent,  
As is the universe, that here is meant.  
'Tis *Ratio*, or PROPORTION, as they call  
It in the schools; and it is all in all;  
Perfectly known only to him that gave  
That being to all beings which they have.

#### The 58th Enigma answered by Philo Enigmaticus.

She who without expanded wings can fly,  
Or artful mouth with charming voices vie:  
Who has no feet, yet you her steps may trace,  
And desart haunts in every proper place;  
In silent caves, and hollow rocks she's hid,  
Yet by loud sounds and various noises bred.  
Who tragick scenes in mournful accents sings,  
But equal mirth to joyful subjects brings.  
She shady woods, and lawns, and mossy hills,  
And flow'ry vales with grateful pleasure fills.  
She courts the country swain, invites his mind  
Her lonely cell and deep recess to find.  
She'll tuneful notes repeat, and warbling song,  
Yet all perform without a pliant tongue:  
Delightful themes she will with care attend,  
Yet ne'er begins but always makes an end.

Altho' she be from ancient chaos sprung,  
Still sports and plays, is wanton, brisk, and young :  
Fears no decay, yet will to ages last,  
And only in the conflagration waste.

What nature with such curious arts does frame,  
Is stil'd an ECHO by a grecian name,  
Which in all distant times remains the same.

*The 59th Enigma answered by Bonny Bess.*

Because from our sex, sir, an answer you ask,  
I am willing to offer myself for the task ;  
And will try to unriddle your enigma so dark,  
By the help of Dick Sweeper, our old parish clerk.  
The old man as oft as the story he tells,  
Cries all things come short o'th' musick o'th' bells,  
And none of the peals made can ever compare  
With that noble BOB, which is christen'd GRANDSIRE.

*The 60th Enigma answered by Mrs. Ellen Mason.*

What monster must this be that lives so long,  
When others crimes wax old, then she grows young.  
It must be AVARICE, when men are old,  
Their sole pursuit is fix'd on heaps of gold ;  
But when their strength and nat'ral moisture waste,  
Their spirits fail, and are unfit for taste ;  
Their lovely crimes purfu'd by eager youth,  
To cover they must learn, forsooth.

*The 61st Enigma answered by Druselinda.*

MONEY ! thou more mischievous tyrant far,  
Than e'er Caligula or Nero were ;  
Too long thy sceptre has been basely sway'd,  
Thou only universally obey'd !  
Tho' by bold clippers thou'st so much endur'd,  
And in the mint to tortures been inur'd ;  
Yet thence arose hath greater ills procur'd.  
All punishments too small for thee prepar'd,  
Only the Royal Image should be spar'd.

*The 62d Enigma answer'd by Susanna Clifton, of Houghton  
in Yorkshire.*

Sure Venus' self the trusty wax did frame,  
Friendly to keep, to guard the lover's flame ;  
For what could tell, cou'd ease that am'rous heat,  
Those tender wishes that the pulses beat.

Did not each letter a soft sigh impart,  
Its Seal of scarlet speaks the bleeding heart.  
The guardian lions from your caves descend,  
The savage tigers on your watch attend,  
Our inward secrets with your paws defend ;  
With wings display'd come near the feather'd train,  
Conduct in airy flight our boundless main,  
The breasts soft melting 'midst loud wind and tide,  
In coats of arms securely may you ride.

*General Answers to all the Enigmas, in one copy of verses.*

*Mrs. Amilia Christian of Liverpool's answer.*

I weeping sat within a lonely grove,  
And there bewail'd the absence of my love ;  
I wept and cry'd, Ah cruel Strephon ! thou  
Hast broke my heart; by breaking of thy vow.  
I lov'd the perjur'd wretch so well; my tears  
I did PROPORTION to my weighty cares. *Enig. 57.*  
And as I sigh'd beneath th' increasing pain,  
Kind ECHO shar'd my grief, and sigh'd again. *58.*  
This was some comfort, whilst the neighb'ring BELES  
Refresh'd my wearied ears with pleasing PEALS. *59.*  
To various thoughts I turn'd my troubl'd mind,  
To know why Strephon shou'd be so unkind ;  
At length I guess'd his AVARICE must be *60.*  
His only reason for his leaving me.  
I see that old clipt MONEY well RECOIN'D *61.*  
More than my person doth delight his mind ;  
I wrote a line to let him know I scorn  
A wretch so base, so perjur'd, and forsworn ;  
I seal'd it with a WAFER, then this theme *62.*  
Vanish'd like vapours, fancy, or a DREAM. *Prize.*

*All answered by Mrs. Mary Boydell, Mrs. Sarah Smith,  
and Mr. Will. Ronksley.*

The vain desire of Covetous men exceeds *60.*  
The RATIO and PROPORTION of their needs : *57.*  
Therefore they SEAL up MONEY new and old, *62. 61.*  
In useless bags, by others to be told :  
More happy is the man that's well-content  
To live on what kind providence hath sent,  
And can with GRANDSIRE Bob's melodious sound, *59.*  
Make hills, and dales, and groves, to ECHO round. *58.*

*Answer to the Prize Enigma.*

On Candlemas-day last year, 1715, when the lots were to be  
drawn, I had but one answer to the prize enigma from *Silvia*, to  
whom

whom I sent the 12 diaries promised. But for as much as I promised a second lot should be drawn of all the persons that answered the enigma, I put in all the names of those who call the enigma a Dream; tho' the true solution was by the proposer (Mrs. Anne Hawkins in Bedfordshire) a Mirrour or Looking Glass; which I confess is much the truest solution, and am sorry it would admit of another, it not being my intention to deviate from the nature, propriety, and design of enigmas so far, in those I publish: however the enigma being cloathed with so many curious circumstances, and composed so well (except in that one particular) I was (by my fancy over-ruling in that my judgment) prevailed upon to publish. A second lot drawn was by Mrs. Anne Bacon; but having by her letter not any light where to send to her, I again drew Mrs. Mary Boydell, of Newcastle, and sent her 8 diaries.

### Silvia's Answer.

Assist, inspiring genius, my muse,  
The soft and the mysterious charm to loose;  
Say what amazing skill or magick art  
Can such resistless influence impart;  
What mighty spell such mystick force impress  
Th' eternal laws of nature to reverse;  
To baffle reason, ev'ry sense betray,  
And in a trance to brighten or dismay;  
To draw the soul in landskip; whilst confin'd  
To *Crystal Mirrours*, the impassive mind  
Exerts a secret energy, and skill,  
With rays of different light to save or kill;  
To solve th' enigma, and to win the prize,  
Such magicks in the fair Lueinda's eyes.

The rest of the answers being by all call'd a Dream (except Mr. Ch. Bower, and one other) I shall omit them.

### New Enigmas.

#### I. Enigma 63, by Druselinda.

Nothing was e'er so wretched sure as me,  
So much despis'd, yet of so high degree!  
My ancient great beginning few can tell,  
I did in paradise with Adam dwell,  
And bore him company before he fell.  
But ah! my much to be lamented case,  
Oblig'd I was to quit that happy place;  
Banish'd by him I lov'd, and headlong hurl'd,  
To seek my fortune in a desert world:  
Where but with sad encouragement I met,  
And now in England scarce esteem can get.

Bots

Born to defend, and to protect, yet I  
(My worth not known) am doom'd to slavery.  
Not but that tho' eclips'd and hid from light,  
Yet still I reign, and in myself am bright.  
Amongst the beauteous kind I'm most belov'd,  
By some yet priz'd, and ev'n by kings approv'd.  
The virtuous fair I richlier do adorn,  
Than bright Aurora does the radient morn.  
Nor is that all, the charmer need not fear  
Th' approach of ill while I her guard am near.  
I've told you what my pow'r and worth can do,  
And to declare my name belongs to you.

II. *Enigma 64, by Mr. William Maffey.*

Search all the chronicles of bearded time.  
Inquisitive from the primævous birth,  
Of Homer's song, in vellum sheets express'd  
Or latter brood of topographick stamp ;  
Tho' you a num'rous store of painters meet,  
Of land egregious, yet there stands not one  
With me in competition, nor presumes  
Audacious, to excel my matchless art ;  
Parrhasus, mighty artist, dares not vie,  
In imitation with my livelier draughts,  
Nor hang his curtain in the ken of mine.  
The purple grapes that with illusive blush  
Invited Zeuxean birds to vain attempt  
Ridiculous, by my superior skill  
are truer painted, painted in a trice ;  
Yet know I not how the arabian gum  
Aqueous, may be dissolv'd, nor in what form  
Cerusa differs from vermillion dies.  
But what is stranger, in a moment's time,  
Or less, if time admits a less division,  
I finish human bulk, or bird, or tree,  
Or chair, or fire, or dice, or waving fan  
In native shape or equal magnitude  
Unparallel'd; from these two obvious hints  
My name vernacularous, fair guessers, say.

III. *Enigma 65, by Mr. William Ford, of Pembroke.*

Altho' I am a vain posthumous toy,  
And seldom do procure immediate joy ;  
Yet, strange to tell, most men my favour prize,  
As well the coward as the brave, the wise.  
Nor bolts, nor ad'mant chains a let can be,  
But seem weak cobwebs in pursuit of me.

For me such emulation fires their breast,  
They'll scarce allow themselves a moment's rest :  
For me a fickle, ten-mouth'd monstrous fiend,  
More wavering and unconstant than the wind.  
Nay more you'll find, if you survey me round,  
Nothing of substance, but an empty sound.

IV. *Enigma 66, by Mr. Ja. Payne, of Croyden.*

Under my peaceful roof there have I plac'd  
A curious gentle dove, whereby 'tis grac'd ;  
Her plumes are set, and colour'd curiously,  
T' engage the heart, and charm the ravish'd eye :  
Yet not more charming fair than she is chaste ;  
She'll not by base attempts e'er be embrac'd.  
If I'm profane, or into passion fly,  
With blushing cheeks my tender dove doth cry,  
Oh ! now you wrong me, dearest, it is I.  
Whate'er I am, or have, is ever thine,  
Most freely to possess, while thou art mine :  
For food, or physick, thou may'st freely use me :  
By the love thou bearest me, never abuse me :  
Then thro' this world I'll ever thee attend,  
In wants, and wealths, to be thy constant friend ;  
And like the dying swan, my latest breath  
Shall sing a requiem, to thy — at death.

V. *Enigma 67, by C. Mason.*

A lady once entangl'd in love's snares,  
Unto the Gods did make incessant pray'rs ;  
Invoking them to grant her one request,  
To ease the perturbation of her breast.  
Which was, to promulgate a strict decree,  
That all false lovers might obstructed be  
From ever using that insipid slave,  
Which did this lady's freedom first deprave.  
Then would false lovers in their amours be  
Like Martin Mar-all, in his comedy ;  
Or fine Don Pedro without e'er a cloak,  
Serving the ladies only for a joke.  
Well may this lady be in a dismay,  
This slave did once both — and man betray ,  
Yet its existence just in nothing lies,  
It lives unborn ; for when it's got, it dies.  
The sickly offspring of a fond desire,  
And what begets it, makes it streight expire.

VI. *Enigma 68, by Astrea, of Gisburn, in Yorkshire.*

In early years it was my happy fate,  
Upon a fair and virtuous nymph to wait;  
My service pleas'd, and gave her such delight,  
That I became her darling favourite.  
Oft did I kiss her lovely hands and face,  
As oft her charming snowy breast embrace:  
But oh! how little permanent's the state  
Of favourites! how brittle is their fate!  
My lady's love's insensibly decay'd,  
And my good service with neglect repay'd.

A happier rival in my office plac'd,  
Myself despis'd and in oblivion cast.  
Then in an obscure corner long I lay,  
Till an old mumper kidnap'd me away;  
Thus to my charming fair I bid adieu,  
And mingl'd with a vile ignoble crew.  
No cure for these indignities I found,  
Till I was rack'd, and torn, and lastly drown'd,  
Then in a flannel winding sheet encompass'd round.

But some auspicious star thought fit once more  
Me to my lady's favour to restore:  
How happy was I then! how much caref's'd!  
Her darling secrets trusted to my breast!  
A milk-white garment trimm'd with gold I had,  
But now by her in second mourning clad.  
One youth there was (amongst a num'rous train)  
That long the fair one's favour sought in vain;  
So ill rewarded his assiduous care,  
Till by her rigours plung'd in deep despair.  
But when at last she, pitying nymph, did see  
The dire effects of her severity,  
She charg'd me with a message to impart,  
That might revive a drooping lover's heart.  
Surpriz'd with sudden joy, he welcom'd me,  
And drew me to his lips with extasy,  
And blest me for my charming embass'y.

Sweet messenger, said he, next to my heart  
Thou shalt remain, and never more depart.  
So once again I left the beauteous bride,  
And took my lodg ing by her lover's side.

*The Prize Enigma. Whoever answers it before Candlemas-day next, 1715-16, shall have a lot to win 8 or 12 diaries.*

I am a hand-maid to a stately dame,  
 My office makes me known, and breeds my fame;  
 Mysterious are my motions, and sublime,  
 Unmeasured by number, space, or time :  
 In vain the sons of art have still combin'd,  
 My wandering steps by stated rule to find ;  
 Yet two unequal distant paths I trace,  
 And both compleat at once ; such is my pace,  
 In this admir'd coincidence of motion,  
 And no where else I walk by due proportion.  
 Each wand'ring eye beholds me still for right,  
 And of my face obtains a steady sight ;  
 But no philosophy, or human arts,  
 Cou'd ever yet detect my hinder parts.  
 My mistress I maintain, who without me  
 Must lose the breath of all her progeny ;  
 And she a helpless dam, left to bemoan  
 The ruins of her once majestick dome ;  
 About her royal palace I survey  
 The num'rous subjects of my easy way,  
 And whilst, as centinel, I always stand,  
 Each weight, and spring, confess my moving hand :  
 By force attractive, and alchymick skill,  
 I silver drops from liquid salts distil ;  
 I fountains raise, and purling streams convey,  
 The wat'ry stores my mystick voice obey :  
 I by unwearied diligence and toil,  
 Enrich with soft spring dews the fertile soil,  
 And with a lib'ral hand supply the wants  
 Of flow'ry meadows, and the verdant plants.  
 I steer the winds, and fail when tides are nigh,  
 When they subside, or when they'll rise too high.  
 I shew the constitution of the air,  
 For health to me physicians must repair,  
 To learn the secrets of restoring-art,  
 And fluxit life to balmy blood impart.  
 I poize th' elastick orb, direct its course,  
 The mighty spring of inward moving force,  
 And solve the fluxes of the vital tide,  
 Whilst warming blood thro' pulsive art'ries glide.  
 From hence the learned will my name explore ;  
 A modest blush forbids my saying more.

1717.

IN my last year's diary, I endeavour'd by some reasons to shew how difficult it was to oblige all my correspondents, that annually favour'd me with their performances; tho' I oft endeavour'd it, by pressing on the good nature of those whose works deserved preference, and inserting others who frequently importun'd the publication, and those some one year and others in another; so I hope none will think me partial, when they consider the great number of long letters I receive. Indeed since many, in compliance with my desire, have answer'd all in one copy of verses, I have more room for single answers, which I shall improve in obliging them and thereby myself: I would not infer as tho' this liberal contribution was burdensome in the least; but on the contrary, as my crop is so plentiful, the harvest is so much the more advantageous and satisfactory; and as they are the productions of so many different soils, the variety adds much lustre to the pleasure. 'Tis my part only to collect some of the various kinds, (expunge the spurious) and dispose them in such order as may be most delightful, and where they may be most productive: If perchance I have overlooked some of the most curious, 'tis that they have already embellish'd my design; when a second species is taken, I design'd variety; and by a third, novelty. In short, I have endeavoured to comply with the desires of new correspondents, with this consideration, that I never forgot my old and constant friends. Several ingenious letters from persons under feigned names have come to my hands, with not so much as town or country where they live; to these persons I should be glad to return thanks for some corrections they have favoured me with; some of them have won the prizes, which I could never send.

This digression (considering my room) may be thought injurious, as hindering things more proper: but I look upon myself obliged to give some account here of this second part, and to excuse the meanness of my performance, as well as to shew how much I am pleas'd with the honour the fair sex do me in permitting me to be their amanuensis, since the death of my good friend Mr Tipper, (on the 26th of march, 1713) whose ingenuity recommended him to the world, as his piety, modesty, and candour did to those who personally knew him; his singular modesty denied the world knowing his perfections; he was of a sound and discerning judgment, a penetrating and quick genius, deliberate and judicious in resolving, of a good memory, and 'tis hard to say whether his natural or acquired parts were greater: and had he happily enjoy'd in his youth an education proportionable to his genius, he probably had appear'd with as bright knowledge as some of our moderns. But alas!

Poetry

O

wc

we are wont to under-value such while we might enjoy them, and in vain wish for them when too late, according to Horace's expression in the 24th ode of his third book.

— *Virtutem incolumem odimus,  
Sublatam ex oculis quarimus invidi.*

### Answers to the last year's Enigmas.

63. INNOCENCE.

64. A MIRROUR or Glass.

65. FAME.

66. CONSCIENCE.

67. A KISS.

68. GILT PAPER, made of a Handkerchief.

Prize. The Moon.

#### The 63d Enigma answered by Joan Tawdry.

Afflit ye sacred nine ! and tell me how,  
In pleasing strains, to make my numbers flow.  
Soften my style, and make my verse sublime,  
To tell the sacred, the mysterious name,  
Of what fair Druselinda makes her theme.

INNOCENCE ! like the pure æthereal light,  
Which never can be darken'd by the night,  
But like the sun does set to rise more bright.

#### Answered by Bellinda.

Hail, INNOCENCE ! attendant of that maid,  
Who is by virtue's precepts strictly sway'd :  
How pure is an unblemish'd innocence,  
Which dwelt with man before his first offence,  
And ever since (tho' by the bad despis'd)  
Is by the good and generous highly priz'd.  
What, like sweet innocence, cans erve this end,  
Amidst rude storms to shelter and defend ?  
The soul that's free from guilt's unhappy stain  
Is self-secure, and tho' deprest'd, can reign  
Triumphant o'er the malice of its fate,  
Tho' the world frown, and friendship's self ingrate.  
Thus arm'd, can stand the shock of fortune's frown,  
Always aspiring a cœlestial crown.

#### The 64th Enigma answered by Mr. Tho. Dod.

Wonderful artist ! with whom none dares vie ;  
Not the great Zeuxis, nor Parrhasius,  
More fam'd : by thee, the great Vandike, outrivall'd,  
Dropt his pencil, baffled when he saw

The

The beauties he had painted, less admir'd  
Than the more lively draughts, exactly shewn  
To the fair originals i'th' LOOKING GLASS.

*The 65th Enigma answered by Indamora.*

What is that silly witless toy,  
Which men so highly court and prize,  
And yet can yield no real joy?  
Is that an object for the wise?  
FAME's but a cryer's daughter, Cotton does declare,  
And honour's but a bigger blast of air.

*The 67th Enigma answered by Ro. Hoare.*

This lady's project strange I must disprove,  
'Twould the sex debar that they so much love:  
None in her wits did e'er pray so before,  
That five parts out of six should Kiss no more,  
But what I think was the just cause of this,  
Her fickle spark gave her a Judas kiss.

The chaste, the fair, can never blush at this,  
Ev'n cruelty will give a parting Kiss.  
Virtue herself will ever this approve,  
And absent friends by this renew their love.

*J. Tawdry.*

*The 68th Enigma answered by Mrs. M. O..*

The snowy Lawn that's purchas'd by the fair,  
Is oft for use, and sometimes for an air;  
Lovely in grief, whene'er the fair one cries;  
She with it gently dries her flowing eyes.  
She often with it wipes her lovely face,  
As oft it does her downy neck embrace.  
It sometimes does her glowing blushes hide,  
And often from her pocket decks her side;  
But when grown old, then it to paper turns,  
And letters written, ease the love that burns:  
With gilded edge becomes a billet deux,  
And sable ink gives it the mourning hue.

*General Answers to all the Enigmas in one copy of verses;*

*The Rev. Mr. Prosser's answer.*

If INNOCENCE or chastity can shew,  
I dare once more by the fair sex be seen,  
And if a MIRROR could but paint my heart,  
'Twould be a riddle worth your while t' impart;

*Enig. 63.*

*64.*

*But*

But as for brittle FAME, or honour, none  
That's wise, would be by such false fiend undone.  
For if I in the bed of honour die,  
"Tis odds but CONSCIENCE is disturb'd thereby.  
But if a KISS once brings me to the snare,  
A sheet of PAPER shall my mind declare.

*All answered by Philaster.*

Submit faint MIRROUR to substantial shape,  
And beauty of a nymph divine,  
Whose rare perfections to complete,  
Both sun and MOON combine.  
Deluding vice her CONSCIENCE scorns,  
Her INNOCENCE does HONOUR gain  
From each admiring slave, whilst I  
On PAPER thus to her complain.  
Fair nymph, your cruel suit revoke,  
Must one's false treach'rous KISS,  
Obstruct all loyal men to give  
An earnest to secure their bliss?

*All answered by Anna Philomathes.*

A safe good CONSCIENCE, wholly free  
(Of KISSES false) from flattery,  
That walketh in bright VIRTUE's way,  
Shines far more splendid, and more gay,  
Than he who is with laurels crown'd,  
For HONOUR's but an empty sound;  
"Tis but like shadows, which, we see  
In MIRROURS clear, reflected be;  
More fickle 'tis than CYNTHIA bright,  
Or on gilt SHEETS what lovers write.

*They were also answered by Mr. W. Taylor.*

Oh, spotless INNOCENCE! your charms we prize,  
Which fell, by tempting Eve, a sacrifice.  
As in a GLASS, this shews our tainted will,  
We covet blazing HONOURS mix'd with ill:  
Unerring CONSCIENCE checks the secret guile,  
And safely guides the virtuous with a smile.  
Thou blemish'd fair, no more thy wishes spread,  
For spells to guard against the Kiss you dread,  
But when thy HANDKERCHIEF to Paper turns,  
And some deserving lover truly burns,  
Convey thereon such lines to ease his heart,  
May cure the wound, and heal the pungent smart.

Tho. Cox, London.  
Though

Though I have abundance more general answers, except their missing one enigma, I shall conclude them with one from *Terpsichorus*, who ingeniously, in the person of a despairing lover, upon the receipt of the reviving letter from his compassionate mistress, described by *Astrea* in the 68th enigma, answers thus,

Propitious Fair !

The PAPERS, which that welcome news impart, 68.  
 Have so reviv'd my soul, and chear'd my heart,  
 Methinks I still (as in a MIRROUR) view. 64.  
 Divine *Astrea*, drawn to life in you :  
 So shall you find my service ever free  
 From that delusive bane, HYPOCRISY ; 67.  
 And may your CONSCIENCE know no greater care, 66.  
 Than having freed a lover from despair.  
 Your FAME shall from this happy hour commence, 65.  
 Clear and unspotted as your INNOCENCE, 63.  
 Bright as the fire that sparkles in your eyes,  
 And glorious as the MOON that gilds the skies. Pr.

*The Prize Enigma answered.*

Out of the 26 true answers, on Candlemas-day the lot of 12 diaries fell to Mrs. *Anne Ellis*, widow, of Calne, in Wiltshire; the second lot of 8 diaries was won by Mrs. *Anne Scott*. A lady who styles herself *Dowfabella*, of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, answers it thus,

See how the subtle sphinx has cloath'd the prize,  
 In terms mysterious to deceive the wise;  
 But what can 'scape a woman? When all's done  
 This wonder-working handmaid is the MOON.

*The same answered by Mr. D. Standish.*

Since sagest Grecians studied to declare,  
 And trace the course of Luna with such care,  
 Great Kepler came, who first began to prove,  
 In what an orb bright LUNA ought to move.  
 None but Latona's daughter bright,  
 Can solve the prize enigma right.

*W. Condif.*

*The Rev. Mr. W. P. A. M. thus answers.*

Sir, the MOON, the second fairest in the skies,  
 Solves the enigma which you call the prize.

*New Enigmas.***I. Enigma 69, by Mrs. Sarah Hickman.**

In the terraqueous globe I claim a share,  
 My sever'd parts most mediærial are;  
 I sometimes heal, and sometimes taint the blood,  
 A wholesome mixture when apply'd to food.  
 The crown revenues are encreas'd by me,  
 My product yields a large gratuity;  
 The chymick art explores my various use;  
 Then ladies tell the theme that's so abstruse.

**II. Enigma 70, by Indamora.**

I had a being ere the world was made,  
 And fix'd well am; of ending not afraid;  
 I still remain the same from age to age,  
 Till the last conflagration clear the stage.  
 I'm full employ for all the quality,  
 And am possest by those of mean degree,  
 But all ashamed that they converse with me.  
 In children's play, I can their breast inflame,  
 And oft in me concludes the statesman's aim;  
 With kings and beggars I alike am free,  
 And in their closets bear them company:  
 All I enjoy I freely give 'em gratis,  
 And still with me they are, nunquam satis;  
 A fam'd English wit, said you might see,  
 The virtues of seven nations end in me.

**III. Enigma 71, by Terpsichorus from Cheshire.**

Room, for a mighty tyrant clear the way,  
 Sent from the shades beneath,  
 With light'ning arnd and death,  
 To quell  
 A num'rous race of upstarts that rebel,  
 Not out of malice, but of principle,  
 Imbib'd from undesigning man, whom they,  
 Ungrate, before the fatal day  
 (Without a frequent execution)  
 Wou'd hurry to the grave too soon,  
 From my destructive toil releas'd:  
 When I have triumph'd o'er the slain,  
 That lie,  
 Neglected by,

Like martyrs dress'd in white array;  
 Scarce can I lay  
 My weary'd limbs to rest,  
 But a more rigorous tyrant comes in haste  
 To strap my lazy sides, and then  
 Refresh'd, I rise to work again.

*IV. Enigma 72, by Mr. William Massey, author of the 64th enigma last year, ingeniously set out in blank verse, and of the prize question this year.*

Since numbers strive in these ingenious days,  
 To shew their natures thro' mysterious phrase;  
 But to conceal their names, obscurely get  
 Behind the curtains of ambiguous wit;  
 Let me, this once, the hum'rous project try,  
 And seem to tell, what least I would descry.

Before I was expos'd to sight of day,  
 Within the bowels of a male I lay;  
 Thrice did the great ethereal lamp return  
 From the cold goat, and thrice the crab-fish burn;  
 While I by small encrease, distend the womb,  
 And burthen to my bearer did become;  
 Yet still my parent could not bring me forth,  
 Till that his death and op'ning gave me birth;  
 From hence a change in state and form I knew,  
 And in my shape was altogether new;  
 Was quickly married to an Indian bred,  
 Nor can there be a truer couple wed:  
 In near embrace, I to his body clung,  
 Where'er he went I still upon him hung.  
 At length, tho' guilty of no lethal crime,  
 We both were hang'd, and both at the same time;  
 Nor was this thought sufficient punishment,  
 Till that we to a fun'ral pile were sent,  
 Where we in union close together came,  
 And without pity perish'd in the flame.

*V. Enigma 73, by Mrs. Deborah Roscoe.*

Ladies, throw by the curtain, view the scene,  
 When infant time began its winged reign,  
 Whilst yet the sacred fruit ungather'd hung,  
 And all things as immortal seem'd as young.  
 In some primordial grove I had a seat,  
 Wonder of nature! I appear compleat,  
 Since earth's juvenile time, I do commence,  
 By primo-genius birth and existence.

Apollo's bards in raving Sappho's strain,  
 Inspired by Polimnia would proclaim,  
 Mirrouer of beauty, calls her by my name:  
 With gold and purple richly am I dight,  
 Mortals admire, at the uncommon sight.  
 In Noah's ark no mutual mate had I,  
 Yet still remaining void of company.  
 And I enjoy an Eden-like retreat,  
 For Ceres, Proserpinas, works compleat,  
 Hebe and Flora doth adorn my seat.  
 Nor doth the terror of Bellona's fear,  
 In all my settled government appear,  
 Earthly felicities a strong temptation,  
 And to a future life I've no relation,  
 Yet make for death a wond'rous preparations  
 When hoary time alarms me for to die,  
 I death procure by my industry  
 I'th' torrid zone of Sol's meridian eye.  
 Hercules shar'd my equal fate, for we  
 Did act our last and final tragedy:  
 Sure fate entail'd on me this horrid crime;  
 My mother did the same before my time.  
 My body on the earth doth never lie,  
 As others do, to rot and putrify:  
 It's dubious what's my name, and whence my birth,  
 Proceeding from ten times refined earth.

#### VI. *Enigma 74, by Druselinda.*

Kings reign o'er nations, I o'er kings bear rule,  
 Bred up in nature's rough unpolish'd school;  
 I still have a tyrannick sceptre sway'd;  
 Yet in all places worshipp'd and obey'd.  
 My subjects know I'm of an ancient race,  
 And that my pow'r can make men brave or base.  
 When towns are sack'd, and kingdoms are undone,  
 I lead the armies of both parties on:  
 War's my delight, the moment I was form'd,  
 A war commenc'd, and high-born pow'rs I arm'd.  
 I liv'd before th' Ammonian victor drew  
 His conquering sword, or nations did subdue.  
 He, shoo' by mighty Aristotle taught,  
 Without my aid the world had never got.  
 But as I some men do to glory raise,  
 So others likewise I as much debase.  
 I'm always busy, marching to and fro,  
 Dwelt once above the clouds, but now below.  
 I visit ev'ry country, ev'ry town,  
 And oft invisibly pass up and down.

I'm parent of a num'rous offspring too,  
But they're so ugly, and so vile a crew,  
I shall not name them, but leave that to you,  
I'll only add, my devotees shall find  
I'm of a temper rigid and unkind,  
And make two-thirds of all that serve me blind :  
And when for me they've ventur'd life and fame,  
My boasted favours vanish like a dream.  
Thus much, you see, I freely have confess'd,  
And think you now with ease may guess the rest.

*The Prize Enigma, to which, whoever sends a true solution before Candlemas-day next, will have a chance, by lot, to win 12 or 8 diaries.*

What is that syren, whose enchanting song  
Draws the unthinking multitude along?  
That feeds with faithless hopes, and flatters still  
The poor deluded wretch the means to kill?  
Men call her false, inconstant, cruel, vain,  
Yet seek her favours with unweary'd pain.  
Th' unhappy bear her frowns, still led away  
With expectation of a better day.  
Th' ambitious court her smiles; only the wise  
Do her and all her gilded pomp despise;  
For all that, she presents more light, we find,  
Than air or froth; more wav'ring than the wind.  
A fairy kingdom, a fantastick good;  
Remote, alluring; nothing, nearer view'd.

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## 1718.

I have, ever since my engagement as the ladies' amanuensis in writing the diary, took all possible care, even amongst my nearest acquaintance, to conceal myself from being the author; by how much I have always thought myself unworthy, as well as incapable, to render that affair acceptable to so many ingenious ladies and gentlemen I every year am oblig'd to.

Nor have the many epistolary commendations received by me yet rais'd that ambition, lest I should be charg'd with grasping at the honour of commencing author, rather than that most necessary part, of inducing the sprightly youths of our age to a love of mathematical learning. That this has some way answer'd my end, I have sufficient testimonies from several ingenious persons, as well as personal acknowledgments from some of our greatest masters and teachers of the mathematicks, as you'll see farther on.

One

One thing I must confess, I believe that the diary has the good fortune to fall into a multitude of hands which mathematical books seldom or never would, and that the rather, because almanacks are generally bought, and at a small price; and especially at such a season of the year, when almost every body may have leisure from sports or gaming to try their skill in the enigmas and questions, which they are the rather induced to answer, because, in the following year, they may know if right, and the world see they're not idle.

In some or other of the diaries they are furnish'd with questions in almost every branch of the mathematicks, which as but single questions, and a multitude of authors, could no other way possibly appear in print. These must consequently put some persons upon search into books belonging to those several parts, an advantage of improving youth in numbers, and fitting them for business. The enigmas amongst the ladies cause reading much poetry and history, as may be seen by their composition; the answering of which puts persons into a serious and methodical way of thinking on any subject, which by all is allowed no small advantage to the mind.

And, that the rest of the fair sex may be encouraged to attempt mathematicks and philosophical knowledge, they here see, that their sex have as clear judgments, a sprightly quick wit, a penetrating genius, and as discerning and sagacious faculties as ours, and to my knowledge do, and can, carry them thro' the most difficult problems. I have seen them solve, and am fully convinc'd, their works in the ladies' diary are their own solutions and compositions. This we may glory in as the Amazons of our nation; and foreigners would be amaz'd when I shew them no less than 4 or 500 several letters from so many several women, with solutions geometrical, arithmetical, algebraical, astronomical, and philosophical.

I generally find a complaint from most parts of the want of diaries, which is their booksellers fault only. I'm confident they might dispose of many more if they would. To remedy this, those persons wanting, need only send by any hand to Stationers-hall, Ludgate, and be furnished at any time. There is indeed an excuse by them urg'd, that the stamps have hinder'd the sale; which, tho' true, the diary out-sells the rest, there scarce any besides selling above 6 or 7000 yearly.

Much importunity has been used to persuade me to publish the monthly books again; but I am well persuaded, considering the charge of printing books of that kind, and the few mathematical buyers, it would not answer. You'll perceive by the following letter what alterations I'm desired to make, which coming from a person so skill'd in these sciences, and so accurate a mathematician, I design to comply with him in my next; and, in order thereto, print this as an introduction; and farther, to shew that the clergy and laity, men of letters, as well as those of figures, have not thought it an unworthy employ to contribute and encourage the undertaking, will be plain from the second letter here annex'd.

A Letter

*A Letter commendatory to the Author.*

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon the extreme usefulness of your incomparable diary, I can't but be mightily pleas'd with so good and publick advantage you are pleas'd to communicate by your ingenious industry to our nation.

I don't affirm this of it by way of compliment, but as it is real truth, as I can testify, not only in myself, who by it have been egg'd and induced to have a love and esteem for that incomparable analytick art; but also as I have experimentally found in others, as I was, by providence, plac'd in a publick station in the world, to teach youths in that and the like sciences. I know this day many eminent men that owe (as I have heard them to confess it) their knowledge in those mysteries to the ingenious Mr. Tipper, deceas'd; I mean owe it so far, as his diary was the first occasion of applying themselves that way: and I don't doubt but it may have the like good effects upon other genius's in future ages, that might otherwise have lost the advantages of doing good to their country, by improving such an univerial advantageous knowledge.

And to do that more effectually, in my judgment it would not be improper to add more geometrical and arithmetical questions in each diary; but then you object you have not room. To which I answer, that you might advertise your correspondents to send you no questions to be inserted that should take up more than fix (or 12) lines; which, if done, you may add 12 in every year's diary, which would be of far greater advantage and delight than now it is.

This I have heard ingenious men to speak of, wishing it could be effected — Pardon the freedom I herein use; — wishing you may meet with good success in so useful an undertaking.

Nov. 1716.

Your friend and servant,

MEREDITH JONES.

*Letter to the Author, and Contents.*

Vir Facundissime,

Recepimus est apud omnes, quantum ex famâ conjectere queam, quod menologium tuum tam utilitatis quam voluptatis causâ, dignum est ut à cunctis, bonæ literæ quibus sunt cordi, legatur; quamvis enim in usum fœminarum, quæ sunt ingenio haud obscuro prædictæ, præcipue sit coacinnatum, tamen quod exhibeat multa etiam masculæ eruditioñis documenta, nemo est (ut opinor) qui inficias ire potest; quapropter ut à primâ tui operis editione, contatus tuos omnino fovendos promovendosq; censebam, subinde pro mea

meā tenuitate, subsidia quādam ad aciem amplificandam mittere flagrabat animus; si, quæsiunculæ, quas iñfrā lectorus es, tuumq; subituræ judicium, tibi haud infulſæ videantur, & a proposito non abhorrentes, precor ut in tuo sequentis anni diario locum obtineant.

Suum cuique tribuere ipsa justitia jubet, ideoq; te haud inflicim velim, quod problema à quodam ex meis familiaribus acceptum, ut tibi mitterem, rogatus fuerim,

Ex auditorio meo

Sum, vir diserte, tui reiq;

Nordovici 15.

Literariæ studiosissimus,

Kal. Martis,

1716.

GULI. MASSEY.

### Answers to the Enigmas proposed last year.

69. SALT.

72. A CANDLE.

70. PRIDE.

73. A PHOENIX.

71. A RAZOR.

74. AMBITION.

Prize. FORTUNE.

The ingenious Mr. Proffer, the first who ever answered any enigmas in verse, sends the following answer to all the six proposed last year.

Soft inclinations tender of the fair,  
(When others either shy or bashful were)  
First hurry'd me unwary to reveal  
What (if I could foresee the consequence) I shou'd conceal.  
But since th' enig's in verse I answer'd first,  
I only blush I answer still the worst.  
Bright female wits, be yours the glorious praise,  
And mine the shame that I provok'd your lays.

And since my hand is in, the languid muse  
Must take the SALTS, and strengthning cordials use.  
And tho' my PRIDE shall here not boast much skill  
Smooth from the RAZOR, I may please you still.  
By CANDLE light a face advantage gains;  
And by its favour Joan as PHOENIX reigns;  
Till the AMBITION of unrival'd fame  
Discovers her defects, and spoils the game.

Mr. Charles Mason's answer to the enigmas, in the complaint of a despairing lover.

In lonesome groves I mourning all in vain,  
With great regret Eliza's cold disdain;  
With ACID tears my FORTUNE I bewail,  
In doleful accents speak my mournful tale,

69. Pr.

How

How in each grove with cordial love we sat,  
There entertain'd ourselves with harmless chat.  
"Twas then I thought no mortal blest like me,  
Nor PHOENIX sure was in the world but she. 73.  
Now PRIDE, AMBITION, does her love betray, 70. 74.  
As flame consumes a CANDLE quite away;  
That I've no hopes her former love to gain, 72.  
But Ixion-like endure a ling'ring pain,  
Until kind Atropus do end my strife,  
And with a RAZOR cut this thread of life. 71.

*A general answer to the six Enigmas and Prize, by Astrea.*

Under the coverts of a gloomy grove,  
A swain deplored his ill-requited love :  
Förlorn Lysander ! hapless youth ! he cry'd,  
What rigid FORTUNE did thy fancy guide  
To court a nymph that hath all hope deny'd ? } Prize.  
As well thy wild AMBITION might devise  
To reach the glorious TAPER in the skies : 74.  
Sooner shall PRIDE as mild as infants grow ; 72.  
Sooner the SALT shall change to melting snow, } 70.  
Than am'rous flames her frozen breast shall thaw. } 69.  
She like the PHOENIX parallel has none ; 73.  
She like the Phoenix vows to live alone.  
Then with a wise repentance SHAVE the score  
Of follies past, and think of love no more. 71.

*Answers to the Prize Enigma last year, and who won the prizes on Candlemas-day.*

The first lot of 12 diaries fell to *Adraſea*. The second lot of 8 diaries to Mr. *Geo. Naſb*, of Bayford, near Hertford. The third lot of 10 diaries to Mr. *Tbo. Cary*, of Lynn Regis.

*Answer to the Prize Enigma.*

What more than FORTUNE does our hopes beguile ?  
Or more deceives us with a treach'rous smile ?  
Let the Britannick nymphs her pomp despise,  
And rather trust experience than their eyes.  
Hereby they'll get esteem upon the plains,  
And merit fortunes from the worthiest swains.

*Answered by Eumetis, daughter of Cleobulus.*

FORTUNE, that giddy, gay, fantastick thing,  
Sometimes exalts a slave, dethrones a'king.  
How are you gull'd who on her smiles depend ?  
She's neither noble soe, nor faithful friend.

To hold her fast, your fruitless projects spare;  
 You grasp but water, and you catch but air.  
 Then slight her favours, or resign your breath,  
 For none's secure of fortune till their death.

*The same answered by Horatio Rawlins.*

"FORTUNE mad- up of toys and impudence,  
 "That common jade that has not common sense;  
 "But, fond of busines, insolently dares  
 "Pretend to rule, yet spoils the world's affairs.  
 "Let her love whom she will, I scorn to woe her,  
 "While she stays with me I'll be civil to her:  
 "But if she offers once to move her wings,  
 "I'll fling her back all her vain gewgaw things.  
 "She's nought but chance, inconstant still she rolls,  
 "Bestowing gifts on mean ignoble souls.  
 "I'll live with honesty, tho' ne'er so poor,  
 "Rather than follow such a pur-blind whore."

### New Enigmas.

#### I. Enigma 75, by Parnassus.

What is my name, or where had I my birth,  
 That thus surmounts the surface of the earth?  
 Altho' I'm present in the shades of night,  
 I'm not discover'd by the morning light.  
 When fable shades adorn the azure sky,  
 In ceres works a help compleat am I;  
 Yet none there is that can my shapes descry.  
 Mortals oft do their want of me declare,  
 But they my fierce amazing terror fear.  
 Altho' I have from early days been known,  
 Yet I my colour unto none have shewn.  
 Kings crave my aid, whom I assist in war,  
 When armies join, I'm always present there;  
 Yet I in battles never did appear.  
 By what is said you may my name descry,  
 Altho' alone I bear you company.

#### II. Enigma 76, by E. Halley.

Bold as a champion I my force maintain,  
 And trample down whole numbers of the slain.  
 No feet I boast, but teeth that manage all,  
 And make submit from greater to the small:

Sublime

Sublime's the place where I engage my foes ;  
On topmost hills no bounds my conquest knows.  
Egg'd on by honour, I the passage clear,  
And against squadrons open war declare.  
When by success the victory I have won,  
I to the place from whence I came return.

### III. *Enigma 77, by Astrea.*

I came of the Cyclopean race,  
Like them one eye adorns my face,  
I' th' middle of my forehead plac'd.  
But all the works the Cyclops have  
Wrought in their subterranean cave,  
Ev'n when on Aphrodite's request  
They on Æneas' shield and crest  
The fate of future Rome foretold,  
(As poets fabuliz'd of old )  
Were not so elegant and fine,  
Or of such various kinds as mine.

You judge me, by my equipage,  
The greatest warrior of the age.  
For if you do survey me round,  
Nothing but armour's to be found.  
Yet going armed cap-apee,  
Like the old knights of errantry,  
I am not fam'd for chivalry.  
Giants or monsters I ne'er kill,  
But tender ladies' blood oft spill.

### IV. *Enigma 78, by Mr. Jo. Smith.*

Once as I did the flow'ry meadows trace,  
And thoughts with nimble wings sprung up apace ;  
When fields were green, and fancies swiftly flow,  
Like purling streams, by rapid motions go.  
Heaps upon heaps, a pile so num'rous vast  
Appear'd in open view, till I at last  
With pen and ink and paper did 'em lay,  
(Like soldiers slain upon mount Gilboa)  
Which having done, I then expose to view  
Of you fair ladies, as doth here ensue.

Come ladies all, and tell how I began,  
How my being did arise, and when ;  
For my creator, from his mighty seat,  
Has lately sent me from a structure great,  
To some nigh friends, so richly deck'd with rays  
Of sacred Bards, crown'd with deserved bays.  
With steady eyes they quickly look on me,  
With strange surprize some welcome guest to see.

But fresh when I in open view appear,  
 The groves are naked, and the branches bare,  
 (By th' time their cloath'd, my brother's head doth rear.)  
 In ancient days I here no being had,  
 Nor since, till late, tho' like a soldier clad.  
 But being form'd, I now perhaps may last  
 Till the late ev'ning of the world be past.  
 For lo! I tell of mighty wonders great,  
 Which fam'd Pythagoras did demonstrate,  
 Strange signs that are near Jove's great seat.  
 In ancient days when poems creed was sung,  
 By the divi. est of the sacred throng.

When my great master did create me here,  
 And sent me out abroad, he knew not where,  
 Then to my friends I did repair in haste,  
 And they with serious thoughts judge me at last.  
 Yet there I dwelt, and thus to mind did call,  
 I do remain your servant ladies all.

V. *Enigma 79, by Adrastea.*

Whilst in an adamantine rock secure I lie,  
 Content with my own warmth, I never fear to die.  
 No storms or tempests e'er can me affright,  
 Nor scorching heat by day, or dismal shades by night.  
 Nor Boreas blust'ring from the Thracian plain,  
 Nor roaring billows on the rugged main.

Yet I am tramp'l'd on by every fool,  
 And made to rogues and peasants a mere tool :  
 Still I'm by all (tho' not all times) approv'd ;  
 "Tis hard to be so us'd, while I'm belov'd.

Has nothing power my cowardice to move ?  
 (I long t' aspire, my region is above)  
 Yes, if once he, who to the pole is true,  
 Draw near, and give me one smart blow, or two,  
 I soon am rouz'd, and in a fury fly,  
 And seize on the first object comes me nigh.  
 Then I make war against my best of friends,  
 And those on whom my being most depends.  
 When they're o'ercome, if I can bear the sway,  
 I always kill by night more than by day.  
 All frightened are who hear my dreadful name,  
 And run in shoals my haughty pride to tame.

The engineers their batt'ring rams apply,  
 And say the world's not safe, unless I die.  
 At length I'm vanquish'd by the power I'm scorn'd,  
 And all my splendor into noise is turn'd.  
 No pitying soul bemoans my latest breath,  
 But all rejoice and glory in my death.

Yet logick and philosophy proclaim  
 Aloud, to all, that I no substance am.

VI. *Enigma 80, by Mr. William Massey.*

In ancient times, when this our world was young,  
 And nature, now decay'd with age, was strong ;  
 When the Athenian eye her Greece survey'd,  
 And martial Rome her val'rous acts display'd :  
 With reverence, in my temples, mortals trod,  
 For I was then esteem'd, and own'd a god.  
 To me they sacred hymns, with joyful tongue,  
 Requesting my assistance, gladly sung.  
 Tho' christian ages, better taught than those,  
 A single object for their worship chose.  
 Yet still they pay devoirs before my shrine,  
 And own my sacred force, and pow'r divine.  
 To please the curious fair, whose charms I know,  
 (For at my altar they their faces show).

I'll now descend, and tell from whence I came,  
 Whereby th' ingenious soon may guess my name.  
 High-born, from heav'n my origin I brought,  
 And ever since have love and union taught :  
 In paradise were my indentures made,  
 And am a master-joiner by my trade.  
 Few are the nations (if there any be)  
 But what employ and find out work for me :  
 What I perform, sometimes may long remain,  
 But it is often quickly broke again.  
 I rarely make a joint that will endure  
 Above the term of fifty years, secure :  
 Tho' either sex are fond my skill to know,  
 They often curse my name for what I do ;  
 But all in vain : nor I, nor they, can break  
 The strong uncertain closures that I make.

*The Prize Enigma, to which that lady who sends a true solution before Candlemas-day next, will have a chance by lot to win 12 diaries; and any person answering,* 8.

When silent night with sable did invest  
 Our hemisphere, and mortals were at rest ;  
 With anxious thoughts, to bed I took my way,  
 Tir'd with the noise and hurries of the day :  
 Reflecting on my dear Eliza's scorn,  
 Which thus has made me wretched and forlorn.  
 Tumbling I lay, expecting sleep in vain,  
 Tumult'ous thoughts did so disturb my brain ;  
 My parched bones at last did find some ease,  
 And slumber on my heavy eyes did seize :  
 Morpheus no sooner had compos'd my rest,  
 And laid the perturbation of my breast ;

But he a vision brought before my eyes,  
 Which did my tim'rous fancy much surprize.  
 Four spectres streight before me did appear,  
 Despairing love, rage, jealousy, and fear;  
 Their dismal aspect shew'd me who they were.  
 Despairing love with tears bedew'd the ground,  
 And cruel rage did its own works confound;  
 And meagre jealousy did ghastly stare;  
 And fear look'd wilder than the tim'rous hare.  
 But in an instant, to my great delight,  
 The scene did change, and there appear'd in sight  
 A beauteous lady, most transcendent gay;  
 At which the spectres vanish'd quite away.  
 Then did she speak with a majestick air,  
 " What mortal's this lies grov'ling in despair,  
 " And here, regardless of my winning charms,  
 " Supinely lies with cold extended arms.  
 " As tho' it were not in my pow'r to please,  
 " Or to thy love-sick passion give soft ease?"  
 Then did I take her to my throbbing breast,  
 Thinking myself of heaven itself possest:  
 In the enjoyment took I such delight,  
 I could have wish'd for an eternal night.  
 But lest that she again from me should fly,  
 I ask'd her name: to which she made reply,  
 " I am that great Panpharmacon, doth cure  
 All passions of the mind mortals endure:  
 " To pining lovers give immediate ease;  
 " Zoilus and Mornus I can soon appease:  
 " Even jealous Juno I can pacify,  
 " And make her live with Jove in unity.  
 " To wretches poor, whose wants scarce let 'em live,  
 " The philosophick stone to them can give;  
 " And greedy Midas, who for gold doth cry,  
 " By transmutation I can satisfy,  
 " And in contempt of fortune's giddy wheel,  
 " I mortals poor against her crosses steel."  
 Thus she herself explain'd in various ways,  
 Whilst I in transports did set forth her praise:  
 In love's sweet raptures did we spend the night,  
 Our love repeating still with new delight;  
 'Till bright Aurora blush'd to see me there,  
 Then I arose, quite cur'd of my despair.

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# 1719.

SIR,

I was a little surprized to find in this year's diary a latin epistle, which (tho' only commendatory) was sent you by an ingenious gentleman. I am aware many of the fair sex, to whom you adapt the diary, are at a loss for, and desirous of the exposition, for whose service you may insert this following.

Your welcome diary, most courtly sir,  
 Which useful pleasures doth administer,  
 I need not say is worthy to be read  
 By the most learn'd, and nicely bred :  
 And tho' 'tis chiefly to oblige the fair  
 Ingenious ladies you do that prepare,  
 Yet too the masculine can ne'er disown  
 There is for him no mean instruction.  
 I therefore, when you first had undertook  
 To publish and continue on the book,  
 Was willing what I could to further that,  
 (And with the lovely sex to operate)  
 If then what here I send, you shall think fit  
 Amongst their bright productions to admit,  
 Be pleas'd to grant the favour in your next,  
 And you and that may claim my due respect.

Edge, in Cheshire, Jan. 7, 1717-18.

THO. DODD.

As an instance of the facetious humour and modesty, as well as for a demonstration of the qualifications of the fair sex, I shall beg leave to transcribe the following letter I receiv'd, from one under a fictitious name, the author of the 70th, 79th, and 87th enigmas.

To Monsieur Anonymous, Author of the *Ladies' Diary*.

Good Mr. Algebra, Island of Danger, 10 Jan. 1715-16.

OPPORTUNITIES have here slender foretops, I must therefore unfurl my paper sails when the wind fits fair, and send my silent messenger in a very ragged condition; but my designs (I believe) are quite contrary to the rest of my contemporaries. I have no desire to have your next diary fill'd up with my nonsense; this is the first time I ever dar'd to take a turn in Apollo's garden, and find I've but little encouragement, since I could gather nothing but crow-feet and daisies, and those are unfit for a bouquet; especially when you are provided with roses and carnations. All I aim'd at was to let you see I would not pass by so great a genius without my observation; a capacity that knows no other limits than what bounds

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the universe, is matter of contemplation for all whose reason lifts them above the brute. But you'll object, why then did I propose new enigmas if not to be inferred? To that I answer, 'tis only to air your own pinions after the fatigue of a serious study, not to be scann'd by the whole world; though I ought to make conscience of taking you from better employment to lose time upon my trifles.

As your clear-ey'd judgment will easily discern the many dislocated joints in this crippled offspring, so I hope your judicious candor may serve as a crutch to obscure their haltings; and be assured that tho' you have many more deserving, yet have you not a more sincere friend than your humble servant.

Having then little hopes of discovering who she was, I ventur'd to publish the 70th enigma made upon **NOTHING**, on which she sends the following letter to Stationers-hall, 2d Nov. 1716.

Sir, Had you studied generosity and good-nature as much as the spangles of night, you would not have had the trouble of this complaint, nor I been forc'd so oft to stain my cheeks with a guilty die, as I shall this year, every time I see a diary in any body's hands. Why would you put me in after my repeated desires to the contrary? Indeed 'twas unkindly done; and did you but know half the uneasiness it has given me (had you an inch of charity) you would at least be sorry for't. I could fret heartily at my simplicity, but that I consider if I should multiply it by vexation, and divide by spleen, the quotient will certainly answer me, 'tis all in vain; and the remainder, fool thank thyself: so I might over-run the golden rule, and come up to vulgar fractions before I touch upon fellowship, and never arrive at true position. I have several more of the same nature by me, but will take care how any of them fall into your hand; being compos'd chiefly to divert melancholy, which is sometimes a little apt to encroach upon my capital. Now read this over twice, laugh at it, then let the flames consume it, and set me down for an impertinent wretch, with a foul full of angry maggots, but had you used me better might have found an unalterable friend of, &c.

### *Answers to the last year's Enigmas.*

75. WIND.

76. COMB.

77. A NEEDLE.

78. The LADIES Diary.

79. FIRE.

80. MARRIAGE.

Prize. CONTENT.

*The 75th Enigma answered by Mrs. Eliz. Dodd.*

Without th' assistance of the wholesome air,  
Th' kindly influence of the atmosphere,  
Nothing in nature here could long subsist;  
'Tis then we fear with boist'reous WINDS opprest.

*All the Enigmas answered by Cleonimus.*

Tho' slighted HYMEN frown, tho' BOREAS blow, 80. 75.  
 And ALMANACKS malignant planets flew; 78.  
 Tho' fatal syrens sing, and COMB their hair, 76.  
 And pensive Celia's NEEDLE fall thro' fear; 77.  
 Mol thunder FIRE, and rain tho' Scylla roar, 79.  
 Yet go, cries hope, go seek some distant shore;  
 Like valiant heroes wealth and fame pursue,  
 CONTENT, my soul, and bid thy friends adieu. *Prize.*

*The 77th Enigma answered by Anna Philomathes.*

To *Astrea*. Altho' your NEEDLE makes fruit, flowers, and men,  
 Those nothing are t' th' charms of your smooth pen:  
 'Tis it, fair madam, distant hearts doth fire,  
 And makes us emulate, love, and admire  
 Your pregnant wit; which by kind heaven's lent  
 To be our sex's lasting monument.

Dear ladies, when this fatal enemy  
 Does from your charming hands let fly  
 Few drops of blood; consider then  
 How many wounded dying men,  
 Do from your harder hearts receive  
 Worse wounds than e'er a NEEDLE gave.

*J. Penn.**The 79th Enigma answered by Mrs. Anne Massie.*

If in some town a FIRE breaks out by chance,  
 The impetuous flames with lawless pow'r advance;  
 On ruddy wings the bright destruction flies,  
 Follow'd with ruin and amazing cries.  
 The flaked plague spreads swiftly with the wind,  
 And ghastly desolation rolls behind. *Blackmore.*

*The 80th Enigma explain'd by Druselinda.*

That MASTER JOINER who such curses gains,  
 (And often too deserves 'em for his pains)  
 That friend to few! that heathen deity,  
 Can surely nothing else but Hymen be;  
 For where he binds what mortal can set free?  
 Hail Master Joiner, MARRIAGE, whence do flow  
 The sprightliest joys we relish here below.  
 Two hearts made unisons; all harmony,  
 Whence may harsh discords ever banish'd fly:  
 Friendship, great queen! may HYMEN from above  
 Shower on thy bed the whole Idalion grove. *Anne Dodd.*

*Adraftea,*

**Adrastea**, in answering all the Enigmas last year, proposes a new enigma.

I conquer all that's mortal here below,  
And to my easy yoke they freely bow;  
A sweet CONTENT they in my fettters find, Prize  
And balsam for a much distemper'd mind.  
Care's charming mantle am I styl'd,  
For all men's anxious thoughts by me're beguil'd :  
I prove a medicine for external pain,  
Physician's skill, without my aid, is vain.  
To wand'ring exiles I'm a faithful friend,  
And in my arms their sorrows seem to end ;  
Yet none e'er sees me by himself possest,  
But kindly soothing of another's breast.  
Sooner the NEEDLE may its north forsake, 77.  
And I pretend the DIARY to make : 78.  
Or WIND kept pris'ner in the stony rocks, 75.  
Than human art to COMB my downy locks : 76.  
Or flew the colour of my youthful head, 77.  
When first I came to crown a MARRIAGE bed, 80.  
And give the proofs whence nature's birth began,  
For what great end th' eternal form'd a man.

Audacem pulchræ parcant heroïdes, opto,  
Et si more insueto quædam *Ανίσματα* narrem.

Cui fuerit manus, fortis PATIENTIA solvet. Prize  
Postea PECTEN gravis surgent, dentatusque VENTUS. 75. 76.  
Nunc ACUS addetur, quâ virgo intexere fueta. 77.  
Δώδεκα tunc solis Μνήσ τρισκαδεκα Cursus. 78.  
Altera, opinor, dissolvent bene flammeus IGNIS ; 79.  
CONJUGIUMQUE sacrum : quod certe, tempore prisco, 80.  
Pæne deus fuerat : sanctum quoque nobis habetur.  
O fit, ut illi cantarunt Hymenæus-honestus !  
Sic nos optamus nobis conubia casta.

W. Hoare de Shrevenham, Com. Berks.

*Answers to all the Enigmas, in the complaint of a nymph for her absent lover, by Mr. D. Meredith.*

Thus (as she walk'd along the lonesome shore)  
Her Damon's absence Celia did implore.  
" What cause (my lovely youth) detains thee thus ?  
" Dar'st thou attempt the sea when all refuse ?  
" Alas ! what fear I not ? The billows rise,  
" Dire ÆOL rages, clouds obscure the skies ; 75.  
" The fatal syren now methinks appears,  
" With COMB and glass she plaits her dropping hairs, 76.  
" And fills the sailor with a thousand fears. 77.

" Twelve

“ Twelve tedious months are now well-nigh fulfill'd,  
 “ While with my NEEDLE I the time beguil'd, 77.  
 “ And with a thousand hi'roglyphicks spread  
 “ Th' intended curtains of our nuptial bed;  
 “ Tho' when he took his leave (presenting me  
 “ For new-year's-gift a ladies' DIARY) 78.  
 “ Ere thrice three moons (said he) their orbs shall fill,  
 “ Expect me back: but ah! he's absent still.  
 “ Oh how I dread! some foreign wanton dame  
 “ Has kindled in his breast a sudden FLAME, 79.  
 “ That by her beauty there he's still with held,  
 “ And HYMEN's rites ere now perhaps fulfill'd; 80.  
 “ But sure my Damon won't his Celia slight,  
 “ And thus his vows and plighted faith forgot;  
 “ Such treachery in love, avert, O fate!  
 “ And I'll his flow return with PATIENCE wait. *Prize.*

*Astrea's incomparable answer.*

While fair Aminda COMB'D her lovely hair,  
 I cry'd, Can Berenice vie with her? 76.  
 No! there' a brighter constellation here!  
 When her nice NEEDLE draws th' obedient thread, 77.  
 The new created rose erect her head,  
 And blooming lillies start up in their bed.  
 Her every look and motion does inspire  
 My soul with love, and sets my heart on FIRE.  
 Were holy HYMEN to my passion kind, 80.  
 And that my fortunes were with her combin'd.  
 That day I'd canonize, and make divine,  
 And in an ALMANAK with crimson shine, 78.  
 And swear no man's CONTENT should equal mine. *Pr.*  
 But fruitless are my wish'd, for I find  
 My hope less parmanent than sea or WIND. 75.

Mr. Will. Whitworth, D. Roscoe, W. Vorley, Lewis Evan, Mich. Eling, A. Mazina, Statira, A. Kenning, Christ. Mason, Rob. Green, J. Wilkinson, Hugh Cowen, and Terpsiphilus, all answered those enigmas exactly in the method above.

*Answers to the Prize Enigma, and to whom the prize lots fell on Candlemas-day.*

Hesychia, of Chipnam, Wilts, had the first lot of 12 diaries, Mr. T. Leach won the second of 8 diaries. And Mr. W. Gibbon, of Lydd, in Kent, 10 diaries.

CONTENTMENT is the jewel of the mind,  
 The sweetest pleasure that we mortals find. *Eli. Brewer.*

Qui sit mœcenas, ut nemo quam fibi fortem  
 Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illâ  
 Contentus vivat? — Horace.

*New*

*New Enigmas.**I. Enigma 81, by J. C.*

An almanack came forth of late,  
 That never will be out of date :  
 'Tis what some ladies much delight in,  
 And spend good part o'th' day and night in :  
 At any time 'twill plainly show  
 If fortune be your friend or foe ;  
 When stocks do rise, and when they fall ;  
 Who shall grow rich, and who lose all ;  
 What kings are great, and who goes down,  
 And who shall win or lose a crown ;  
 What party shall be most in power,  
 What changes happen every hour ;  
 What colour will be most in fashion ;  
 Who pleas'd, and who'll be in a passion.

And since to tell such things I undertake,  
 I call'd myself at first an almanack :  
 With which though I in several things agree,  
 Yet there's another name belongs to me.

*II. Enigma 82, by Druselinda.*

'Tis you, bright nymphs, who in full lustre shine,  
 And in your beauteous bloom appear divine ;  
 Whose ready wit th' enigma must explain,  
 And tell the advantage you by me obtain.  
 Envy itself must praise my curious art,  
 Which for your sakes I'll readily impart ;  
 But by a strict unchangeable decree,  
 It is entail'd on my own progeny ;  
 That it may still belong to me and mine,  
 To make the fair in full resplendance shine.  
 I always am promoting publick good,  
 As every other creature truly shou'd,  
 And many thousands constantly employ ;  
 Some I make rich, and some vain fools destroy.  
 Myriads of trades owe their first rise to me,  
 The matchless pattern of true industry.  
 When I was form'd, I was at first design'd  
 Of universal use to human kind :  
 But tho' most innocent ! yet you'll agree  
 I am not from dire apprehensions free ;  
 For thunder (that so much all creatures dread)  
 From which of old e'en Rome's bold tyrant fled,  
 Not only staggers me, but strikes me dead.

I am link'd to an ignoble mind,  
But do disdain to prey upon my kind;  
Wou'd but the slothful their own interest see,  
And in this case example take from me;  
Rather than live like drones, they'd cease to be.

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III. *Enigma 83, by Nannon.*

Some senses I have, if me you'll believe;  
As for hearing indeed I have none:  
And all students in nature agree in this matter;  
I'm surely as blind as a stone.  
This also I tell, that I have no smell,  
Yet a taste to me noue must deny,  
For I can distinguish 'twixt fresh and salt relish;  
One's food, give me t'other I die.  
Indeed and good truth, I have never a mouth  
To take in my nourishment by;  
Yet good liquor I love, because I do prove  
Good for nothing when ere I am dry.  
Without legs or wings, or any such things,  
From this place to that I advance;  
But to move or lie still, I am quite without will,  
For which happens is merely by chance.  
Very much to my cost, I am loved by most;  
Love only it is that's my ruin;  
From my foes I am free, and shou'd ever safe be,  
Wer'n't my friends the sad cause of m'undoing.  
E'en ladies with glee, me naked do see,  
To strip me all that love me do strive,  
And 'tis mostly observ'd the same sauce I am serv'd,  
Tho' most am approv'd when alive.  
Pray which of the creatures, with all these odd features,  
Good ladies, d'ye think me to be?  
'Tis plain, when alive, I sensibly thrive,  
And alive me you like well to see.

IV. *Enigma 84, by Terpsichorus.*

By curious industry and artful care,  
By cruel discipline  
Of Stripes and wounds, and such-like tyranny,  
The world's instructor I refine.  
With wit and beauty to adorn the fair,  
And ev'n immortalize mortality;  
What's more surprizing still,  
I scarce can work these glorious wonders, till  
To human sight I grow invisible.

V. *Enigma 85, by D. Meredith.*

Drawn from the womb a useless mass, I for a while remain,  
 And all degrees of heat I pass, ere I my beauty gain.  
 By artist then exactly skill'd, I'm with a shape endu'd,  
 And when compleatly finish'd fill'd with vital flesh and blood.  
 Much priz'd, to ev'ry sex and age a welcome guest I come,  
 And do in divers feats engage, of which I'll tell you some :  
 By force the famous Gordian tie the Macedon disjoin'd,  
 But force and skill you'll vainly try to loose the knot I bind.  
 I Strephon's plaint to Silvia bear, with much ingenuous art,  
 What in two hours he'd scarce declare, I in two words impart :  
 Yet I of what I her apprise, a tittle never knew;  
 And tho' I'm grac'd with num'rous eyes, can ne'er an object view.  
 But hold! already I too far, I fear myself unmask ;  
 Ladies, I pray my name declare, 'tis sure an easy task.

VI. *Enigma 86, by Mr. Chris. Mason.*

I am a lady of transcendent fame,  
 Beyond the southern queen or grecian dame ;  
 Yet vaunt I not myself with stolid pride,  
 Nor enviously with other ladies chide ;  
 Yet am not turbulent, nor puff'd in mind,  
 Nor yet salacious, but both chaste and kind.

I have two sisters both of high degree,  
 But of them both I claim supremacy :  
 'Tho' many boast they can my favours gain,  
 Yet few there are that do me entertain ;  
 But like some famous celebrated toast,  
 The numbers of my lovers I do boast.  
 There's some with me will not in wedlock join,  
 Because, forsooth, I am too scant of coin.  
 For why ? Licentious times keep me so poor,  
 That oftentimes I have been turn'd t'th' door.  
 Yet if for strength he Sampson could repel,  
 Or Absalom for beauty far excel,  
 Or Solomon for wisdom clear outvie,  
 Or Alexander for his victory ;  
 His strength, wit, beauty, prowes is but vain,  
 If kindly he do not me entertain.  
 Had he Archimedes or Euclid's art,  
 Or cou'd with learn'd Agrippus act his part ;  
 Or he stupendous mountains cou'd remove,  
 And poize the pond'rous orbs that roll above :  
 Or the inconstant veering winds cou'd guide,  
 Or stop the courses of the fluxil tide.  
 If I'm not priz'd above his mystery,  
 He in my tender arms shall never lie;

VIII.  
boy  
and  
ma

Nor e'er my chaste embraces shall enjoy,  
His art to me is nothing but a toy.  
For I'm not like some ladies of this nation,  
Who make their choice on foppish fools of fashion.

VII. *Enigma 87, by Adrastea.*

I am a true attendant on the fair,  
To make them handsome is my daily care ;  
And they in gratitude are kind and free,  
And crown me with a pleasing liberty.  
Freedom ! for which many an am'rous swain  
Would give the world he might the like obtain,  
And gaze and envy me in every place,  
Till my default brings me into disgrace ;  
Then torments, such as Phalerus tyranny  
Cou'd ne'er invent, are soon prepar'd for me.  
First in a winding-sheet encompass'd round,  
Fast bound with cords I am in water drown'd ;  
A funeral-pile being rais'd, my corpse they burn,  
My ashes place in a triangle urn :  
Where furious elements do join their hate,  
And by united force consolidate  
The shatter'd fragments of my little bones,  
And make them prove at last more hard than stones ;  
Then, Proteus-like, in various shapes I move,  
And ne'er in any fail to meet with love.

If you would know how me you may unfold,  
Among the heavenly stars my name's enroll'd.  
Then view the north, and search a constellation  
Of Twenty-seven, and tell me where's my station ?

VIII. *The following 88th Enigma I'm requested (by a school-boy, brother to Nannon, author of the 83d enigma) to print; and tho' 'tis not the first time I have met with it, since it may give rise to others in that language, take it.*

Ælia, Lælia, Crispis,  
Nec vir, nec mulier, nec androgyna,  
Nec puella, nec juvenis, nec anus,  
Nec meretrix, nec pudica,  
Sed omnia :  
Sublata neque fame, nec ferro, neque veneno ;  
Sed omnibus :  
Nec cœlo, nec aquis, nec terris ;  
Sed ubique jacet.  
Lucius agatho priscus  
Nec maritus, nec amator, nec neceslarius,  
Neque moerens, neque gaudens, neque flens.

Hanc neque molem, nec pyramidem, nec sepulchrum,  
 Sed omnia,  
 Scit & nescit quid posuerit :  
 Hoc est sepulchrum, intus cadaver non habens;  
 Hoc est cadaver, sepulchrum extra non habens,  
 Sed cadaver idem est, & sepulchrum sibi.

### IX. Enigma 89, by Mr. W. Maffey.

'Tis doubted whence I sprung, yet most agree  
 The rich Arabian soil gave birth to me;  
 I to the ancients wholly was unknown,  
 But am thro' Europe now familiar grown :  
 Nor Jews, nor learned Greeks of me could boast,  
 For I was unconceiv'd when Troy was lost.  
 Deform'd in shape (if crooked shapes be so)  
 Of various stature through the world I go;  
 My make in every place is much the same,  
 But have in diff'rent tongues a diff'rent name :  
 Nay (strange to tell!) as many names I had  
 Before my being visible was made ;  
 Those of my species a'n't confin'd to be  
 Exactly of a bulk and size with me :  
 Some full proportion'd mount up two feet high,  
 When fifty more may ride upon a fly.  
 I am but one, yet such my constant pow'r,  
 That I have e'er supply'd the place of more ;  
 Eight are my brethren, but as fate had past  
 Her strong decree, my lot's assign'd the last ;  
 Howe'er in this my loss was made up well,  
 Because in pow'r I all the rest excel.  
 But I'll no further now myself explain,  
 Lest you with too much ease the prize obtain.

*The Prize Enigma; what lady soever answers it before Candlemas, 1719, shall have a chance by lot to win 12 diaries; and any person answering, 8.*

### A Pindarick Enigma, by D. Roscoe.

I was ere Phœbus mov'd his fiery car,  
 Or the Creator martiall'd every star ;  
 And shall survive the torrid conflagration,  
 Stupendous being to immense duration.  
 I taught the serpent to entice  
 Earth's new-born charming queen ;  
 I promis'd the conscious pair themselves to screen.  
 Fore-rul'd the sentence of their bitter punishment,  
 I shar'd their griefs with bitter languishment.

The omni parent of all arts am I,  
 My forms and motions do surpass  
 The Delian twins impigrity,  
 Or the fam'd mirror glass.  
 In learned disputes, and each quidditeous matter,  
 The highest place I still assume, and am chief disceptator;  
 Sometimes I'm blacker than the shades of night,  
 The noblest heroes I affright.  
 From those black forms I in a moment's time  
 Transmute, and do appear most heavenly and divine.  
 Like Argus, I've an hundred eyes;  
 A thousand times an hour I change my hue;  
 I'm always idle, vain, yet always active too;  
 Companion for the ideot and the wise,  
 My num'rous offsprings crowding every where.  
 I've been too prolix in my character,  
 Ladies, my name explore?

## 1720.

Can-  
aries; The Having since the publication of my last diary, and the receipt  
 of my fair correspondents opinions, consider'd that the latin  
 enigma did (rather) make a breach in the practical chain which  
 drew their solutions through the whole number of enigmas, and in-  
 terrupt their study by discouraging the attempt of a full and com-  
 plete answer; I soon resolved not to intermix any thing of that  
 kind with the english enigmas, questions, &c. but rather proposed  
 to set apart some small space, where I might oblige those who were  
 willing to favour the undertaking with their performances in other  
 languages than heretofore it has been dress'd with.

To which end I have omitted any introduction to the second  
 part, other than what may be thought reasonable to apologize for  
 the publication of them; having a desire a second time to attempt  
 what was so meanly usher'd in last year. I would not be here  
 thought to lay any restraint on the fair sex by entering any thing  
 in a different language: for although I know several of them ca-  
 pable to answer them, yet the general custom of educating their  
 sex rarely extends farther than the French tongue, and with few so  
 far. Then as these on the next page are supernumerary, and only  
 by-additions with the former store, (with such a series of success  
 long continued) I hope to escape the censure of designing any dis-  
 advantage by them. The willingness of men of letters to shew  
 their respects to the diary design'd for the ladies use, must be  
 thought an honour done them and their amanuensis, since it argues  
 they would have nothing omitted which might be ornamental, or  
 worthy the perusal of all sorts of readers who value learning and  
 ingenuity.

Autor Lepidissime,

**Q**uoniam manibus fere omnium, bonis qui favent literis, jam teritur menologium tuum, haud mihi absurdum videtur, quædam romanis meditata cœutis impertire; quæ istius linguae studiosis minime ingrata fore, pervicax est mihi fiducia; & infra sequuntur.

Guil. Maffey.

### E N I G M A.

Forte duæ comites cursu contendere certant,  
Atque unam metam, præpes utraque petit;  
Tempore carceribus sic egrediuntur eodem,  
Posterior primâ, ad quinque secundo pedes;  
Centum mille gradus procedunt tramite reælo,  
Inter utramque tamen quinque fuere pedes;  
Nec plus; quod merito solers mirabere lector,  
Hâc cum velocior tollitur illa duplo;  
Nomina currentum, jam si depromere possis  
Dilectâ quâdam Phylide dignus eris.

Mr. W. Deare sent me two latin enigmas; the subject of one of them tempts me to desire room for it here.

### E N I G M A.

Nascimur Æthiopes, Boreæ sub sidere quamvis:  
In lucem trahimur pedibus manibusque carentes,  
Sic patriam fugimus. Mox vastum scindimus æquor,  
Perque graves ventos, prædones, perque procellas  
Devehimur, donec tandem melioribus auris  
Londino potimur, cui fugere templa jubemus;  
Hospitis atque novi domus omnis sentit amorem.  
Nec bene quod meriti fuimus, nec jura tuentur  
Hospita, quin statuant in nos asperrima quæque.  
Arctis carceribus fine lumine tradimur, inde  
Cratibus inclusi morimur; sic Bajaset olim.

### Answers to the last year's Enigmas.

81. A PACK of CARDS.  
82. A SILK-WORM.  
83. An OYSTER.  
84. PENKNIFE EDGE.

85. A GOLD RING.  
86. CHARITY.  
87. A SILVER GIRDLE.  
89. The FIGURE 9.

Prize. THOUGHT.

Adraſtea's Enigma proposed in her last year's answer, is SLEEP.  
And 88, the latin enigma, on which there's several conjectures,  
you have them in the next page but two.

Alfreſ

*Altreia answers the 10 Enigmas in the following lines.*

Forsaken Celadon, with grief oppres'd,  
To faithless Lesbia these complaints address'd.  
How long, ungrateful fair, shall I accuse  
Your alter'd love, and violated vows?  
Nine changing moons have found my faith the same, 89.  
Nine waining moons have still increas'd my flame.  
Think of that happy time when thou didst bring,  
A verse for our intended nuptial RING. 85.  
Think how thy PENKNIFE, conscious of thy flame, 84.  
On thy green myrtle's bark engrav'd my name;  
Whieh wound upon the tender rind impres'd,  
Appear'd an emblem of thy wounded breast.  
Think too when thou attired as a bride,  
With rich GOLD LACE, and all the SILK-WORM's pride, 87. 82.  
While pearls which in the orient OYSTERS rest, 83.  
Left their rough bed to seek thy downy breast.  
How then I THOUGHT my hopes, my joys secure; 81.  
Not fate could grant, nor could I wish for more.  
Yet blasted by inconstancy so strange,  
No game at CARDS produc'd a quicker Change.  
But of thy rigour I'll no more complain,  
Nor supplicate thy CHARITY in vain; 86.  
I'll try the mercy of the kinder deep,  
And calm my sorrows in eternal SLEEP. 87.  
*Adraft. Enig.*

*Mrs Alice Wilson, of Bridlington, Yorkshire, answers 6.*

A nymph once wrote to her neglecting swain,  
(Women impatient rashly oft complain :)  
THOUGHT dictates straight, and thus her pen 81.  
Runs on, complains, and call him back agen.  
False man, have you forgot the RING you broke, 85.  
The promises at CARDS you whisp'ring spoke?  
In CHARITY return to her again, 86.  
Who lives no moments from you free from pain.  
Mistaken nymph, he answer'd, do not dare  
To charge me with neglect of one so fair : 87.  
I only stay at present to prepare.  
The SILK-WORM's product, SILVER LACES too,  
Are presents vain, and far unworthy you.  
I come, I come! with Hymen's sacred chain,  
The gods and goddesses, to grace our train.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Da. Meredith, in Pembrokeshire, here answers all.*

The year well nigh has to its period run,  
With CHARITABLE rays the sun, 86;  
Beyond the torrid ZONE i. e. Girdle 87.  
Brings the long wish'd for summer on :  
But here (9ber past) his head 89.  
Cold hyems rear with hoary locks o'erspread.  
Ladies on OYSTERS now regale,  
And MORPHEUS oft exile, Adraſt. Enig.  
When they with CARDS the night beguile, 81.  
Or some diverting tale.  
In warm alcoves the SILK-WORM's ova lie, 82.  
Expecting Sol's return to hatch the num'rous fry.  
While THOUGHT-ful Phaon in his closet set : Prize  
With PENKNIFE keen. 84.  
Prepares his pen,  
So writes a letter to his amoret,  
And finish'd does (for new-year's-gift) therein  
A RING (the emblem of his endles love) enſhine. 85.

*Mall Short, of Newcastle on Tyne, answers them thus.*

CARDS, SILK-WORM, OYSTER, RING, GOLD LACE,  
And saving CHARITY,  
If I do not my THOUGHTS misplace,  
To seven enigs solutions be.  
Hope to the moon, faith does th' sun aspire,  
But CHARITY to th' highest heav'n and higher.

W. Loughton

*Answer to all the Enigmas by Adraſtea.*

When Aethra to Minerva gave the name  
Of Apaturia, to the lovely dame  
She built a temple, where for sacrifice  
(As annually her feasts they solemnize)  
The Trazomenian virgins were to bring  
A \* girdle offering for a wedding RING. 87. 88.  
But purer laws have taught a better way,  
Our homage now to living shrines we pay;  
Where secret THOUGHT in open view appears,  
Our springing hopes, and winter frozen fears,  
Are made the victims, from our hearts releas'd,  
Which serves itself for fuel and for priest.

Thus SILK-WORM-like our utmost skill we try,  
With fervent love and high-born CHARITY :  
In verbal threads to spin our destiny.

\* I  
ſibi v  
Urb  
Vefpa  
Anſw  
The  
St Jam  
Mark I

81.  
86.  
88.

89.

As Albia's champion made the dragon feel  
 The force and power of his pointed steel;  
 So harmleſs quills are made the PENKNIFE's sport, 84.  
 That they to future ages may report, 88.  
 How many strove to gain one ſingle prize,  
 (More worth than pearl that in an OYSTER lies): 83.  
 And dealt the CARDS, and courted wide-mouth'd fame, 81.  
 When chance, not merit, muſt decide the game.  
 Oh! wou'd th' Arabian nun lend me her wing, 88.  
 Or were my ink drawn from Castalio's ſpring;  
 Seraphick numbers, from the matchleſs 9,  
 Inspire my brain, and with my thoughts combine:  
 I'd ſing the blessings of a † happy pair!  
 Whose hands and hearts, and ſouls united are.  
 No anxious cares can their leaſt joys remove,  
 Nor letheal † SLEEP make THEM forget they love!

*Those enigmas mark'd \* † and ‡ were her own.*

To the 88th enig. Lavinia says, It is a famous inscription in Senator Volta's country-house near Boulogne, in Italy. But the learned are very much divided in their opinions about it; being variously taken for Rain Water, Mercury, the Soul, Idea, Love, or that 'tis fram'd merely to puzzle. 'Tis also call'd Materia Prima, Chaos, the Soul, engraven on a tomb at Bononia; a Worm.

*See Draukelles on Eternity. Vide M. Miffon's Voyages to Italy.*

Anni præſentis Enigmat. ſolutio, per Guli. Deare.

Omnia præteriti retulit ſub imagine SOMNI  
 ADRASTEA sagax Enigmata ſolvere tento  
 Anni præſentis: pulcherrima turba favete!  
 Cœlatur ſummo MEDITATIO; præmia dentur) Prize.  
 At Chartæ Piæ primo, BOMBYXQUE ſecundo, 81. 82.  
 OSTREA, SCALPELLUM, ſponsalis & ANNULUS; algens  
 [83. 84. 85.

Hinc Aγάπη sexto\*, CESTUSQ<sup>3</sup>, & NO NA figura. 86. 87. 89.

\* Per cestum intelligo balteum vel cingulum argentum. Quid ſibi vult enigma 88, divinare non queam.

Urbis niſi alicujus excidium eo celatur, e. g. herofolyma à Tito Vepſafiano devaſtata.

*Answers to the Prize Enigma last year, and who won the prizes on Candlemas-day.*

The first lot of 12 diaries fell to Mrs. Anne Coleman, of Berwick St James's, near Salisbury, Wiltshire. The ſecond prize to Mr. Mark Moyle, in Cornwall. The third prize to Philomathematreæ.

Mr.

Mr. C. Mason sends three couplets on the Prize Enigma.

THOUGHTS in an instant thro' the zodiack run  
 A year's long journey, for the Jab'ring sun,  
 Then down they shoot as swift as darting light,  
 Nor can obstructing couds retard their flight,  
 Through subterranean vaults with ease they sweep,  
 And search the hidden wonders of the deep. Blackmore.

The following lines well deserve a place in answer to the  
 Prize Enigma, by Mr. T. Lane.

When bright Aurora with her radiant beams  
 Had quite dispell'd the mist, and warm'd the streams,  
 The fair Orilla, in a myrtle grove  
 (A solitary place for those in love)  
 Supinely lay, with such a lovely grace,  
 She seem'd a goddess of immortal race;  
 But with soft whisp'ring sighs she broke the air,  
 Lost in a labyrinth of wild despair:  
 She cry'd, too charming Strephon, cruel boy,  
 Why did you slight my love, my peace destroy?  
 Deny'd to my enamour'd soul relief,  
 To heal the wound, cause of my anxious grief.  
 Tho' with dissembled rigour oft I strove  
 To hide my wishes, 'twas to raise my love.  
 Altho' my charms have neither force nor skill  
 To gain your love, your frowns have pow'r to kill.  
 This said, swift as quick THOUGHT her balmy breath  
 She did resign to the great conquer death.

The following commendatory epistle from Druselinda begs leave  
 in this spare room to show its face to the world, being design'd  
 by her for the preface. But as I cannot persuade myself but she  
 out-does any deserts of mine, I rather placed it here, to show her  
 good will, and the perfections of her pen.

When I with pleasure see the wits o'th' age,  
 With one consent in your applause engage;  
 I wish, methinks, I could with them declare  
 Your modest excellence and matchless care;  
 By which you both oblige and please the fair.  
 A task which many have essay'd in vain,  
 Whilst you secure in their good graces reign:  
 To whose just praise you have a lasting claim,  
 Since your chaste work e'en envy cannot blame;  
 For your strict — lets no line have place,  
 Which might with blushes die a virgin face;  
 But 'tis throughout so useful and so pure,  
 It will the nicest strictest test endure.

Such

Such worth the brightest genius must rehearse,  
A theme too lofty for my humble verse ;  
Which (since by others 'tis so well express'd),  
I'll silently admire ! and only wish the rest.  
Oh ! may you thus ; then persevere unmov'd,  
And be by all judicious men approv'd ;  
By us esteem'd, and your own sex belov'd.  
May the success you merit, still attend,  
And even your own wishes crown the end.

### New Enigmas.

#### I. Enigma 90, proposed by Astrea.

In England once a gracious prince did reign,  
Worthy the world's great empire to obtain :  
Beautous his aspect, his complexion fair,  
Pleasing and courteous, mild and debonair ;  
With early blessings crown'd his riches vast,  
And all that knew him did his bounties taste ;  
In him all beauty and all goodness shin'd,  
And justly styl'd delight of human kind.

But now his reign's expir'd, I must proceed  
To show his portraiture which did succeed ;  
But so disparent are their characters,  
That he's his brother's absolute reverse :  
The first, 'tis true, was elder many a day,  
Yet he was sprightly, juvenile, and gay ;  
But this tho' younger, with red, bald and grey.  
With walls, and bolts, and locks, he now secures  
What formerly lay scatter'd out of doors :  
And yet this drowsy gormondizing son  
With speed consumes whate'er his brother got.  
Penurious and yet poor, and hated so,  
Men arm against him as a publick foe.  
Sometimes with furious rage he roars and raves,  
Stormy as winds, tumultuous as the waves :  
Strange kinds of tortures he invents by turns,  
His slaves he starves, and other whiles he burns.  
Nor need I to say more, for every one  
That hears me now has both the brothers known.

#### II. Enigma 91, by H. P. B.

When the creator all things made, amongst the rest were we,  
But what the rest seem all to 've had, we lack, posterity !  
Tho' we have ever been a numerous family.  
We have no enemy but human kind,  
Who always bears a grudge to us in mind :

Whene'er

Where'er they find us, basely us they treat;  
 They strip us, slay us, tread us under feet.  
 Tho' still to mankind only we are friends,  
 Serving them not for one, but several ends;  
 And yet tho' they all other creatures rear,  
 That are for use, and for their use prepare,  
 To make us live ne'er spend a minute's care.  
 They, and none else, promote our extirpation,  
 Tho' we ne'er give them the least provocation.  
 For all this, still to be we do not cease,  
 Nor do our numbers in the least decrease.  
 And now fair nymphs declare, if it be meet,  
 Not why, but who, so cruelly you treat?

III. *Enigma 92, by Hesychia.*

I have no eyes, and yet my nose is long;  
 I have no mouth, and yet my breath is strong:  
 Therefore not to offend I turn my back,  
 Which yet my mistress don't unkindly take:  
 To whom, that I may make return in kind,  
 When guts do grumble, and I must break wind,  
 I use to do't before, and not behind.

How do my bowels rise and sink again,  
 As if my sides would burst! it doth me strain  
 Like colick-blast, but not with half the pain.  
 I like a war the neighbourhood inflame,  
 And yet am thank'd; whence you may guess my name.

IV. *Enigma 93, by Mr. Elias Hall.*

My mother's pregnant womb me long inclos'd,  
 Till, by rude hands, I was to light expos'd.  
 Thro' other hands as rude I after pass'd,  
 Till I was formed what I am at last.  
 More eyes than Argus had with me you'll find,  
 Altho' I always was, and still am blind:  
 To others, not to me, their use is great;  
 And what would blind all men, ne'er hurt me yet.  
 I have a sturdy brother that would spill  
 Fair Ladies' blood; but I keep off the ill.  
 And in requital, me they highly prize,  
 For my most use, them — preserving eyes.  
 I've been too plain; A — a with the rest,  
 Will say my name I well-nigh have express'd.

V. *Enigma 94, by Philænigmatiseus.*

Let it be so, e'en the Creator spoke;  
 Whence sun, moon, stars, earth, sea, their beings took:  
 I did exist, and have existence still,  
 And on this wretched globe shall live, until

The last tremendous trumpet shall be blown,  
To summon all before the heavenly throne.  
In heav'n I was when the angels did rebel,  
I egg'd them on, and caus'd their doom to hell,  
In Eden I, when Abel there was slain,  
Urg'd to that horrid faq. accursed Cain.  
I ever since on earth like crimes commit ;  
Where Adam's race do all to me submit.  
I busines have with all, by all am us'd :  
By some caress'd, by others am accus'd.  
Vast empires, haughty states, endure my chains ;  
Monarchs my power obey, and rural swains.  
The christian, infidel, the jew, and tark,  
Papist and protestant, I set on work :  
Dissenters of all sects, whigs, tories, all  
Submissive yield to my tyrannic thrall.  
The statesman, lawyer, natur'list, and grave  
Divine ; the full-grown man, child, fool, and knave ;  
The soldier, sailor, all on land or sea,  
Father, son, marry'd, single, bond, and free,  
Beauties, wits, critics ; all are slaves to me.  
My properties and faults thus having told,  
'Tis the fair ladies must my name unfold.

VI. *Enigma 95, by Mr. Maffey, in Miltonic verse.*

Known, and so obvious to the literal race  
Of prying men, and the more curious sex  
Ycleped fair, to paint my properties  
In colours enigmatic, and not show  
My name's an arduous task : But then, O muse !  
Whom feeble bards invoke, with graceful aid  
Advance the work propitious, and suggest  
Redundant phrase, and sounding pomp of words,  
Most splendidly nigrescent ; that at once  
(Like Philomel, that in some tufted bush  
Obscurely chants the pleasures of the night  
Warbling, and fills the grove with secret song)  
I may allure by numbers tuneful set,  
And darkling sing unseen : From parents dear  
Of flesh and blood I spring ; a twelvemonth's time  
From my first peep of being, doth produce  
My greatest strength ; but I am ne'er endued  
With the kind vital flame ; a fertile she  
May give me birth, but oft a gen'rous male  
Bears my increasing bulk : When born I act  
Wonders amazing ; for sometimes I give  
Laughing diversion to a circling club  
Inopinate ; sometimes in speech severe

R.

I scatter

I scatter terror through the trembling world,  
 Dread messenger of multifarious wo :  
 'Tis I that send the anxious lover pain,  
 Or cool his breast with Cloe's calmer thoughts.  
 Relenting ; mighty Kings have often made  
 My company a solace to their cares ;  
 Grave judges, learn'd physicians, great divines,  
 Chuse me their friend, who consecrate their name  
 To long succeeding years, of hoary time  
 Indelible ; and from my fatal mouth  
 Eftsoons proceed the sentences of death,  
 To distant criminals ; but lest I should  
 Garr'lous discover what I strive to hide,  
 I'll here no more unfold, but leave the rest  
 To fair diviners, and the pretty skill  
 Of riddling wits, who doubtless will unfurl  
 The envious cov'ring of ambiguous words,  
 And grace the following diary with my name.

VII. *Enigma 96, by Mr. W. Dawson.*

We come from place unknown to mortal eye,  
 In state confus'd; but now by alchymy  
 Our homogeneal parts united are,  
 And from enormous mass a shape we wear,  
 Worthy for whom we're made, the charming fair. }  
 In splendor we exceed, and order too,  
 The finest army which you ever knew ;  
 Our troops on argent plain exactly stand,  
 And yet are broken by the weakest hand : }  
 Each shining troop when full scarce counts a score,  
 And once disorder'd, never rally more.  
 Seiz'd by the bright Dorinda, we become  
 Her gardes du corps, and triumph in the doom ;  
 Then artfully dispos'd our station take,  
 To keep Dorinda's dress in modish shape. }  
 Altho' her native charms no more require,  
 For she adorns the mode, the mode not her,  
 And is most charming with the least attire. }  
 In bondage nigh her face, her neck, her waste we lie ;  
 Would you not think such bondage liberty ?  
 To her each morn ourselves we captive yield,  
 Till you see nothing but an empty field.

VIII. *Enigma 97, by Druselinda.*

Of the wing'd race I far the brightest shine,  
 There's few whose merit can compare with mine !  
 My plumes are eminently rich and gay,  
 Most happy those ! with whom I deign to stay ;

Wh

When I am with 'em, they are always priz'd;  
 But in my absence justly are despis'd.  
 Those who possess my love are never poor,  
 I to the wise great safety do procure,  
 Achilles' shield cou'd not so well secure.  
 To power, wealth, and honour, I promote  
 Some of my friends, and some by me are brought  
 T' enjoy much satisfaction of the mind,  
 One way or other I to all am kind.  
 Yet (strange to tell!) by many I'm contema'd;  
 Virtue sure stoops its head and falls condema'd,  
 When worth like mine so little is esteem'd!  
 Others there are who use me carelessly,  
 Regarding not my matchless company.  
 But know, I do deserve your utmost care,  
 Nay, and your utmost pains you must not spare  
 To keep me with you: I command respect,  
 And soon take leave upon the least neglect.  
 If I but once am on the wing, in vain  
 You call, you rave, and grievously complain:  
 For 'tis no human pow'r, or mightiest men,  
 With all their art can charm me back agen:  
 No! for I ever leave that wretched forlorn,  
 To wish, in vain, he never had been born.

*The Prize Enigma; what lady soever answers it before Candlemas-day, 1720, shall have a chance by lot to win 32 dairies; and any person (with them) answering, 8.*

I have no tongue, yet elegantly speak  
 The noblest latin, and sublimest greek.  
 I have no toes, and yet I have six feet;  
 I move in measure, smooth, serene, and sweet.  
 I'm pleasing, yet majestic, soft, yet strong;  
 I'm white, and yet I'm black; I'm short, yet long;  
 A favourite to Augustus' court I came,  
 He gave me laurels, and I gave him fame.  
 I magnified the virtues of those times,  
 Yet with an equal boldness lash'd the crimes;  
 Triumphant victors at my will I lead,  
 O'er prostrate crowns, and mountains of the dead.  
 At my command they conquer, live, and reign:  
 If I a more disastrous fate ordain,  
 They lie inglorious, wounded, vanquish'd slain.  
 'Twas I that made Alcmena's son so great,  
 And monsters, giants, tyrants did create,  
 T' advance his trophies on their abject fate.  
 Tho' I have liv'd above two thousand years,  
 In me no symptom of decay appears;

My genius for devouring time's too strong,  
I ever flourish lovely, gay, and young.  
My birth's preposterous; such (in times of old)  
The fabulous poets of Minerva told;  
So she was form'd, and cast in such a mould.  
In that same hour whence I my being drew,  
To absolute maturity I grew:  
No female was assisting to my birth;  
My fire alone conceiv'd and brought me forth.

## 1721.

Terpsiphilus gives the following answers to the latin enigmas.

**V**IDI certantes curru properante sodales,  
Si malè conjicimus, Phillida solus habé;  
Si bene, reddatur merces promissa; reverti  
Nec timeat nostris casta Puella Rotis.

## Second Latin Enigma resp.

Chare, quid Æthiopem revolutum ænigmatis umbrâ  
Condis? Habet fumi cùm satis ipse fui.  
Aut propriâ cui luce dedit natura videri,  
Dic, quibus expectes posse latere dolis?  
Ille quidem dignus nigro CARBONE notari,  
Qui neque tot videat lumina, nec tenebras.

The two Latin Enigmas last year answer'd, per Tob. Atkinson, Oedipus Bamtoniensis.

## Ad Ænigma Masseyanum, A. D. 1720.

Anteriores & posteriores rhedarum rotæ.  
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum  
Collegisse juvat: Metaque fervidis  
Evitata rotis, —  
Terrarum Dominos evéhit ad Deos. Hor. L. 1. O. 1.

## Ad Déareanum.

Resp. Carbones fossiles, Saxe. Juv.  
Et latet & luceat grifus, charissima CHARE!  
Sis licet atratus, clarior esse nequis.

Vel, Sis licet æquè niger, clarior esse nequa.  
 Ardet me tua sphinx secco carbone notanda,  
 Dum gelidus torpes propitiore polo.  
 Me tamen irradient, quos fert, uruntque vivendo,  
 ET HOPES, CASTRI frigida Zona Novi.  
 Quis focus assiduus moderato splenduit usu,  
 Non cadit his noctu LUNAve, SOLve die.  
 Your massy waggon wheels, and dear pit coals,  
 Are northern blacks, whose duty built St. Paul's.  
 Currunt Fronto Rota, Carbones deinde sequuntur.  
 Hexameter, summo cœlatur Versus. Hyemsque  
 Aestate sequitur Lapides, Follis, Digitale.  
 Invidia. Et Calamus. Tum Spinula. Famaque claudit.

W. Deare.

## Mr. David Meredith's Letter.

To the author of the Ladies' Diary, Jan. 1719-20.

Using one day on the ingenuity of the fair sex of late; their performances appearing to me more eminently bright in this, than in any former age, I consequently cou'd not less than think them as noble a subject for panegyric as any in the universe. And could you be prevail'd upon to dedicate a page in some part of the diary, wherein your male contributors might have an opportunity of addressing the fair, with some short epigrams upon the happiness of their genius and acquir'd perfections, I'm positive it would be no improper ornament thereto. *Virtus laudata crescit,* is a saying no less true than ancient; nor shall I use any argument to induce you to comply with this request. If these rude pieces I send may have the good fortune to lead the way to more sublime and ingenious pens, I shan't value what pleasure may fall upon them, acknowledging that I publish them rather to shew my will, than capacity to applaud the shining productions of the ladies, that every year appear to us.

## To Afræa, upon her Enigmas.

Madam, Two female wits of old the world has seen,  
 Mellifluous Sappho, and the southern queen :  
 Oue charm'd each audience with her tuneful lays,  
 Her lines in distant breasts did transports raise ;  
 Such dark enigmas t'other did propose,  
 As none cou'd, but a Solomon, disclose :  
 But heay'n those talents did in you unite,  
 Like this you do propose, like t'other write.

## To Adraſea, upon her Astronomical Calculations.

Madam, Ere yet the genius of the fair was known,  
 The astral science was profess'd along

By sagest males ; whom so the ancients priz'd,  
They wanted little of being canoniz'd.  
But your productions prove no arts can bar  
The piercing genius of the british fair :  
And that they do in southern climes as well  
In their capacities as charms excel.

The times approach (if right the muse divine)  
When female honour in its turn shall reign ;  
Then Aristotle shall grow out of date,  
And Euclid's fame share poor Megara's fate ;  
Sicilia shall her Archimede forget,  
And Plato's praise with Athen's honour set ;  
Ptolomy's name in Egypt shall expire,  
While all the world the british dames admire.

### *Answers to the last year's Enigmas.*

90. SUMMER and WINTER.

94. DISCORD.

91. A MUSHROOM.

95. A PEN.

92. BELLOWS.

96. PINS.

93. A THIMBLE.

97. REPUTATION.

### *Prize. VERSE.*

#### *Enigma 90, answered by Mrs. Anne Brown.*

Sing, sprightly muse, the verdures of the spring,  
In warbling notes the pleasant SUMMER sing.  
When Flora spangl'd all the plains with flowers,  
And joyful nymphs danc'd in their fragrant bowers :  
When nature clad herself in bright array,  
And all things shone in an eternal May.  
But oh ! the fatal change ! she's stripp'd of all,  
And wrapp'd in winding-sheet for funeral ;  
She shivers at the frozen hoary morn,  
Her checks the grizly Icicles adorn.  
Neglected piles of blocks she now secures ;  
With locks and bolts the she immutes.  
Whilst blustering storms and tempests roar abroad,  
She warms herself with fires of well-dry'd wood ;  
Regales herself, till Phœbus turns the year,  
And gives new life to the frozen hemisphere.

#### *Enigma 93 answered by the same hand.*

Hail, mighty guardian of the charming fair,  
Brighter than Ajax' seven-fold shield of war.  
No tender virgins darted arrows feel,  
Nor bleed with punctures of sharp-pointed steel.

Matchless machine! worthy the care of Jove,  
If thou could'st also guard their hearts from love.  
So Telephus invulnerable was  
In all his parts but in his feet and toes.  
So ye, bright nymphs, have all unguarded hearts,  
And open breasted lie to Cupid's darts.  
By darts invisible you prostrate lie  
Bleeding, sigh and sob, and fainting die.

*Astrea's explication of all the Enigmas.*

To pass the rigours of a WINTER's day,  
On a soft couch th' enamour'd Strephon lay,  
And strove with floods of tears to wash his cares away.

But lovers tears are oil to love's desire,  
And heaving sighs, which from the breast respire,  
Like BELLows to the COALS augment the fire. 92. 1st Lat.

Pensive he lay, reclining on his side,  
Inhuman nymph! why was I doom'd, he cry'd,  
The vassal of your cruelty and PRIDE? 94.

When you with silk and gold embroid'ries make,  
And your diminutive harmless needle take,  
With SHIELD of silver how you armed go,  
To guard your finger from the feeble foe. 93.

Yet, pitiless, cast every piercing dart,  
Against my naked, my defenceless heart,  
Which hath not pow'r nor will one wound to avert.

With every artful PEN, you fix a snare,  
And place a net in every curl of hair.  
Whilst all combine to make you killing fair. 96.

Why was that mind join'd to that faultless frame,  
(That mounts you on the pinnacles of fame);  
Which love must still admire, and ENVY never can blame?

Who beholds your face so heavenly fair,  
Such INNOCENCE and sweetnes in your air,  
Could ere suspect a tigress harbour'd there? 97.

How often has my PEN, how oft in vain,  
In sweet EXAMENTS express'd my pain;  
Which still, with seals untouched, return'd again! 95. Prize.

Sol, whose resplendent CHARIOT WHEEL surveys  
All the vast globe in his diurnal race,  
Beholds no wretch like me in all the ample space.

But for my wrongs, be this just judgment shown,  
That like the cyprian maid, you turn to STONE,  
For your obdurate heart's already one. 98.

Mr.

Mr. D. Meredith, in the whining dialect of a slighted clown imitated, answers the Enigmas thus :

Roger, unskill'd in leard'd HEXAMETER,	Prize Enig.
In numbers rude, address'd his faithless fair;	
PEN, ink, and paper, he made use of none,	95.
But with his nail thus scribbled on a stone :	91.
" Oh Susan ! canst thou leave me thus to mourn ?	
" My SUMMER joys, to WINTER sorrows turn ?	90.
" Pierc'd with the thoughts, alas ! I sigh, I faint,	
" My baleful breast does like a BELLOW'S pant.	91.
" Ah ! Can thy COAL-black eyes look wry on me ?	ad Lat.
" Canst thou forgetful of my service be ?	
" The 'Squire's COACH WHEELS could never faster fly,	1st Lat.
" With team of six, than on thy errands I.	
" What vows thou mad'st, when I the THIMBLE, ring,	93.
" And sheet of PINS, did thee for fairings bring ?	96.
" But now, AMBITION of a wealthier spouse,	94.
" Thou sett'st at naught thy CREDIT, break'st thy vows.	97.

*The Prize Enigma answer'd by Mrs. Frances Cross.*

Troy had been doubly lost, if grov'ling prose  
Had still prevail'd, but lofty *Numbers* rose,  
Which (taught to charm by Homer's wond'rous skill)  
Gave her new life from Greece, by which she fell.

What mention of her wand'ring prince had been,  
Or what remembrance of the Tyrian queen;  
Had Virgil's muse their story disprov'd,  
Nor told how Trojans fought and Dido lov'd?

The crimes of Rome had long been bury'd all,  
But for her *Horace* and her *Juvenal*;  
Illustrious bards ! whose soft, tho' pungent *Quill*,  
Retains the keenness of its satyr still;  
And thro' vast series of devouring age,  
Has, to these very times, preserv'd its rage.

VERSE got our Shakespear everlasting praise, Prize.  
Crown'd Milton's brows with never-fading bays,  
And does to Addison immortal glories raise.

But cease, my muse, thy dear Apollo's gone,  
Whose loss no recompence can e'er atone,  
No not the dozen diaries I've won.

*The Prize Enigma answer'd by Mr. Charles Eades.*

Immortal Virgil's never-dying lines,  
That matchless poet to six feet confines.  
When ancient poets Trojan tales rehearse,  
I praise the heroes, but admire the VERSE.

*Crypto-graphicus.*  
The

*The Prize Enigma answer'd by Mr. Massy.*

Old Homer told in EPIC song,  
The siege of once renowned Troy;  
A siege, that lasted ten years long,

To please a boy.

SIX FEET the epic VERSE contains,  
On which the stately Iliad moves;  
When he runs thro' the Phrygian plains,

Or Ida's groves.

And when from thence great Maro brings  
The poor remains of Trojan seed,  
In smooth HEXAMETERS he sings

The noble deed.

By various fate Æneas led,  
On ancient Tyber fix'd his home;  
Where after rose, with lofty head,

Imperial Rome.

*New Enigmas.**I. Enigma 98, by Eutrapelus.*

As I was lately at a neighb'ring town,  
Where drums were beating, and their trumpets blown,  
I ask'd the reason; (at the George) said one,  
A thing most strange there soon is to be shwon:  
And hearing they were going to begin,  
I my mohey paid, and ventured in,  
Hoping for satisfaction and content,  
But quite contrary, alas! was the event,  
As by the sequel will, no doubt, appear,  
If to my story you'll but lend an ear.

A — 'twas of bulk, and monstrous size,  
Which foreign ladies said they much did prize.  
No head it had, no feet there bore its weight;  
It mov'd by artifice and cunning sleight:  
Its ill-shap'd body too was lean and thin,  
The bones stood staring thro' the naked skin:  
Its twirling tail was of that compass round,  
'Twould cover more than four half yards of ground.  
Its heterogeneous parents ow'd their birth  
To sea the one, the other to the earth;  
But this amphibious creature did in all  
Things vary from its first original.  
Its modern use, in Britain, spreads its fame;  
No wonder, ladies, you'll descry its name.

*II. Enigma*

II. *Enigma 99, by Mr. D. Meredith.*

Britons, in me you may behold of late,  
 A dismal instance of unconstant fate ;  
 Five thousand years, and more, ran gently round,  
 While I from most, respect and honour found ;  
 By heroes, sages, senators caref'd,  
 To kings and princes no unwelcome guest ;  
 Nay, in such absolute request I was,  
 That e'er to want me seem'd a great disgrace.  
 But see the issue of my prosp'rous fate ;  
 Scarce dare I offer to appear of late,  
 But men with fatal steel my life pursue,  
 And all around my mangled members strow.

Ladies, lest you should in your guesses fail,  
 I'll one step farther yet myself unveil ;  
 I'm, without female's aid, the product of a male.

III. *Enigma 100, by Credelia.*

Brought from the western shore a captive slave,  
 My liberty I never wish to have ;  
 For, tho' in bondage, I in beauty shine,  
 When rude before, unpolish'd, plain in kind ;  
 Now deck'd with gems, with gold embroider'd o're,  
 Gay as those beauties modern beaus adore :  
 Of different stature, thro' the world I go,  
 And sometimes prove to men a deadly foe,  
 Commencing quarrels, which to compensate,  
 I urge no wrong my offence to palliate,  
 But as a harden'd sinner for's defence,  
 Pleads the Infipidness of innocence,  
 So I share justly in the same pretence.  
 But now I've shwon my dang'rous properties,  
 I've got to boast of some good qualities.  
 Guard to the injur'd, aged, and infirm,  
 Support to all who court my pow'rful arm ;  
 By rich as well as poor my aid's requir'd,  
 As well for ornament as use desir'd.  
 Yet, what is strange, without assistance I,  
 Unable to support myself, must lie  
 Useless, and unobserv'd by ev'ry stander by.

My friends who know my inability,  
 Have thought it fit a filken wreath to tye  
 Around my shoulders ; when to grace me more,  
 In ancient times, I oft a ribbon wore ;  
 But then o'er-dress'd 'twas thought, and foppish grown,  
 Less gaily now appear, th' offence t'atone.

And still as fashions change, so I submit,  
As all my wise directors shall think fit.

Now thus disguis'd, yet with so plain a face,  
Industrious in a faithful verse to trace;  
With ready thought the query you'll obtain,  
For 'tis an easy task th' enigma to explain.

IV. *Enigma 101, by Blowsabellæ.*

Dark in a cell, remote from vulgar eye,  
Sought for by many, I regardless lie,  
Resolv'd to save my dear virginity.

All tricks I try to keep myself disguis'd,  
My charms discover'd, seldom long are priz'd.  
Whatever shape my purpose suits I borrow,  
To-day I'm Thomas, Abigail to-morrow;  
Or bird, or beast, or fish, or stone, or tree,  
(Just as the whim directs) I soon can be.

Sometimes a sort of magic art I try,  
Cast a thick mist before my lover's eye,  
That he can't see me tho' I stand close by.  
Again I take him, (to make sport or so)  
O'er hedge and ditch, o'er mountain clad with snow;  
Then leave the wilder'd fool in statu quo.

Thus o'er my slaves I reign and tyrannize,  
Slighting the witty, slighted by the wife:  
Still some bold youth attacks with manly grace,  
And takes me struggling to his fond embrace;  
Pleas'd with the conquest, he forgets his toil,  
And proudly triumphs o'er the vanquish'd spoil:  
Twelve months with him I pleasantly reside,  
Ere he grows cool, and with possession cloy'd:

Then by consent we from each other fly,  
He a new mistress takes, and a new lover I.

V. *Enigma 102, by Mr. W. Maffey.*

Attend, ye curious fair, whilst I rehearse  
My ancient origin in modern verse;  
I call you fair, but I must frankly own  
The race of womankind to me's unknown.  
That I'm a man, from hence you'll eas'ly deem,  
'Tis like the flatt'ry you receive from them;  
Known or unknown, they can cheap praise afford,  
And gloss their meanings with a doubtful word;  
But I more true than all my sex beside,  
Ne'er gave you charms you want, nor sooth'd your pride.

On earth I live, thro' happy plains I rove,  
And ev'ry object's my peculiar love;

Wild beasts are tame to me; I neither fear  
 The brinded lion, nor the shaggy bear.  
 I flesh and blood like other mortals have,  
 Yet neither flesh nor blood my being gave.  
 Obscure my rise, yet kings would change their state  
 To be a part'ner in my better fate:  
 Let Greece and Rome's great men inglorious lie,  
 There's none so happy, none so great as I.  
 I ne'er was marry'd, nor espous'd a bride,  
 And yet my wife lies nightly by my side;  
 Full-grown, a lonely Bachelor I live,  
 And know no joys a nuptial bed can give.  
 Unseen by men I ever pass'd my days,  
 Without retreat to unfrequented ways;  
 And tho' to some I may a stranger seem,  
 Yet all that read these lines have heard my name.

VI. *Enigma 103, by Druselinda.*

To ev'ry realm a welcome guest I come,  
 Ev'n crowds of rich and poor for me make room;  
 Howe'er in other points they snarle and bite,  
 In my applause they one and all unite.  
 For I to good and bad alike am kind,  
 M' extensive bounty's to no clime confin'd;  
 To-day I pass thro' Europe, far and near,  
 To-morrow Asia does demand my care,  
 In short, I now am almost every where.  
 I with great Alexander lov'd to stay,  
 Left him but once in his long rugged way,  
 And then he'd like t'have been a royal prey:  
 Which by my quick return I did prevent,  
 And made him still victorious as he went.  
 Since then with temp'r'ate peaceful men I'd rest,  
 And don't delight in any splendid feast,  
 Tho' ev'n there I sometimes am a guest.  
 But when th' excessive glass moves briskly round,  
 In which both wit and reason too are drown'd,  
 I commonly must disregarded stand,  
 And tho' I still shou'd take the upper hand,  
 Yet then they think me subje<sup>t</sup> to command:  
 At which enrag'd, I swiftly from them fly,  
 But make their pleasures bear me company.  
 For where I move, fresh transports fill the place,  
 And joy triumphant fits on ev'ry face:  
 A beauteous blush I on my vissage wear,  
 And with that colour too adorn the fair;  
 —But here, methinks, they say, — now we know  
 what you are.

VII. *Enigma 104, by Mr. David Meredith.*

Great pains, in vain, the Greeks and Romans took,  
To bring the spacious earth beneath their yoke,  
When I with greatest ease the world subdue,  
And make all nations to my scepter bow.  
Me kings oppose, and states resist, in vain,  
No pow'r can shield 'em from my servile chain;  
You'd think me by my skill some engineer,  
That circumvents by art, not open war:  
For 'tis in sieges most consists my flight,  
And fly scaladoes enterpriz'd by night;  
Yet spight of sol I oft assert my sway,  
And prostrate numbers in the face of day:  
In my opponents this you may admire,  
While they their gates keep ope' I must retire;  
But when they're shut, I compass my desire.

Favours on all my subjects I bestow,  
But most on him (poor soul) that weds a shrew;  
Like me no spell can o'er her tongue prevail:  
Xantippe, charm'd by me, wou'd cease to rail.

Now lest you shou'd some upstart me suppose,  
My great antiquity I shall disclose;  
I'm almost of an equal date with man,  
And c'en in paradise my power began:  
Since then, no bounds my spacious empire knew;  
Some after ages deify'd me too;  
But tho' t'adore me mortals now disdain,  
My power is still throughout the world the same;  
Nor will the skill of man repel the charm,  
Till the last trump the universe alarm.

Now, fairest ladies, I suppose with ease,  
You may my name by this description gues:  
But lest you miss, you one thing more shall know,  
To my assistance you your being owe.

VIII. *Enigma 105 by Astrea.*

I am companion of a worthy knight,  
His daily follower, yet no parasite.  
While he pursu'd me, I his presence fled,  
With such a race as tim'rous Daphne led.  
But since that time a fugitive he grew,  
With equal ardour I his steps pursue,  
And near his person constantly attend,  
The happy minutes in his presence spend.  
To copy him is my peculiar care,  
And sure a great similitude I bear;  
Yet I'm a negro, he divinely fair.  
His form, his motion, and his garb I ape,  
And am a female in a manly shape.

Shou'd men imprison him, exile, or kill,  
In his distress I would attend him still.  
In furious floods should he entombed be,  
The same tumultuous wave would swallow me.  
Were he condemn'd to the rapacious fire,  
I'd share his fate, and in that flame expire;  
A truer love ne'er fir'd the indian wife,  
That at the fun'ral pile resign'd her life :  
And tho' no nuptial ceremony past,  
But sympathy alone unites us fast,  
Yet fam'd Lucretia never was more chaste.

*The Prize Enigma; whoever answers it before Candlemas, 1721, has a lot to win 12 or 8 of these diaries.*

Sing lofty muse, no more of Cupid's charms;  
No more of love-sick fools, and folded arms.  
Sing warlike camps, where dreadful trumpet sounds,  
And write heroic verse in blood and wounds.

A mighty warrior on mount Atlas stood,  
Fearless of death and prodigal of blood ;  
His glitt'ring target brandish'd in the air,  
Summon'd the pow'rs of heaven and earth to war :  
The war began — The mighty thund'rer sent  
Th' embattel'd legions of the firmament.  
Hot thunder bolts, and pointed lightnings fly  
Thro' all the blazing regions of the sky.  
But stout as rock of adamant, the hero stands,  
Defies great Jove, and laughs at his commands.  
His shield case-harden'd by vulcanian arts,  
Receives his thunder, and repels his darts.

Next, Æolus advanc'd with blustering pride,  
Unlock'd his den of winds, and loudly cry'd,  
Blow ratt'ling Boreas, blow th' audacious fool,  
Beyond the regions of th' antarctic pole.  
Let Brontes and Pyramon arm apace,  
Throw fire and hand-granadoes in his face,  
And make him yield, turn tail, and quit the place.

Enraged Neptune, rouz'd from wat'ry bed,  
Spouted vast cataracts upon his head,  
As tho' he'd deluge all the world anew,  
And drown the hero, and the mountain too.

Ætna inflam'd, from's dreadful mortar-piece,  
Threw red-hot bombs, and fiery carcases.  
Vesuvius and Volcano rage in vain ;  
In vain with sparkling sulphur spread the plain.  
Nor Mars, nor Vulcan, nor the mighty Jove,  
The invulnerable hero could remove.  
He bravely fought, and with his conquering shield  
He vanquish'd all, and still maintains the field.

## 1722.

*Enigma per Ed. Point.*

**F**loribus ornatum volo, qui bene conjicit horti  
 Si malè, tum Violæ florea ferta geram;  
 Est mihi namque domi multa, est mihi parvus agellus,  
 Crescit & aprico fine, maligna dapes.  
 Torsit ab his oculis lacrymas, ingrata Puella,  
 Quisquis amat, tenera Phyllide spretus erit.  
 Vivat in æternum ligno damnatus, Horati!  
 Atque edat has epulas, crimina dira luens.

*Enigma by Orilla.*

Bis venere novem juvenes ad moenia nostra,  
 Ex aliis huc ad nos rediere locis;  
 Conspicui formam pariles, florentibus annis,  
 Attamen his minime par decor oris adest.  
 Nil est egregiae quod dicas deesse cohorti  
 Quam quod non potis est, edere linguam sonos.  
 Non illis vox est; sed secum quinque sodales  
 Ducunt: Ex his verba loquuntur habent,  
 Submoto nullum dicunt interprete verbum:  
 Orbe sed est toto gloria magna virum.

*Answers to the last year's Enigmas.*

98. A HOOP-PETTICOAT.

99. A BEARD.

100. A CANE.

101. AN ENIGMA.

102. ADAM.

103. HEALTH.

104. SLEEP.

105. A SHADOW.

*Prize. A WEATHER-COCK.**Mrs. Mary Young sends this answer to the 98th Enigma.*

Hail spacious canopy! spread h——nly wide,  
 What wonders dost thou show, what wonders bide?  
 Could I but half thy num'rous beauties tell,  
 For ever on the lovely theme I'd dwell:  
 The canvas here to nobler use apply'd,  
 Shall spread its ample breadth with envy'd pride.  
 When Cloe's PETTICOAT in bright array,  
 Like the tall ship, does all its pride display,  
 Swell with full gales, and sweep along the way.

[Gay.]

*The 99th Enigma answered by Mrs. Anne Dod.*

In ages past a six-inch BEARD was thought  
A garb denoting men with wisdom fraught;  
What folly then does now-a-days abound,  
When not a fiftieth part that length is found.

*Enigma 100, answered by Mrs. Anne Jones.*

If the strong CANE support thy walking hand,  
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command:  
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,  
And ratt'ling coaches stop to make thee way:  
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,  
Tho' not one glaring lamp enliven night. [Gay's Trivia.]

Galatea in the following verses very ingeniously answers all.

When first my good old father heard  
Of these new HOOPS, he stroak'd his BEARD,  
And leaning on his CANE, says he,  
'Tis an ENIGMA all to me.  
'Twixt man and wife this casts a bone;  
Such an invention sure was none  
Since father ADAM was alone.  
HEALTH to the author, whilst poor I  
SLEEP safe in my obscurity.  
Go on, and yearly shew your wit,  
Whilst I, your SHADOW, follow it.

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101.  
Sev.  
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Blowsabella answer'd the 8 Enigmas in one copy of verses.

As on a couch sad Blowsabella lay,  
Striving in SLUMBERS to forget the day  
That snatch'd her favourite Corydon away,  
Young Damon to her great supprise appear'd,  
Neat was his dress, new shav'd his downy BEARD.  
A modish CANE upon his wretsh was hung,  
And HEALTH and vigour o'er his visage shone.  
" My life, my soul (said he) cease, cease to cry,  
" Retake thy HOOP, that mournful weed lay by,  
" He's but a SHADOW now, the substance I.  
" Such levity let rigid mortals blame,  
" Love's an ENIGMA none cou'd yet explain.  
" Pleas'd with his person, she th' advice approv'd,  
" And like the Ephesian matron mourn'd and lov'd.

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Mr. David Meredith very ingeniously answers all the 8 Enigmas and Prize, in the complaint of a slighted nymph.

Camilla, set beneath a myrtle SHAD'E,      105.  
 (As o'er her HOO'P she hung her drooping head)      98.  
 Against young faithless Strephon thus inveigh'd:  
 " Who wou'd, alas ! have thought a BEARD'less youth      99.  
 " So skill'd in perjuries, so void of truth?  
 " In such a form cou'd so much falsehood lie?  
 " Ah ! man's a RIDDLE we can ne'er descry.      101.  
 " How oft I call the fatal time to mind,  
 " When pensively upon his CANE reclin'd,      100.  
 " Such oaths he swore, I dare not here repeat,  
 " That I alone was mistress of his fate.      102.  
 " Wretch that I was, to credit the deceit!  
 " For like a WEATHER-COCK, he turns wi'th' air,      Pr.  
 " And I'm, alas ! abandon'd to despair.  
 " To jilt me now, he some excuse might plead;  
 " Sorrow my HEALTH and beauty has decay'd :      103.  
 " Oh ! death, make haste my flowing eyes to close,  
 " And in eternal SLEEP conclude my woes.      104.

Several other general answers I have from Mr. Thomas Dod, Mr. Ja. Clarke, Sylvander, Mr. Moyle, Mr. Evan, Mr. Horton, Mr. Chorley, Hesychia, Mr. Smith, Mr. Martin, Mr. Eccles; but especially that from *Druselinda*, which my room will not permit me to publish.

On Candlemas-day the true answers to the prize enigma were put in a lottery; the first drawn, for 12 diaries, was Mrs. J. Povey's, to whom I had no direction. Then those of the men who sol'd it were added, and a second lot for 8 diaries fell to Mr. Cooch, of Kingsthorpe, near Northampton.

## New Enigmas.

### I. Enigma 106, by Blowsabella.

Tell me, dear ladies, (and I'm sure you can)  
 What being more than yours engages man?  
 Who 'tis from Celia's arms can Damon rouse,  
 And call the dotard from his captive spouse.  
 Soft as your sex I am, and tender too,  
 By laws preserv'd from harms as well as you :  
 And yet (tho' glory of my race) must be  
 The passive slave to human tyranny.  
 Fond of my ruin, they all hazards run,  
 Such as Leander wou'd for Hero shun.

To-day a party of light-horse are sent  
 My speed to prove, and future flight prevent ;  
 To-morrow the main army moves to try  
 If noise and numbers won't my bliss destroy :  
 At every glance small arms and cannons roar,  
 And loud huzzas resound from distant shore ;  
 Whilst I to gain your pity, oft discover  
 All the wild mazes of a generous lover.  
 At length grown weary of my restless state,  
 Cause of your joy, but object of your hate ;  
 Submit in silence to th' ungrateful crew,  
 Affording pleasure, health, and profit too.

II. *Enigma 107, by Mr. Leigh Maffey.*

A champion in a turret stands secur'd,  
 As Danaë was with brazen walls immur'd :  
 Strong towers once were made, as poets feign,  
 For such as Hero, that young Sestian queen.

The monster's of a vast prodigious size ;  
 But yet when e'er he fights, he always cries.  
 He's now I think full forty years of age,  
 And roars like thunder from his airy cage :  
 Tho' he is often struck, he never strikes,  
 And if a clock but toll, he always shrieks ;  
 Mindful how hours like the rivers glide,  
 How fleeting moments into ages slide.

His skin's as thick as Ajax' sevenfold shield,  
 And tho' he's often thrash'd, he'll never yield :  
 He has nor ears nor eyes, but what's too long ;  
 For his wide toothless mouth, he has a tongue.

He has an enemy that scarce can creep,  
 That makes him rock and sing himself asleep :  
 Wrack'd with Ixion's torture-piece he lives,  
 But yet he is so stubborn, he ne'er grieves.  
 They force confession from him now and then,  
 And then he mutters the same o'er again :  
 He's ever, ladies, to one place confin'd,  
 There you may fee him, if you have a mind ;  
 He can't return the visit, if he wou'd ;  
 Nor when you've seen him, you expect he shou'd.

III. *Enigma 108, by Galatea Eboracensis.*

We are ten brothers, all full grown  
 When born ; and as our parents own,  
 Not one of us but did appear  
 I'th' revolution of one year.

Some years indeed they bring forth more,  
But seldom less than half a score ;  
Yet as the plant, which soon does spring,  
Most frequent is a short-lived thing :  
So we our life do quickly spend,  
A year or two our course does end.  
Howe'er we spend that little span  
In doing all the good we can ;  
And shou'd to church and poor do more,  
But interlopers rob our store.  
Our features are so like, so fine,  
They prove our birth is genuine :  
Yet now and then a spurious brat  
Claims Kindred, till he's found a cheat.  
But now, when we have paid our fees,  
The sov'reign our protector is,  
And lords and commons guarantees.  
We're well descended, no prince now  
A better coat of arms can shew,  
Yet are a beggarly poor crew.  
We beg with licence for the poor,  
And never miss the parson's door.  
But now, what's this, I need not ask,  
For I have taken off the mask.

#### IV. *Enigma 109, by Mr. John Richards.*

Affix, ye sacred nine ! whilst I explain  
My flatter'd glories in heroic strain.  
E'er since the deluge, or the giants wars,  
My present grandeur to the world appears :  
Nature my rough unpolish'd substance rais'd  
To such a height, that wond'ring mortals gaz'd.  
The hero of his times, great Philip's son,  
In whom all virtue and all valour shone,  
Would fain my chaos into order frame,  
And raise my figure to exalt his name :  
He will'd that I a human shape should wear,  
Majestic lines upon my visage bear,  
And limbs adapted to the brunts of war.  
Further, (says he) " let thousands on him wait,  
" And monarch-like let him command their fate :  
" If he but wrings his hand, their death's th' effect,  
" And Sodom's fate their dwellings must expect."  
He said, but then alas ! succeeds his fate,  
By which means I retain my pristine state.

#### V. *Enigma*

V. *Enigma 110, by Mrs. Eliz. Dod, in blank verse.*

Welfare the man, who from mechanic art  
Found out the rare expedient, whereby  
No little ease does to mankind accrue;  
And yet is none a greater sway than me,  
Which by some innate virtues may be seen.

Divinity, with all its warmth preach'd up,  
Sways little, when compar'd with me; nor law,  
Tho' ne'er so strictly executed, will  
Pretend that absolute authority  
I o'er the most tyrannic creature boast.

Not all the compound med'cines of the great,  
Or Mead, or Millington, e'er work'd so safe  
On female fevers, prone to old and young.

\* Oxford indeed, thro' some bo'n genius' aid,  
May vie with me, and share an equal right  
In my dominion; tho' 'tis rarely seen  
By its effect in that learn'd town to reign.

Slander, that worst of poison, that still finds  
A too easy entrance in th' ignoble,  
At my approach is hush'd. Tea-table scandal,  
(If freedom of expression that you call)  
Or what from fluent will, or ready tongue,  
Still fruitful at invention, 'chance may drop,  
And with the conduct o'th' 'fore-mention'd fair  
Hap' to quadrate, this innocent or no,  
Or what makes merry with entendre double,  
I never put a check to; and am deem'd  
Civil society's most welcome friend.

What tho' fair sex (whose wise prerogative  
Wou'd be unlimited) cou'd never boast  
Superior power o'er, nor all their art  
Or wily stratagems subdue, I, only I  
The secret charm of governing posses.

These few qualities, of multitudes  
To me inherent, yet know to show  
My name to artists, fer their help are penn'd.

\* One presented by this author two years ago.

VI. *Enigma 111, by Mrs. Deborah Roscoe.*

My cool recess Clymenia did frequent,  
Where she like Niobe did thus lament:  
Long time like Anaxarete was my heart  
Invulnerable, I defy'd love's dart;  
Till, to revenge the slight, th' incensed boy  
Betray'd the lovely Plivio to mine eye;

Whilst

Whilst daring and unguarded view'd the swain,  
Who conquer'd all my natural disdain :  
And now the perjur'd wretch has left me to complain. }

To me she said, when I in groves relate  
My woes, kind echo does commiserate.

Said I, my nobler powers love's sway disdain,  
Echo, like you, Narcissus loves in vain.

This sharp reproof I will revenge, said she ;  
I'll change thy nature into sympathy.

From Thetis' watry bed she brought me, where

My body must to sultry liquid glare :

Then curions artists all their skill combin'd,

To form me to my pensive lady's mind ;

With glist'ring diamonds beautify'd me round,

With silver clad, my head with stars was crown'd.

A fable robe did so augment my charms,

The nymph surpriz'd, embrac'd me in her arms ;

Sighing she view'd me with a languid air,

And saw in me the emblem of despair ;

When in her sight to please her I did feign

To be the equal sharer of her pain.

Yet was no flatterer, but a real friend,

And Momus-like, her faults did reprehend :

Told her how love eclips'd each female grace,

Which once adorn'd Clymenia's matchless face.

Said I, rouze up, let nobler thoughts despise  
Tyrannic love, and Plivio's cruelties.

She took th' nepenthe of my grave advice,  
Which banish'd all her former miseries.

She as an oracle consulted me,

And now resumes her former gaiety,

And vows to be Diana's votary.

### VII. *Enigma 112, by Mr. Massey.*

From seed, or egg, the tender foetus springs,  
Of all our common generated things :

For, as the modern naturalists explore,

Spontaneous generation is no more.

But my capricious rise upbraids the rules

Laid down by Aristotle, and the schools ;

Regardless of the search of prying eyes,

And all assistant midwifry denies.

From male, or female, I indifferent spring ;

Nay take my birth from almost every thing :

A cloud may oft my pregnant mother be,

Sometimes a church, and oft an ancient tree ;

A fan, a chair, a mouse, old iron, earth,

Have often given me my awkward birth :

And when brought forth, I in a moment's space

Start out from home, and rove from place to place.

No corner of the universe is known,  
But I have come from thence, and thither flown;  
And always with such potent force endu'd,  
I rush as swift as lightning from cloud.

Sometimes I through the strongest walls can pass,  
Fly thro' a window, and not break the glass;  
The trembling ladies in their beds invade,  
Or make a monarch with his guards afraid.

But I not always terrible appear,  
To damp the mirthful, or affright the fair :  
Sometimes into their company I move,  
With all the sweets and blandishments of love;  
So soft, so charming, that with rapt'rous glee,  
They fix the passions of their soul on me;  
And for my sake forego the night's repose,  
Or slight the service of officious beaux.  
But — farther let me not myself undress,  
Lest you see plainly what you are to gues.

*The Prize Enigma; whoever answers it before Candlemas-day, 1722, has a chance by lot to win 12 or 8 of these diaries.*

Ye riddling wits, ingenious to reveal  
What some from you obscurely wou'd conceal;  
Tell me whence we proceed, or who we are?  
Poor couple! but a merry fruitful pair :  
We're white as chaste Pigmalion's miss (we think),  
And yet our children are as black as ink.  
They're forty-two in number, yet we bear  
Each one and twenty, as our equal share :  
But some perhaps will say, they're not our own,  
Because we very often lie alone.

We came from India, if you fain wou'd know,  
Our children ne'er will any bigger grow :  
Whole troops of men they often discompose,  
For which we oft receive ill natur'd blows.  
Dame Fortune makes us execute her will,  
To gain th' ascendant over human skill;  
She fways our lives, with us she most prevails,  
And while she favours one, another rails,  
Damns her, and in his passion bites his nails.  
Ye can't tell which of us is man or wife,  
Nor which child's boy or girl, not for your life;  
We've each of us an odd one, that makes sport  
When e'er they chance together to resort ;  
In armies we delight to play our tricks,  
One there, sometimes does as much hurt as six  
Ha' done.—I almost hear each lady cry,  
Don't you unriddle it, pray let me try.

1723.

*Rules for making Enigmas.*

Having in the last year's diary said something of the errors in the arithmetical questions and answers, it would seem proper make some observations on the enigmas; which I cannot better than by extracting part of a letter of Calypso's, where she very ingeniously criticisces, and then gives these rules for their composition.

" What figures in rhetoric, enigmatists may be allow'd to make use of for the better disguising their subjects, I shall not here trouble myself to enumerate; but shall make bold to insert some few reflections, which I hope you'll allow, they ought not to transgress in their compositions.

" First, That they propose all their enigmas on subjects generally known; because 'tis not to be suppos'd the generality of our sex, to whom in a peculiar manuer you dedicate your diary, are read in the mysteries of all arts and sciences.

" Secondly, That they ascribe to no subject a property or quality incoherent to, or inconsistent with it. As for example; in an enigma upon Snow, 'twou'd be very absurd to say, it discolours all the surface of the sea, or defies the fury of Ætnean flames.

" Thirdly, That they propose not particular qualities for general. For tho' by Syncedoche we say, *Æthiops Albus* — *quia albos habet dentes*; yet it would be very improper in an enigma upon a Blackamore, to make him speak in general terms — I'm white as down of swans or falling snow. Another caution which may be reduced to this rule is, That they propose not certain numbers for uncertain.

" Fourthly, That they have regard to time. In treating on subjects which *have been*, but now are not: They ought always to speak in the preterperfect tense, not in the present. As were I to write an enigma on Noah's Ark, 'twou'd be ridiculous if I should say, all creatures living *are* within its womb. This wou'd confine the answerer's thoughts entirely to things now in being. To this rule may also be added the regard they ought to have to place.

" These are maxims so plain and common, that 'twere an absurdity one wou'd think to violate any of them, and yet 'twere to be wish'd some enigmatists in your diary wou'd be ty'd down to them. Whenever they are violated, 'tis certain the reader is imposed upon, for in solving an enigma until we can bring it to answer in every particular, we cannot suppose we have found

" the

" the solution. If therefore the proposer imposes a falsity upon us,  
 " tho' never so small, 'tis still an objection to our answer, and we  
 " go on beating our brains in endeavouring to apply to some  
 " thing, that which perhaps is not applicable to any thing."

*Latina Enigmata sunt 18 Consonantes, & Allium.*

Cui subjiciatur illud horatianum,  
 Parentis olim si quis impia manu  
 Senile guttur fregerit,  
 Edat cicutis *Allium* nocentius;  
 At, si quid unquam tale concupiveris,  
 Jucunde — Precor  
 Manum puella suavio opponat tuo,  
 Extrema & in sponda cubet. *Jac. Wyld.*

*Mrs. Anne Russel's answer to the prize.*

Si damnosa senam juvat alea. Ludit et hæres  
 Bullatus, parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo. *Juv.*

*Responsa Lat. Enig. by Joh. Painter.*

LITERULIS meritum qui non præbebit honorem,  
 ALLIUM olens edat, suavia amica neget.

*Enigma per Joh. Painter.*

Affiduu socius lateri, dum parvus, adhæsi  
 Materno, & crevi, crevit ut ipsa parens,  
 Quæ mecum aërios auget tentare volatus,  
 Atque etiam per aquas fecit iter liquidas,  
 At caput (heu!) tandem mihi barbarus abscidit hostis,  
 Atque novos vultus improbus ille dedit;  
 A transformato veniunt spes, ira, voluptas,  
 Sumque boni fautor, sæpius atque mali:  
 Fœdus amicitiae conservat amicus amico  
 Per me; bella gero, pacis et author ego.  
 Nostra opera aspiciens gaudet vel languet amator,  
 Risus vel Rugas Phyllidis ista ferunt:  
 Omnes me metuunt, tam magna potentia nostra!  
 Sin mihi potus abest, nil valeo — satis est.

*Answer*

*Answers to the last year's Enigmas.*

106. A HARE.

107. A BELL, great Tom of OXON.

108. BRIEFS.

109. MOUNT ATHOS.

110. A BRIDLE for a Scold,

111. A LOOKING-GLASS.

112. SOUND.

*Prize.* A Pair of DICE.

1st Lat. Enig. GARLIC. 2d Lat. CONSONANTS and VOWELS.

*Enigma 106, answered by Mrs. Eliz. Ranson.*

As I beheld Acteon's quick-nos'd crew  
 With winged haste the tim'rous HARE pursue,  
 Assisted by the routs, who all combin'd  
 Poor Lepus' ruin, in pursuit they join'd.  
 When thus she view'd her foes with frightful eyes,  
 A trembling faintnes did her limbs surprize :  
 Quite spent with springing over lawns and fields,  
 To th' merc'less crew, her guiltless life she yields.  
 Thus as I paus'd on Lepus' dismal state,  
 Tho' innocent, yet most unfortunate ;  
 Your knotty riddle I could then unloose,  
 Which long before lay hidden and abstruse.

*Enigma 107, answered by Mrs. Grace Egidius.*

When TOM at Oxford SOUNDS at nine,  
 Each lad must leave his love and wine :  
 If DICE hit right, the prize is mine.

112.  
 } Pr.

*Club Sohoe sends this answer to the 109th Enigma.*

States rates, employ'd by Alexander the Great, contriv'd to have  
 a mount Athos, in Thrace, so as to have made it represent the  
 most noble and durable statue or image of a man that shou'd be in  
 the whole world; in his left hand he was to hold a city large  
 enough to contain 10000 inhabitants, and out of his right hand  
 was to flow a great river which shou'd empty itself into the sea.

*Plutarch's Lives.*

translate in the following copy of verses answers all the Enig-  
 mas in the diary for 1722.

If, when I take the DICE to throw,  
 For the much wish'd-for prize,  
 Fortune one lucky cast bestow,  
 I'll praise her to the skies.

Pr.

T

The

The BELLS shall ring to speak the joy  
That sparkles in my face,  
The eager huntsman shows not more,  
When a long doubtful chace  
Is ended by th' untimely death  
Of some poor hart, or HARE,  
And dogs and men in consort join'd,  
Proclaim the vict'ry there. 106.

And whilst propitious fortune's praise,  
To tuneful notes I bring,  
The MOUNTAINS shall repeat the SOUND, 109, 111.  
And fortune's praises sing.

Now prithee, Oedipus declare,  
What t'other five enigmas are.  
There's LETTERS PATENTS for the poor,  
A BRIDLE for a scolding whore,  
Oh! shew the pretty thing her face,  
Ne'er let her want a LOOKING-GLASS. 111.

Without an ONION this may make her weep,  
Nay make her heart and tongue a consort keep,  
It may make audible her sad accounts,  
As VOWELS always do with CONSONANTS. 1 Lat. 2 Lat.

Mr. Tho. Dod answers all the Enigmas in the following ingenious lines to Galatea.

Tho' oft the partridge, cock, and HARE,  
Entice me out from home;  
The wit of Galatea fair,  
Must still attract her TOM. 107.

The virtues of her sex, in her  
BRIEFLY epitomiz'd,  
MOUNT to ambition, I prefer  
To health by others priz'd. 108.

She for the government o'th' tongue,  
No curb nor BRIDLE needs; 109.  
Whose speech is tuneful as the song,  
Or all her sex besides. 110.

MIRROUR of beauteous modesty  
In conversation found;  
And whatsoe'er of her we see,  
Her praises still re-SOUND. 111.

Wou'dst thou thy happiness compleat,  
At once make there thy choice;  
Her for this pleasing consort get,  
And guide to para-DICK. 112.

My ingenious friend and constant correspondent Mr. Da. Meredith, answers them all in the complaint of a slighted swain, thus:

Close by a brook the love-sick Damon sate,  
And wail'd in doleful notes his wretched fate ;  
Swell'd by his tears the torrent sped along,  
With mournful S O U N D in consort to his song. 112.

“ The fatal D I E alas ! at length is thrown, Prize.  
“ And fly Amintor has Belinda won ;  
“ Transported by the sweet un-B R I D L E D tongue, 110.  
“ About her snowy neck his arms were hung ;  
“ Her f miles approve the freedom which he takes,  
“ And her bright eyes the swain his M I R R O R makes. 111.  
“ Tho' when her pity I did erst intreat,  
“ She seem'd a stranger to love's A L P H A B E T ; 2 Lat.  
“ Swift as a H A R E, when I approach'd, she flew, 106.  
“ Like Daphne when Apollo did pursue.  
“ My pain alas ! contemns great Galen's art,  
“ No drugs can raze her image from my heart ;  
“ Sooner may M O U N T A I N S into valleys turn ;  
“ Sooner the sun may freeze, the ocean burn,  
“ I solve in B R I E F, all in the diary, 108.  
“ Or G A R L I C with Arabian odours vie, 1 Lat.  
“ Than I Belinda from my thoughts expel,  
“ Till some kind hand shall toll my passing B E L L . 107.

In this method most of them are answer'd by Hudibras, Mr. Tappier, Mrs. Holford, Mr. Bath, Lucilius, Mr. Page, Mr. Ayrey, Mrs. E. Dod, Mrs. Eddows, Eliza, S. F. the two first having answer'd them all ; but room will not permit my inserting them here.

Upon Candlemas-day drawing the lots for the prizes, out of 27 of the female answerers to the prize enigma, the first lot fell to Mrs. Eliz. Greenwood, of 12 diaries. Then the names of those men who answer'd it were added, and a second lot of 8 diaries fell to Mrs. Anna Price.

### New Enigmas.

#### I. Enigma 113, by Mr. Leigh Maffey.

Proteus, as poets say, cou'd fishes ape,  
Or Beasts, or turn himself to any shape ?  
But I can be a bird, or beast, or fish,  
Sometimes a brace of these, and oft a leash :  
I can be what I please, or that, or this,  
Nay all in Ovid's Metamorphosis.  
I o cou'd be a cow, and Jove a bull,  
With gold he fill'd the virgin's apron full.

But I can be a crown of gold or brafs,  
Or silver, or a dragon green as grafs.  
And yet I am no witch, altho' folk say,  
They can be tabby cats, white, black, or grey.  
I mimic sacred things with nicer skill,  
And e'en the civil sword obeys my will.  
Tho' some may think me saucy, yet with ease  
I can assume the mitre, if I please,  
And not be thought presuming; any change  
Will serve my turn, nay ships too, which is strange;  
I often am an anchor, none resist  
My pleasure, I'm a lion when I list.  
Whole bodies I not only imitate,  
But even heads, or paws, or legs, or feet.  
I seldom vary from what I once have been,  
As in good families may still be seen.  
For when I'm fix'd by laws, I may not change  
From what the kings in order do me range.

II. *Enigma 114, by H. P.*

In the dire clime, where endless tracks of snow  
Are always seen, and nature's all-congeal'd  
By horrid frosts; where the cold bleak north wind  
Forbids the motion of the limpid streams;  
Strephon (whom fate on that dire climate threw)  
One of its fierce inhabitants subdu'd,  
His foe he strip'd, the spoil at Celia's feet  
He lays, and earnestly invokes the God  
Of love, to make the gift acceptable.

Six months the nymph 'twill constantly attend,  
As many more 'twill unregarded lie;  
The roseal beauties of her tender cheek,  
If she the use of Strephon's gift neglects,  
A sudden livid paleness will invade;  
No cosmetic will so effectual prove  
As this to guard the beauties of her line;  
More useful ornament ne'er grac'd the fair.  
Devotion's self without its needful aid,  
Would often languid, cold, and lifeless grow.  
And when grave judges, aldermen, or kings,  
Appear abroad to grace a solemn day,  
This makes part of the public pageantry.  
Celia, if you shou'd find this hard to guess,  
Ask, for I'm sure your paramour can tell.

III. *Enigma 115, by Sol. Cook.*

When first th' almighty gave creation birth,  
I started from the fruitful womb of earth,  
Since liv'd in regions not to ancients known,  
Till bold invaders made my clime their own.

From distant shores I'm wafted o'er the main,  
And thousands live luxurious by my gain;  
Sometimes to orphans I'm a kind support,  
And help t' maintain the grandeur of the court.

Whoever seeks my peaceful company,  
At first address I'm always very shy;  
Convulsive sweats o'erspread my lover's face,  
E'er I'm propitious to his wish'd embrace.  
But if he does with earnest love pursue,  
I grow familiar, and am friendly too:  
If sad perplexing cares oppress his soul,  
Or if he drowns his sorrows in a bowl,  
A lov'd companion in these diff'rent states  
I still remain, and guiltless of debates.

But mark the ingrateful temper of the age,  
With whomso'er I friendly thus engage,  
In fiercest torments he my body lays;  
The purest element my shape destroys.

Sometimes the females fondly me embrace,  
And court my favours in a secret place.  
But hold,—The ladies cry no more of this,  
Unmask no further, we guess what it is.

#### IV. *Enigma 116, by Mrs. Eliz. Darbyshire.*

As fam'd as ever was Euterpe's lute,  
Or Polyhymnia for the Lesbian flute,  
Tho' with her music this inspires her mind,  
And that with songs persuades you to be kind.

Yet I am mistress of Apollo's art,  
To me the sweetest voice he did impart:  
So well as me the swan cou'd never sing,  
Nor yet Amphion with his Theban string.  
Tho' he make dancing stones compose a wall,  
And charm'd 'em so as they'll scarce ever fall:  
Yet I make brass, or harder steel to quake,  
And all the while they tremble, make 'em speak.  
Nor Mercury, nor great Melpomene,  
Cou'd do such feats as have been done by me;  
Nor Cliö, nor her sisters have I seen,  
As Hesiod saw 'em on the shady green.  
For if I had, I'm sure all had been right,  
Not one but wou'd ha' been my profelyte;  
Where e'er I am sweet transports fill the place,  
And mirth triumphant flushes ev'ry face.  
But not to wonder what this thing shou'd be,  
Above a hundred chant and dance with me.  
Thirty or forty of one proper name,  
Lead up the choir and conclude the same.  
This mostly with the fairest sex prevails;  
This will subdue, and does ensnare the males.

V. *Enigma 117, by Calliope.*

Ye lovely maids, whose innate merits shine,  
As if inspired by th' immortal nine;  
Whose sacred offices were known of old  
The hidden rites of wisdom to unfold;  
And now their wonted stations they renew,  
Leaving Olympus to reside in you;  
Since o'er the laws of mystery you reign,  
My wondrous nature to the world explain.

Without my aid no mortal can survive,  
And yet unknown to those I keep alive:  
By me you move, you speak, and challenge fame,  
Yet none of you did ever see my frame.  
Sometimes the greatest friend you mortals know,  
At other times I am your potent foe;  
By me the bright Astrea's glorious name,  
Shines in the volume of immortal fame.  
Adrastea soars on my expanded wings,  
Above the reach of transitory things.

Yet while you read the vast immensity,  
Vain is your greatest art if turn'd on me,  
Most authors term me of the female kind,  
For they're the brightest work that heav'n design'd.  
Yet one advantage does to me belong,  
Their beauties fade, but I am ever young:  
Rapt with my force does Anna Bowen sing,  
I gave her bright description of the spring.  
Fair Drufilinda owes me her desert,  
In whom is center'd all my virtuous art;  
Yet such does my mysterious nature seem,  
They're ignorant of ought, but of my name;  
Which by my usual truth is ne'er confess'd,  
My words are faithful as my virgin's breast.

VI. *Enigma 118, by Mrs. Mary Cheshire.*

When blushing Phœbus with his welcome light  
Dispell'd the shades and darkness of the night,  
I to a chrystral fountain took my way,  
Led by the fragrant sweetnes of the day;  
My ears were tickled with a warbling lute,  
Whose trembling echo forc'd me nearer to't.  
(For if what ancient poets write be true,  
The woods and stones the tuneful Orpheus drew.)  
I look'd about and saw a charming fair,  
With golden tresses, but dishevel'd hair:  
Fix'd were my eyes, like th' needle to the north,  
When lo! the rose, and to the winds broke forth.

" Boa

The  
day  
dian  
T

" Boast not how swiftly thro' the air you fly,  
 " Nor boast ye lightnings from th' æthereal sky,  
 " There's something does your utmost speed excel,  
 " Which in my breast I'm willing to conceal ;  
 " None of the winged choir so fast can move,  
 " Not he that bears the thunderbolts of Jove :  
 " It in one moment round the poles can go,  
 " Swifter than arrows from the Parthian bow ;  
 " Into all nations of the globe can peep,  
 " And view the wonders of the raging deep :  
 " Can soar to heaven, and a journey take  
 " With unseen motion to the sulph'rous lake."  
 But here she ceas'd, I found I knew what 'twas,  
 Yet won't divulge it, ladies, till you guess.

VII. *Enigma 119, in pindaric verse, by Mr. Meredith.*

A virgin spotless, beautiful, and fair,  
 Tho' naked I appear :  
 Nearly ally'd to human race,  
 The British isles my native place.  
 And with its fairest dames I may for native charms compare :  
 Yet cross-grain'd fates point out my doom ;  
 In this my bloom,  
 A Briton bold  
 On me lays hold,  
 Deprives me of my maidenhead ;  
 Then strait I'm to a swarthy Indian wed.  
 Fate does my fellow native screen,  
 From all the vengeance of my ire :  
 But my presuming spouse to expiate his sin,  
 In my embraces does expire.  
 Stain'd by this guilt I soon neglected grow ;  
 In sable-hue my crimes I mourn,  
 While he that was my friend becomes my foe,  
 Nor can I to his favour more return,  
 Till I from my pollutions am releas't,  
 Which neither pope nor priest,  
 Nor all the water in the sea,  
 But Vulcan's flames alone can purge away.

*The Prize Enigma ; whoever answers it before Candlemas-day, 1723, has a chance by lot to win 12 or 8 of these diaries.*

*The Prize Enigma, in blank verse, by Mr. Meredith.*

As ancient bards long since of Venus sung,  
 To Neptune's foamy bounds I owe my birth,  
 Tho' not the beauty which I now enjoy.

T' express the hardships which I underwent,  
Ere I my present state and form acquir'd,  
(Enough to melt a tyrant's heart to pity)  
Wou'd be too tedious; I shall therefore wave it,  
And only what befel me after, tell.

When at full growth I by degrees arriv'd,  
A husband soon for me provided was,  
A foreigner, from distant southern climes,  
In stature, shape, and nature so unlike,  
That north and south cou'd hardly differ more.  
Yet such a dowry with him was propos'd,  
My avaricious breast cou'd not withstand;  
This to my full content I first receiv'd,  
Then straight we were in strict alliance join'd.

Long thus in nuptial fondness we remain'd;  
In close embrace I did encircle him,  
And he, as true as e'er was faithful swain,  
Ne'er sought occasion from my arms to fly.

But yet a dismal fate did us attend,  
(As no terrestrial joys are permanent)  
Rapacious hands attack'd my loyal spouse,  
With violence he cou'd not long resist;  
Pierc'd thro' and thro' at last with pointed steel,  
By force he was from my embraces torn:  
Nor yet content with that, they rifled me  
Of all my store, and then to scorn expos'd,  
Left me a widow, destitute and poor,  
In sorrow thus to wail my wretched state.

## 1724.

*Enig. 3º subjicit hoc Virgilianum J. Painter.*

**F**AUCIBUS INGENTEM FUMUM (mirabile dictu!)  
Evomit; involvitque domum caligine cæca,  
Prospectum eripiens oculis, glomeratque sub antro  
Fumiferam noctem commixtis igne tenebris.

*En. lib. 3.*

*Ejusdem solutio septem Enig.*

Triste tentas pellere CHIROTHECIS  
Frigus? Hybernis ego latus horis  
Clamo; FUMANTES, puer, asser HERBAS,  
Daque LAGENAM.

*Enig. iii.*

*Pr.*

*N.*

Nec LYRÆ defint, TUBILIQUE mundi.  
Hæc possunt curas amovere MENTE.  
Hæc PUTO, divi, fatis; hæc rogo; et nil  
Amplius opto.

iv, vii.  
v.  
vi.

*Ad Dominum Painter sui Enigmatis solutio.*

Quam bene pinxisti non est mihi copia fandi;  
Nec sane indigetas dum tua PENNA viget:  
Quæ lenis calamus fuerit dum matris in alâ;  
At capite abscisso, fit (velut hydra) minax.

T. *Pennifer.*

*Reſp. Enig. Lat. a Domino Dodd.*

Dum stillant oculi lacrymas & PENNA dolores,  
Damonis risus Phyllidis ista movet.

*Enigma by John Painter.*

Mortales mecum communi femine creti  
Fructiferæ matris me rapuere finu.  
Naſo canit divam tentare Ixionis aui  
Versari celeri noxia membra rotâ:  
Talia fata mihi infonti tormenta pararunt:  
Pulchra sed his, Mirum! debita forma mea.  
Tortor & ille meus, lætis amplectitûr ulnis,  
Ac labris avidis oscula amica rapit.  
Gratus Thyrſigero Bacchô, Cererique remansi;  
Divinis epulis accubuique Jovis.  
Laudibus altisoni sublimis musa Maronis  
Me effert, dum cantat pascua rura, duces.  
Et cecinit Flaccus lyrico me carmine amicus;  
Credidit & magnum me violare nefas.  
Qui me tam dignam versu distinguere possis,  
Phyllide dilectâ jam potiare tuâ.

*Answers to the last year's Enigmas.*

lib. 8.  
113. A COAT OF ARMS.

114. A MUFF.

115. TOBACCO.

116. A SPINNET or Harpsicord.

117. SOUL.

118. THOUGHT.

118. A TOBACCO PIPE.

*Prize, A BOTTLE. Lat. Enig. A PEN.*

*All the Enigmas answer'd by Aristophilus.*

Th' ambitious lofty honour only charms,  
Who only boast their new-bought COAT OF ARMS.  
Unhappy Damon Amaryllis fires,  
And fills the youth with amorous desires :  
Ev'n when soft ERMIN's down preserves the fair  
From chilling cold, and winter's freezing air ;  
If the cold nymph her well-tun'd voice does raise,  
And celebrate some constant lover's praise,  
Then Damon's SOUL is charm'd with such harmonious lays. }  
Or when the sweet SPINNET her art does try, }  
O'er different notes her bounding fingers fly, }  
Swifter than lightning from the flaming sky. }  
No mōre the social PIPE and circling glass,  
To mirth invite the love-sick swain. **Alas !**  
The BOTTLE and TOBACCO fail —  
In vain from these, peace and repose are sought,  
She still is found his best his dearest THOUGHT.

*An answer by Mrs. Anne Bowen.*

When the HARPSICORD sounds, the LION grows RAMPA<sup>116, II</sup>  
Jove tears off his ERMIN, and the goddesses stamp on't. }  
Ev'ry thought is inspir'd with poetical FLIGHTS, }  
And the PEN of Apelles scenography writes. }  
Without a PIPE of TOBACCO, and a BOTTLE of wine, }  
Grave Apollo's a buzzard, a flock of wild geese the nine.

*An answer to all the Enigmas by Astrea.*

On her SPINNET as beauteous Lælia play'd,  
Mine ears and eyes at once my heart betray'd,  
Whilst they her magic charms into my SOUL convey'd.  
I snatch'd her MUFF, which to my mouth apply'd,  
I THOUGHT the softness of her lips I try'd,  
Then straight my PEN in raving lines express'd  
The frantic raptures of my love-sick breast.

But now, when reason has resum'd its reign,  
I find all those exalted wishes vain :  
I never can by HERALDRY make good  
A title to genteel or noble blood ;  
And sure her lofty birth and charming face  
Will ne'er unite with a Plebeian race.

Well then, since my pretensions prove in vain,  
I ne'er pursue what's hopeless to obtain.  
In my PIPE and BOTTLE seek relief,  
And with TOBACCO puff away my grief.

119, Pr.

115.

## Mr. Tho. Hoyle's answer.

Let formal fop with simple SOUL  
Strut in his MUFF of otter,  
And boast the ARMS he ne'er deserv'd,  
And picks his teeth with QUILL of goose,  
Since he can use 't no better.  
Give me a BOTTLE of Champaign,  
And PIPE of best YORK RIVER,  
The SPINNET touch'd by pretty nymph,  
And then in THOUGHT I shall surpass  
Rich Crœsus or great Cæsar.

117.

114.

113.

Lat.

Pr.

119, 115.

116.

118.

## An answer to all the Enigmas by Blowsabella.

Whoe'er reflects on nature's glorious frame,  
Will find creation nought design'd in vain.  
The PEN unstain'd with ink regardless lies,  
Useless cork from empty BOTTLE flies;  
The virgin PIPE, till to her SOTWEED wed,  
Undisturb'd in nature's easy bed:  
The heavenly ORGAN breaths harmonious lays,  
Excite our zeal, and our devotion raise.  
A MUFFS and tippets, costly robes of state,  
And all the gaudy SCUTCHEONS of the great,  
Else some noble virtues they inspire,  
There's none but empty SOULS and THOUGHTLESS fops admire.

Lat.

Pr.

116, 117.

116.

114.

113.

117, 118.

## Another by Gregory Grindgrift.

I am a young miller of a right thieving trade,  
And oft have I loaded an old crippled jade.  
With a PIPE of TOBACCO, and a BOTTLE of brandy, 119, 115, Pr.  
My THOUGHTS I'm as happy a SOUL as e'er can be. 118.  
With SPINNET and rich FURS heighten Celia's charms, 116, 114.  
With the clack and the grist-bag be my COAT OF ARMS. 113.

## Galatea's Lamentation, sheweth,

That from an ev'ning walk she coming in,  
(She need not tell the ladies where she'd been)  
Her papa SMOAKING in the corner, cry'd,  
Come, Gatty, lay aside your FURS and pride, 115.  
" Take 114.

" Take your SPINNET, divert me with a tune,  
" To make my PIPE and FLASK go sweetly down.  
While swift as AIR she THOUGHT t'obey, and sing,  
Unhappily she fell, and broke her diamond ring.

In testimony of poor Gatty's harms,  
Instead of word, take PEN and COAT OF ARMS.

116.  
119, Pr.  
118.

Lst. 113.

*All the Enigmas answer'd by Damon.*

While heroes do thro' fields of blood,  
To deck their gaudy 'SCUTCUEONS venture;  
I, by Aurelia's charms subdu'd,  
In her my whole ambition center.  
When Phœbus to our clime turns tail,  
Let aged fires, to warm their noddles,  
Thro' TUBES MUNDUNGAS fumes exhale,  
Or drain by drams their brandy BOTTLES.  
Aurelia's mien my FANCY fires,  
Ev'n then when MUFFS give fans a downfal.  
Her voice my ravish'd SOUL inspires,  
No SPINNET's notes are half so tuneful.  
Hail, oh! my fair seraphic dame,  
While I am charm'd by these reflections,  
My PEN shall other themes disclaim,  
And only treat of thy perfections.

113.  
119, 115.  
Pr.  
118.  
114.  
117.  
116.

Lst.

*New Enigmas.*

I. *Enigma 120, by Mrs. Mary Cheshire.*

In times of yore, when things in common were  
'Mongst pious men, when universal love  
To scatter'd nations under the expanse  
Of heaven's spacious canopy, was taught;  
Then sure the world with golden days was bleſſ'd.  
But I have reason 'gainſt thoſe times t'exclaim,  
Since even then this peaceful mutual love  
Never diffus'd its influence on me;  
For early woes did with my birth commence,  
Nature was careless, and my ſhape deform'd,  
Mankind malicious enmity denounc'd,  
And vow'd aversion to my future race;  
Thus doom'd to vengeance ever ſince I've been,  
And now remain the object of their hate.  
My food is ſuch as gives me great content,  
But always eat with hazard of my life.  
Search but in palaces you'll find me there,  
Yet oft'ner with poor Iris I cohabit.

Phyllis

Phyllis she calls me vagrant, foe to love,  
 And the disturber of a sweet repose.  
 But when of late her Damon I awoke  
 At noon of night, and bad him to prepare  
 For many joys : the swain with dreadful ire  
 My boneless trunk surpriz'd, and nail'd it down.  
 But farther to explain ——— Pray, madam, don't  
 Good Madam ! Sylvia cries, 'tis plain enough.

II. *Enigma 21, by Junior Thompson.*

Ye sprightly fair ! whose prying wits unfold  
 Dark riddles, though obscurely they be told,  
 Reveal unto the world my hidden name,  
 For you, or none, the myst'ry can explain.

I boast myself a guardian of the fair,  
 None of the least worthy your choicest care.  
 When first my maker form'd me to his mind,  
 He gave me eyes, but left me dark and blind ;  
 He form'd a nose, but left me without smell ;  
 A mouth, but neither voice nor tongue to tell  
 The world my use. Thus senseless I remain'd  
 Some little space of time, e'er I obtain'd  
 The use for which my maker me ordain'd.  
 But 'twas not long before a charming she,  
 Attracted by my worth and gallantry,  
 Made suit to me, and soon my favours gain'd,  
 Wish'd me her own, she wish'd and soon obtain'd.  
 In amorous embrace we straight did join ;  
 But what's more strange, when first her lips touch'd mine,  
 I felt a change. The change did me surprize,  
 That one soft touch should so inspire mine eyes,  
 To give them sight ; 'tis wonderous to tell,  
 I felt the fragrance of her bosom smell.  
 I now grew perfect, tho' imperfect made,  
 Cou'd speak, see, smell, by her life-giving aid.  
 Now if our spousals you would further trace,  
 I metamorphos'd her in my embrace.  
 For her clear visage, without spot or mark,  
 Fair as the morn, by me look'd frightful dark.  
 Not the bright sun when in eclipse he's hid,  
 Looks more disfigur'd than this fair one did.  
 Her neareſt kin, when saw her, in a fright  
 They fled ; she smil'd, but I kept that from sight.  
 Now, ladies, tell my name, and for reward  
 From winter's cold and summer's heat I'll guard.

III. *Enigma 122, by Astrea.*

There is a monster to the world well known,  
 Both lov'd and fear'd, yet visible to none.  
 At first she's weak, and scarce her voice you hear,  
 She walks with caution, and she talks with fear.  
 But in few days grown to prodigious size,  
 Her voice more strenuous growing as she flies,  
 With equal boldness utters truth and lies.  
 Ever in motion with expanded wings ;  
 With thousand ears intelligence she brings ;  
 She's thousand eyes which ne'er admit of sleep ;  
 And thousand tongues which never silence keep.  
 Flying, she different sentiments inspires,  
 Some grieve, some fear, that envies, this admires.  
 An angel or a fury she may be,  
 There's in her nature such variety.

IV. *Enigma 123, by Philo-musus.*

Within the bowels of the earth immur'd,  
 And with impenetrable rocks secur'd,  
 I undiscover'd lay, till painful art  
 Depul's me from my tender mother's heart.  
 Some say I was engendered by the sun,  
 In beds of adamant to light unknown,  
 Which no prolific rays did ever pierce  
 Since the foundation of the universe.

I search the depths of hidden mysteries,  
 And know the various changes of the skies.  
 I warn the watchful shepherds of the plain  
 To guard their flocks from storms of snow and rain.  
 I know when Boreas thunders in the north,  
 And Æolus his stock of winds lets forth.  
 I teach the seedman when to plough and sow,  
 And point the seasons when to reap and mow.

When I am crush'd, t' a thousand globes I run,  
 As small as dancing atoms in the sun ;  
 Each floating particle, like rolling sand  
 Trills back again, and joins at my command.  
 So hissing snakes their young ones rally home,  
 Who to their mother's bowels quickly come.  
 When cut in two the sever'd parts conjoin,  
 And by a plastic touch unite again.

Thro' sundry transmutations I am toss'd,  
 And in variety of changes lost.  
 Sometimes I'm liquid fire, then soon become  
 A lump of lead, a caput mortuum.

Tho' th' alchymist dissolves my shatter'd frame  
Into a thousand shapes, I'm still the same.  
Tell me, ye fair ones, tell me what's my name.

V. *Enigma 124, by Damon.*

A mighty champion from the shades below  
I come, but without teeth or tail,  
Or hands or feet, or what might else assail ;  
Yet o'er my ragged foes I soon prevail,  
Prostrate and trample all the way I go.  
But like the ancient Greeks, who never fought

Save when their guts were full ;  
So I, till I my belly full have got,

Am but a dull unactive tool.

Yet then my diet's strange, you'll say, I'm sure ;  
For what I fill my hungry paunch withal,

Ere to my work I fall,

Wou'd most things else devour.

A bad digestion often checks my speed,  
For that on which with greediness I feed,

Having no teeth

To chew it with,

I soon am fain.

To disembogue it whole again;

Then down my throat another mess I post,  
And straightway lay about me might and main,  
Doubling my speed t'atone for that small time I lost.

VI. *Enigma 125, by Hesychia.*

Whether of heathen or of christian race  
I am, to most is yet a dubious case ;  
I'm of amphibious nature, as you please,  
Sometimes on land I'm found, sometimes in seas.  
I rarely spring or summer do appear,  
Altho' the pleasant'st time of all the year ;  
Nay, till the solstice in the winter's gone,  
I'm little reckon'd of, or thought upon :  
Yet writers often, whether gay or sage,  
Make use of me, at least in the first page.  
Tho' grown in years, yet most times is express'd,  
Youth in my brow, and frankness in the rest.  
The maid looks smiling on me when I come,  
And scarce will say her lady's not at home.  
Come when I will, before or at a feast,  
'Tis seldom seen but I'm a welcome guest.  
As sure, fair ladies, you will not disown,  
When these my features unto you are known.

VII. *Enigma 126, by Blowfabella.*

Ye furies, curs'd inhabitants of hell,  
 Where endless fears, remorse, and sorrows dwell,  
 My frightful form, and shameful actions tell.  
 }  
 That wond'ring mortals may my name explore,  
 And drive the subtile viper from the door.  
 Erynnis thus began with accents wild,  
 " Love is thy parent, but revenge thy child.  
 " Medusa's hair hangs hissing down thy head,  
 " And eyes and ears all round thy body spread;  
 " Thy bones stand staring thro' thy parchment skin,  
 " And thousand vultures tear thy lungs within:  
 " At thy right hand sit madness and despair,  
 " Thy left grasps all the frightful forms of care.  
 " Oh shocking sight! yet shocking as you be,  
 " There's thousand entertain and welcome thee.  
 " In Spain and Italy thou'rt most in fashion,  
 " Tho' much caref'd by almost every nation.  
 " Maids, husbands, widows, bachelors, and wives,  
 " At thy approach curse their unhappy lives.  
 " Urg'd on by thee, Herod the children slew,  
 " And envious Saul the pointed jav'lin threw.  
 " Unlimited thy power, thy boundless sway  
 " Scepters and croisiers, swords and crooks obey.  
 " What's worse, wherever you possession take,  
 " No magic power can exorcise the snake.  
 " No herb, no balm, nor all Apollo's art;  
 " Death, only death, can cure the raging smart."  
 This said, in livid flames the fiend withdrew;  
 I paus'd a while, but soon the monster knew,  
 Which, ladies, friendly I've expos'd to you.

*The Prize Enigma; whoever answers it before Candlema  
 1724, has a chance by lot to win 12 or 8 diaries.*

Ah! what a monster comes within my view!  
 What horrid spectres does my fancy see!  
 Can earth such forms, to hell ally'd so near,  
 Produce; and such enormous daughters rear.  
 No more of Sphinx, no more Medusa's name,  
 Nor furies more in horror place shall claim.

Drawn from earth's womb, and on her margin thrown,  
 To happy ages past, in form unknown:  
 Sometimes to th' eye a livid hue she wears,  
 Sometimes a yellow colour too she bears.  
 Not acres nine she for her bulk demands,  
 Nor Argus' eyes, nor strong Briareus hands.

Giants, to gain the empire of the world,  
 Valleys depress'd, mountains on mountains hurl'd.  
 Had Jove had her, he might with peaceful smiles  
 beheld her with a puff blown down their piles.  
 No hands she hath, or feet, or tongue, or ears ;  
 But one small eye on her large trunk appears :  
 A spacious mouth decors her swarthy face,  
 Which neither teeth, nor nose, nor forehead grace.  
 When she takes air an hundred males attend ;  
 For to the females she's no grateful friend.  
 A surly trull, deboist, a clam'rous scold,  
 With Jupiter so loud, not Juno bawl'd.  
 Amphion's lyre charm'd stones into a wall ;  
 But when she sings, she'll make a tow'r to fall.  
 When she but speaks, th' attendants bow the knee,  
 And none's from dismal apprehensions free ;  
 So awful is her voice and majesty. }  
 She barks and growls with such a dreadful yell,  
 You'd swear it was the guardian dog of hell.  
 Nor gives her vote, but when a fee's bestow'd,  
 Then for her patron none more bold and loud :  
 Around her spittle tosses in debates,  
 And both her friends and foes contaminates.  
 Say muse no more ; we shall offend the fair,  
 Whose piercing genius must her name declare.

---

1725.

Author Lepidissime,

Balbiæ, Ebor. 7 Cal. Dec. 1723.

Q Uicquid in immensis cœli, terræque, marisque  
 Thesauris lateat, panditur omne tibi.  
 Ne tua venturis laudum præconia seclis  
 Abdita fint, nec quò progrediantur, habent.  
 ALBION illa senex audacibus annuit aulis ;  
 Ne jam Barbariæ pondere pressa cadat.  
 Maestè novâ virtute, legent juvenesque puellæ  
 Parvum opus ; è parvis grandis habetur honos.  
 Laudibus innumeris numeri tibi tempora cingent ;  
 Et meritam laurum musa Britanna dabit.  
*Libenter obtulit, tui aque ac utilitatis publicæ studiosus.*  
*Guliel. Fairbank.*

*Ejusdem Enigmatum solutio in Zelotypiam.*

Pronuba Tisiphone thalamis ululavit in illis,  
 Queis, mala SUSPICIO, es commaculata decus.  
**FAMA** tibi vitam, vires dedit illa querenti;  
 Proferat ô utinam **LARVA** dolosa necem.  
**Quid si PEDICULIS** sine te, dura, obsitus essem?  
 MERCURIO victi cedere sede parant.  
**TORMENTIQUE** tubaque sonus vanescit in auras,  
 Unica at antidotus **VITIS** amœna manet.

*Respons. J. Painter, L. A. per Jac. Bath.*

Potores bibuli media de nocte Falerni,  
 Oderunt porrecta negantem **POCULA**: Quamvis  
 Nocturnos jures te formidare vapores [Herat.]

*Lat. Enigmatis solutio. Tho. Dod.*

Sit mihi plena mero, curarum molle levamen,  
 Corrugat frontem, **FICTILIS URNA**, Venus.

*Enigma per Judith. Weal.*

Instabilis licet, & venti variabilis instar,  
 Muto locum semper, non locus alter habet.  
**Ast** fixus tenui transfoissus viscera ferro,  
 Hæreo in excelsis aëreisque locis.  
 Non Proteus magis incertus, nec Apollinis ora  
 Certa magis, constans sum pariterque levis.  
 Prævideo nimbos, & tempora dico futura,  
 Sum sine mente, sagax, utque sine ore loquor.

*Enigma per Philomusus.*

Late per tremulas volito circumfluus aures,  
 Mixtas, immixtas, circinor inque rotas.  
 Non magè veloci rapiuntur fulmina cursu,  
 Tardior ex arcu Partha sagitta fugit.  
 Non semel à Stygiis rupi penetralibus, orbem  
 Invati à summo non semel ipse polo.  
 Opposuit natura mihi montesque, petrasque;  
 Hos supero, aut redeo duplus ab oppositis.  
 Me feriente tremit Capitolî immobile saxum,  
 Arx nulla inclusum me cohibere valet.  
**Sæpe** leves somnos suadeo, Corydonis & ignes  
 Phyllidis auriculæ sapè susurro suæ.

Scire velis talis quis sim genitoribus ortus?  
Me parit assidue quicquid in orbe movet.  
Nulla mihi forma est, nullus color, aëre solo  
Vescor, continuo si fileam morior.

*Answers to the last year's Enigmas.*

120. A FLEA.  
121. A MASK.  
122. FAME.  
123. MERCURY.

124. A SMOOTHING IRON.  
125. A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.  
126. JEALOUSY.

Prize. A CANNON. Lat. A POT.

*All the Enigmas answered by Aftrea.*

Vainly I lov'd a fair, but faithless she,  
Who wore the MASK of vile hypocrisy,  
And tortur'd my fond heart with JEALOUSY.  
Her outward form adorn'd with every grace;  
Her mind more fickle than the WEATHER GLASS.

But now no more shall love my heart seduce,  
Nor the rich CUP fraught with delicious juice.  
No more inconstant Lesbia's scorns I'll fear,  
No more call minutes hours, the month a YEAR.

Mars will receive me, there I shall be bless'd,  
To him for refuge fly all the distress'd.  
Not famine, STEEL that FLEAS shall me affright, 124, 120.  
In the dead CANNON's roar I'll take delight : Pr.  
In this bold enterprize I only aim,  
To lose the thoughts of love, and merit FAME.

127.  
126.  
123.  
Lat.  
125.  
122.

*Answer'd by Mr. William Cookesley.*

While Damon sat with utmost grief oppress'd,  
His tears made way, and thus he eas'd his breast.

I find, alas! my passion burns in vain,  
My NEW YEAR'S GIFT can't move her cold disdain.  
That curious polish'd Box design'd to SMOOTH,  
But adds more rugged obstacles to love.  
That velvet MASK, I for her face design'd,  
But she false nymph more screens her faithless mind.  
No chymic lover with his nicest art,  
Can fix th' unsteady MERC'RY of her heart.  
That pretty little fugitive the FLEA,  
Methinks presents her false escapes from me.

Why then shou'd JEALOUSY thus tear my breast?  
With jovial CUPS I'll strive to gain my rest.  
If that me fails, I'll, where the CANNONS roar,  
Contend for glorious FAME, and love no more.

125.  
124.  
121.  
123.  
120.  
126.  
Lat.  
Pr.  
122.  
Mr.

Mr. Christo. Mason *answers them thus*:

A SMOOTHING BOX for NEW YEAR'S GIFT I send, 5, 6.  
 Wishing kind heaven the fair ones may attend;  
 That guardian angels may preserve 'em free  
 From false REPORT, and meagre JEALOUSY; 3, 7.  
 From dangers where loud CANNONS rend the sky; Pr.  
 From fops, and culls worn out with MERCURY: 4.  
 Then they un-MASK'd, may drink their harmless tea, 2.  
 And for detraction need not care a FLEA. 1.

*All the Enigmas answered by Brunetta.*

Kind sir, 'tis true, I freely own,  
 I ne'er before was correspondent, 122.  
 But since your FAME so far is flown,  
 Protest and vow I'm mighty fond on't. 122.  
 But still a JEALOUSY remains, 126.  
 Tho' I've un-MASK'd your riddles right, 121.  
 That notwithstanding all my pains,  
 My answer scarce will see the light. 121.  
 For shou'd old friends be once left out,  
 No question but they'd bounce and bluster, 123.  
 Like QUICK-SILVER, and make a rout, Pr.  
 As CANNON does when soldiers muster. 123.  
 But to speak out, I car'nt a FLEA, 120.  
 Altho' you serve me as I hinted, 120.  
 But am resolv'd my CLACK shan't lie, 124.  
 Till I have had an answer printed. 124.  
 The latin one I doubt, a friend to  
 Must cost me a full MUG of beer; Lat.  
 But I shall give't and never grumble,  
 English being all that I pretend to: 125.  
 So wishing you a happy NEW YEAR,  
 I rest, kind sir, your very humble. 125.

*The Enigmas answer'd by Damon.*

Let soldiers' FAME pursue with sword and GUN, 122, Pr.  
 And shift their LOUSY linen once a moon: 120.  
 Let JEALOUS fop, if budding horns he feel, 126.  
 His Celia keep within to starch and STEEL, 124.  
 Nor suffer her t'appear without a MASK: 121.  
 While on my friends and me the charming flask  
 And circling BRIMMER nobler thoughts bestow, Lat.  
 Whether the WEATHER-GLASS stands high or low, 123.  
 NEW YEAR benign or threat'ning aspects show. 125.

*Answer'd*

*Answer'd by Galatea Eboracensis.*

Polly Cheshire once bit by a **FLEA**, 1.  
Bemoan'd the sad spoils of her face,  
**A MASK**, says young Thomson, will be 2.  
Sufficient to hide your disgrace.  
Oh fie! straight Astrea reply'd, 3.  
I'm sure Mr. Thompson you joke,  
What will fame say to that? and beside,  
Who cares for a pig in a poke?  
No, no, says old Philo, she's got 4.  
**A MERCURIAL** wash for her scars,  
'Tis false! says young Damon—you sot, 5.  
Talk **SMOOTHLY**—or else, by her tears—  
—What, friends falling out this **NEW YEAR**, 6.  
Says old Hesychia —'Tis wrong,  
'Tis **JEALOUSY** makes them severe. 7.  
Quoth Bella, as sure as a **GU**N. Pr.

I have several more ingenious answers to them all except the fifth, but room will not allow their publication, so shall conclude them with one from my ingenious and worthy friend, *Tom. Thick-tricks.*

At first I took thy Latin riddle, Harry,  
For bread; but faith 'tis **CLARET** or Canary. Lat.  
E'er one can kill a **FLEA**, then bring a flask, 1.  
'Twon't hurt our **FAME** without a wizard **MASK**: 3, 2.  
Sure as a **GUN**, you'd get from such a she  
No **NEW YEAR'S GIFT**, but what needs **MERCURY**. 6, 4.  
Besides, your consort, **JEALOUS** of the whore, 7.  
Wou'd claw you off, and like a **CANON** roar.  
Send me the diaries — you can't tell where?  
You'll guess my name by what I send you here,  
A prize enigma for the ensuing year.

Upon Candlemas-day last on drawing the prizes, the first lot of 12 diaries fell to Druselinda, and the second lot of 8 diaries to Mr. Tho. Gilbert, of Tiverton, in Devonshire.

### *New Enigmas.*

#### I. *Enigma 127, by Astrea.*

Whilst fortune smil'd, I was well known to fame,  
And ever honour'd with a conqueror's name;  
Upon my front superb a crown was plac'd,  
My neck was with a golden collar grac'd.

In

In my seraglio I walk'd supreme,  
 And beauteous females courted my esteem.  
 All rivals from their presence I debarr'd,  
 Admitting only eunuchs for their guard.  
 But since in martial fields was my delight,  
 I took the spur, in token I would fight  
 Casual Encounters, like some errant knight.  
 I never to the fiercest foe would yield,  
 But always came victorious from the field.  
 When lam'd of all my limbs, depriv'd of sight,  
 Like Chevy's worthy I maintain the fight.  
 Yet by superior force o'erthrown at last,  
 Without regard to all my glories past,  
 Into a boiling caldron I am cast.

II. *Enigma 128, by Mrs. T. R.*

The myst'ry of my nature to explain,  
 Wou'd rack the deepest philosophic brain;  
 But tho' my birth's more strange, I die like man,  
 And may with justice stile my life a span.  
 I owe my all to nature's simple art,  
 I've Chloe's beauty, tho' not Chloe's heart.  
 She's often lov'd, and sometimes loves in vain,  
 I'm quite exempt from love's tormenting pain;  
 She's made of earth and crumbling mould, so I,  
 Am born like her, and like her too I die.  
 My beauteous eyes, my fragrant graces are  
 As frail as Chloe's, and as Chloe's fair:  
 As Chloe's chiefest beauties, so mine lie,  
 Compriz'd within the center of my eye:  
 She hugs me like a sister to her face,  
 And I unmov'd accept her kind embrace;  
 I touch her panting bosom half the day,  
 Senseless and stupid as my mother clay.  
 Chloe can hear the am'rous swains complain,  
 And gladly joys in every lover's pain.  
 More ears than Chloe on my head I bear;  
 From them I take my name, yet ne'er you'd hear;  
 So if I'm prais'd, I'm ign'rant of the fame.  
 Now, ladies, if you please, may gues my name.

III. *Enigma 129, by Junior Thompson.*

Let haughty monarchs vaunt in wild alarms,  
 Boast in their strength, and glory in their charms.  
 While drums are beat, and trumpets issue noise,  
 And guns proclaim their terror through the skies.  
 And let the softer sex, the British fair,  
 Enjoy their coaches, and the easy chair.

Not thought upon these glories are by me,  
From noise and all promiscuous tumults free ;  
I covet not their wealthy domes and spires,  
Nor golden stores my richer breast desires.

In bow'ry grottos and in flow'ry lands,  
Where zephyrs nurs'd, my happy cottage stands.  
Far brighter strokes of thoughtful artist wears,  
Than does a dome whose building cost ten years.  
Here I reside ; while all around me glows  
The pride of May, and all that Flora knows.  
In happy solitude my life I spend,  
And often please, but never once offend.  
I'm seldom seen, I live so much retir'd,  
But often heard with sweetest music fir'd.  
For the great god of music when he's run  
And hurry'd thro' the skies the blazing sun,  
In sweetest notes thro' the ethereal plain,  
And is descended to an evening main,  
Down the last beam he to the valley shows,  
To me his charming chanting harp he throws.  
I catch it up, nor cease to try the strains,  
Till shining Phœbus mounts the morning plains.  
And then to him the music I resign,  
Which must at night's approach again be mine.

Now, ladies, name me, for if fame speaks true,  
My first descent was from a nymy whole like you.

#### IV. *Enigma 130, by Mrs. Kitty Button.*

Of all dame Nature's various progeny,  
There's scarce one being more despis'd than I.  
Oâious my form, reproachful is my name,  
My life's a life of ignomy and shame.  
Ungrateful age ! thus scorn'd ! when heretofore  
The wealthiest king on earth my liv'ry wore.  
When pow'r to reason and rebuke was given,  
And I was deem'd the messenger of heav'n.

When blood and cruelty o'erspread the plain,  
And weeping subjects curs'd the tyrant's reign,  
To me was given the greatest charge on earth,  
A great and mighty charge indeed ; gave birth  
To thousands lost, whilst hundreds more amaz'd,  
Admir'd my grandeur, and with rev'rence gaz'd.  
For these great deeds your pity I implore,  
And ease and pity give, I'll ask no more ;  
But from grim death will wrest the languid fair,  
When Friend and Mead or Frewin shall despair.

#### V. *Enigma*

V. *Enigma 131, by Mr. Tho. Dod.*

I long have reign'd on earth, and still proclaim  
 Myself that wide-mouth'd fiend no tongue can tame;  
 Ungenerous and mean, always unkind,  
 Strange that in Albion I shou'd footing find!  
 Yet so familiar I some years have been,  
 That in most companies I'm daily seen:  
 And as icteric persons always see  
 Others of their own colour still to be;  
 So I more absolute, not one will bear  
 A brighter garment than myself to wear.  
 On eagle's wings to ev'ry side I fly,  
 And oft in secret corners love to pry:  
 Thence fraught with poison suddenly I haste  
 To wretches who thro' me lay many waste:  
 Thousands of pens I ev'ry day employ,  
 To publish to the world my sov'reignty:  
 Thousands of tongues my tyranny rehearse,  
 Ten thousands take my part i'th' universe.

Tell me ye fair ones now who I may be,  
 Where'er six of you meet you'll there find me.

VI. *Enigma 132, by Mr. Christo. Mason.*

From a long series of converging years,  
 I've been well known by history appears;  
 To human race 'tis said that I'm ally'd,  
 And miser-like am never satisfy'd;  
 Yet justly claim one sovereign property,  
 To rich and poor I still impartial be,  
 For kings or beggars are alike to me:  
 The blind, or lame, or pris'ners in distress,  
 Thro' application all may have access.  
 Yet most ingrate! for all my charity,  
 I'm still despis'd; but in extremity,  
 The most indigent abject drawing breath,  
 Does shun my path, and hate me ev'n as death.

Unto one climate I am not confin'd,  
 But universal unto all mankind;  
 Nor does one element my power constrain,  
 Sometimes I reign triumphant in the main.  
 In fields of battle too I do appear,  
 Yet not in front, but most times in the rear:  
 'Tis not my cowardice, but that I dare;  
 The greatest monarchs all my subjects are;  
 But I've a gen'ral goes thro' all the toil,  
 Then I come after and do reap the spoil.

Yet reign in peace, and shall from age to age,  
 Till the last conflagration clears the stage.

VII. *Enigma*

VII. *Enigma 133, by Damon.*

Having taken a post in a champion-like fashion,  
I move, or I stand, as just suits my occasion.  
My enemy's potent, and lies on the catch,  
But with such circumspection his motions I watch,  
To receive his assaults I'm always prepar'd,  
No city besieg'd can be more on its guard;  
And tho' he does often me fiercely assail,  
I still keep my ground, and do never turn tail.

This conduct from men gains me mighty respect,  
Tho' I treat human race with the utmost neglect:  
I vouchsafe not a nod to the poor nor the rich,  
To both turn my face, but as often my br—h.  
But this rude breeding they eas'ly remit,  
'Cause in what they're doubtful I oft set 'em right:  
And the great Delphian Phoebus the better to ape,  
I my oracles give in an animal's shape:  
But I tell 'em plain truth, not as he did, amuse 'em,  
And with double meanings and quibbles abuse 'em:  
Yet tho' to these virtues I make this pretence,  
I never had yet either reason or sense.

*The Prize Enigma; whoever answers it before Candlemas-day, 1725, has a chance by lot to win 12 or 8 diaries.*

I sprung, like Pallas, from a fruitful brain,  
About the time of Charles the second's reign.  
My father had a num'rous progeny,  
And therefore took but little care of me;  
An hundred children issu'd from his pate;  
The number of my birth was sixty-eight.  
My body scarcely fram'd, he form'd my soul,  
Such as might please the wife, but not the dull:  
Yet sundry pictures of my face he drew;  
As many of the other of his children too:  
These pictures lay, whilst none my worth did know,  
In Paul's Church-yard, and Pater-noster Row.  
My father dead, myself but few did see,  
Until a warlike man adopted me;  
Destroy'd what records might disclose my birth,  
Said he begot me, and proclaim'd my worth.  
Begetting me he call'd a chance—A task  
Easy to him, assisted by a flask.

He then to me strange education gave,  
Scorch'd me with heat, and cool'd me with a wave:  
More work expected from my single force,  
Than ever was perform'd by man or horse.

To mend my shape, he oft deform'd it more;  
 Which sometimes made me burst, and fret, and roar:  
 Then from my eyes, such vapours iss'd forth  
 As comets yield, or twilights of the north:  
 And like those lights, the vulgar I surprize;  
 Not those that know my nature, or the wise.

My heart has ventricles, and twice three valves;  
 Tho' but one ventricle, when made by halves.  
 My vena cava, from my further ends,  
 Sucks in what upward my great artery sends.  
 The ventricles receive my palled blood,  
 alternate; and alternate yield the flood.  
 By vulcan's art my ample belly's made;  
 My belly gives the chyle with which I'm fed;  
 From Neptune brought, prepar'd by Vulcan's aid.  
 My father (I mean he who claim'd my birth)  
 My dwelling fix'd in caverns of the earth;  
 And there, he said, I shou'd in strength excel;  
 But there, alas! I was but seldom well.  
 Torrents he bad me stop:—I wanted breath;  
 And nature strain'd too much will hasten death.  
 In this sad state, to languish I begin,  
 Until a doctor sage, new coming in,  
 Condemn'd the methods that were us'd before;  
 And said—That I in caves shou'd dwell no more:  
 Then I should dwell in free and open air,  
 And gain new vigour from the atmosphere.  
 An house for me he built—Did orders give,  
 I shou'd no weight above my strength receive;  
 And that I shou'd, for breath and health to guard,  
 Look out of windows when I labour'd hard.

These gentle means my shape have alter'd quite;  
 I'm now increas'd in strength, and bulk, and height;  
 I now can raise my hand above my head;  
 And now, at last, I by myself am fed.

On mighty arms, alternately I bear  
 Prodigious weights of water and of air,  
 And yet you'll stop my motion with a hair.

He that can find me, shou'd rewarded be,  
 By having, from my masters, liberty,  
 Whene'er he pleases, to make use of me.

## 1726.

*Ad illustrem, quamvis Anonymum, diarii authorem hæc in concinna amoris sui vota*

D. D. D.

**D**UM rotet, exiguo transfoſſus viſcera ferro,  
TRITON; & ZEPHYRI verba ſuſurret ope: 1, 2 L. 7.  
Ad GALLI cantum dum clara reviferit orbem 1.  
Eos; AURICULAS mulfa calore leves: 2.  
Mollia dum fragili tentet modulamina voce  
ILLA SOROR PROGNEs, ruris & urbis amor: 3.  
Quæque, ſine INVIDIA tacitos exegerit annos, 5.  
Fama ASINA in ſeros transferat acla dies; 4.  
Ingenuæ vigeant artes; pax floreat anglis,  
Recluſo juris iuſtiæque foro;  
Læta tuum nomen celebretque Britanna juventus,  
Nec tibi pro ſtudiis ſit malè grata tuis.  
Omnia Mnemosyne lepidi ferventque libelli;  
Atque velint famam, te moriente, mori.

Guliel. Fairbank.

Ut tremulos TRITON ſeſe convertit ad auras, 1 L.  
Oſcula ſic nullis STRIDULA ſappho negat. 2 L.

Tho. Dod.

Jam cecinit medianam volucris Titania noctem, 1.  
Et revocat famulas ad nova pena manus:  
Flet Philomela nefas incesti Tereos, & que 3.  
Muta puella fuit, garrula fertur avis. Ovid.  
Invidus alterius rebus macrēſcit opimis. Horat. 5.

— Omnes eodem cogimur: omnia  
Versatur Urna, ſerius ocyus, 6.  
Sors exitura, & nos in æternum  
Exilium impositura cymbæ Hor.  
Ventilogium ut 1 Lat. W. Rotheram.

## Answers to the last year's Enigmas.

127. A FIGHTING COCK.

128. AURICULAS.

129. A NIGHTINGALE.

130. An Ass.

131. SCANDAL.

132. The GRAVE.

133. A WEATHER COCK.

Prize. A FIRE ENGINE. Lat. WEATHER COCK, and SOUND.

*All the Enigmas answer'd by Alstrea.*

Aurora now began to gild the skies,  
And CHANTICLEER call'd on the maids to rise; 127.  
The NIGHTINGALE which sweetly sung all night,  
Had ceas'd her music at approaching light: 129.  
When from his sleepless bed Amyntas rose,  
To the deaf woods his sorrows to disclose.  
Poor wretch! said he, when will my torments end?  
The ENGINE where two elements contend  
Suffers less tumults than my tortur'd mind. 131.  
To love would be no SCANDAL, but alas!  
I love in vain, and prove myself an ASS. 130.  
The beauteous BEAR'S EARS which her bosom grace,  
Are far less fair and fragrant than her face. 128.  
But shou'd I seek the pattern of her mind,  
"Twould be the WEATHER COCKS, the WAVES, or WIND. 133. and both Lat.

"Twere better die than always live a slave:  
And since her favour I must never have,  
I'll seek a refuge in the peaceful GRAVE.

132.

*Answer'd by Brunetta.*

"Twas ere bright Phœbus from his ouzy bed  
To gladden mortals rear'd his sparkling head,  
When pretty birds upon the blooming sprays  
Their various notes chant forth and tuneful lays, 12 L.  
Whose various notes re-SOUND their maker's praise; 2 L.  
When cheerful swains repair t' attend their flocks,  
Consulting first the WEATHER and the COCKS; L. 133, 127.  
When PHILOMEL her mournful strains do cease,  
And fair AURICULAS send forth their fragrances; 129.  
"Twas then Belinda, who found no relief,  
From beds of down, thus spoke her rage and grief.  
False-hearted Thyrfis, now I plainly see  
The stupid ASS has far more sense than thee, 130.  
Who cou'dst be brought to listen o' her lies,  
Whose jealous rage forms num'rous CALUMNIES; 131.  
And by her secret ENGINES still goes on, Fr.  
With them to blast thy reputation.  
Return to thy Belinda, think to save,  
Nor let her only refuge be the GRAVE. 132.

*All the Enigmas answer'd by Blowsabella.*

Wou'd ladies drink their tea in peace,  
And lay the SCANDAL by, 131.  
And learn of PHILOMEL to please,  
Or her harsh med'cine try, 129.

No

No. 23.	ENIGMAS ANSWERED.	233
	No <b>ASSES' EARS</b> wou'd listen thro' the crowd, To hear who's faithless, termagant, and loud.	130.
	<b>AURICULAS</b> and roses gay Wou'd crown each happy blooming bride;	128.
	No op'ning <b>GRAVES</b> wou'd taunting say, Return, your noise and follies hide.	132.
	Ev'n <b>COCK</b> of grace pleas'd with one favourite she, Wou'd wav'ring <b>TRITONS</b> brand with infamy.	127.
	As from earth's bowels rais'd by <b>FIRE</b> <b>ENGINES</b> the reeking <b>WATERS</b> send,	133.
	So you, that heart you most admire, Might from the bleeding hero rend :	Pr.
	And <b>ALBION</b> , fam'd for virtue, wou'd become The wonder and delight of Christendom.	

*Answer'd by Mr. Sam. Marriot.*

Victorious **COCKS** may **SOUND** their champion hearts,  
Philosophers their **FIRE ENGINE** arts :  
I take more pleasure Celia to embrace,  
And form ideas of her beauteous face.  
To hear her with **PHILOMELA** to vie,  
**ASS BEARS' EAR** banks divert her killing eye.  
No **SCANDAL** her untarnish'd bosom shows,  
But **GRAVE**, and mild, as when soft zephyr blows  
The haughty **WEATHER COCK** : This, Damon, this,  
Depaints to me a happy lover's bliss!

The prize enigma is a description of the invention and progress of the engine for raising water out of mines by the force of fire. It was first used by *Herbert, Marquis of Worcester*, about the year 1644, and published in his century of inventions anno 1661. In 1689, *Capt. Tho. Savery* got a patent for 14 years, and an act of parliament for 21 years longer for that invention. In the year 1712 *Mr. Newcomen*, by applying the weight of the atmosphere instead of the elasticity of the steam, brought it to the perfection wherewith it is now used.

Upon Candlemas-day last, the names of all those persons who sent a true solution to the prize enigma, were wrote on so many pieces of paper, viz. 11 women who answer'd the enigma, and put into a lottery, and the first drawn was *Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison*, who won the lot of 12 diaries. Next all the men, 28 in number, were added to those of the women, and the lot of eight diaries fell to *Mr. Sam. Clay*.

*New Enigmas.**I. Enigma 134, by Alstrea.*

My form is beauteous to allure the sight,  
 My habit gay; of colour gold and white :  
 Most nicely shap'd, tho' of proportion small,  
 Admir'd by many, and belov'd by all.

When Sylvia takes the air, it is my pride  
 To walk with equal paces by her side.  
 Sitting, her filken lap becomes my nest,  
 And sleeping I in her apartment rest;  
 I near her person constantly remain,  
 A favourite slave bound in a golden chain.  
 And O how blest would Sylvia's lover be,  
 Cou'd he exchange estates with humble me ?  
 Yet I without delight can near her stand,  
 Nor feel the charming touches of her hand.  
 And when she casts on me auspicious rays,  
 I view no feature of her lovely face,  
 Blind and insensible of ev'ry grace.

Some hold that birds and quadrupeds, tho' seen  
 To walk and fly, yet move but by machine ;  
 That all things but the human kind (they'll prove)  
 Not by instinct, but hidden engines move.  
 Tho' empty speculations these, they'll be  
 Demonstrative, whene'er they're spoke of me ;  
 For tho' I can both speak and go alone,  
 Yet are my motions to myself unknown.

*II. Enigma 135, by Blowsabella.*

Silence, ye tories, lofty whigs attend,  
 Each fair enigmatist assistance lend ;  
 Whilst I a tyrant's wond'rous deeds remark,  
 In metaphors obscure, allusions dark.

The learn'd his title variously explain'd,  
 Some held *de facto*, others *jure* gain'd ;  
 But all agree some hundred years he's reign'd.  
 Whom plots nor poisons fatal to the great,  
 Nor all the secret engineers of state,  
 Nor can pretending rivals extirpate.  
 Invasions foreign, dauntless has withstood,  
 Enamel'd o'er with wounds, and painted gay with blood :  
 Contending parties' vain supports he'd call,  
 To his rage victims undistinguish'd fall,  
 Jews, Turks, reform'd Jacks, Presbyters, and all.

To make his birth surprizing to mankind,  
A merry god and wanton goddef's join'd.  
But he degenerate wretch in fetters binds,  
Or male or female, to no sex confin'd.  
All ties of gratitude and friendship scorns,  
And for good usage ever ill returns.  
The rich and easy his resentment feel,  
Whilst rugged swains laugh at the threat'ned wheel.  
Pleas'd with his frowns, all passively submit,  
Nor their allegiance, love, or friendship quit;  
For he not many subjects dooms to die,  
But rather life prolongs in misery.

Thus those unhappy slaves that gallies row,  
And nought but pain and stripes and sorrows know,  
Drudge on, and cheerfully endure the chains,  
Whilst life and pleasing hope of liberty remains.

### III. *Enigma 136, by Phylogynus.*

Say who I am, bright nymphs, for surely you  
Or none can prove such paradoxes true,  
As in the subsequent discourse you'll find.  
No mortal is more constant to his friend  
Than I; and yet on t' other hand 'tis strange,  
There's none more wavering, or more apt to range  
All known parts of the world I travel o'er,  
'Tho' a recluse, who ne'er stir out of door.  
By sea and land to every coast I come,  
'Tho' like the quack, I travel much at home.  
To stand on picket which the soldiers dread,  
Enlivens me, who otherwise am dead.  
Hanging's the last course does to some befall,  
But I unhung, can shape no course at all:  
Yet soon as hung, I scamper to and fro',  
Looking out sharp quite round me as I go,  
Altho' I have no eyes; nor can I rest  
Till I the object find I fancy best,  
Whom I respect still with my noblest part,  
Altho' he be but of a stony heart:  
I am remarkable for constancy,  
Yet sickle mortals learn to rove from me.  
Without doors, I in houses am confin'd;  
And tho' I am myself opaque and blind,  
I so enlighten others, that they know  
By me, tho' senseless, where they ought to go.  
I stand divided too, tho' whole and sound,  
In quarters, which tho' old, in new are fam'd.  
Thus I by flat absurdities made clear,  
Shall, tho' conceal'd, to the fair sex appear.

### IV. *Enigma*

IV. *Enigma 137, by Terpsichorus.*

Doom'd to the horrors of a gloomy cell  
 Of melancholy shades, as black as hell,  
 We're bury'd underneath th' aspiring head  
 Of a bright monumental pyramid;  
 As old Egyptian kings embalmed lie,  
 In mournful pomp, and silent majesty.

That we're entomb'd must strike you with surprize,  
 For who can prove that monarch ever dies,  
 Which has the power, like us, t'immortalize?

Here unassail'd by foreign forces, we  
 Shou'd slumb'ring in perpetual silence lie;  
 In mighty liquor sows'd, and drown'd in luxury.  
 At last the creaking vault disturbs our peace,  
 And op'ning, all our drowsy pleasures cease.  
 Then toss'd in restless waves from shore to shore,  
 We're press'd, and teaz'd, and tumbl'd o'er and o'er;  
 We're prob'd in ev'ry vein, and drain'd thro' ev'ry pore.

Infatiate leeches of complexion pale,  
 Disgorging quick digestion, never fail  
 To soak our juicy treasure all away,  
 And quaff immortal nectar ev'ry day.

The mighty ocean from our torrents fill'd,  
 Thro' these alembics artfully distill'd,  
 Flows more diffusive than the waves of Nile,  
 Gladding with fruitful streams th' Egyptian soil;  
 Does with far nobler blessings raise its head,  
 With glorious wonders the whole world o'er-spread,  
 Supports the living, and revives the dead.

V. *Enigma 138, by Mr. Rob. Harrison.*

When the warm sun withdraws its genial rays,  
 And longer nights succeed declining days,  
 I to my winter's bed with haste repair,  
 Shunning th' inclemencies o'th' frozen air.  
 Within the hollow of a rock immur'd,  
 From all th' attacks of northern blasts secur'd;  
 In pleasing sleep I pass whole months away,  
 Nor see the setting sun, nor dawning day;  
 No thirst disturbs me in my long retreat,  
 Nor keener hunger dictates when to eat.  
 Whilst in the fetters of long sleep I'm bound,  
 My lazy blood ne'er circulates around,  
 No spirits take their flight thro' ev'ry pore,  
 Inanimate I lie, and am no more,  
 Till Phœbus does with active heat return,  
 And call me from my solitary urn,

To intimate the blooming spring is near,  
And introduce the verdure of the year;  
Then near some stately seat I fix my stay,  
And sport and sing the merry hours away.  
The sage philosopher, who all things knows,  
Shall tell my story, and my rythm disclose.

VI. *Enigma 139, by Philogynus.*

Most lovely situate on a rising ground  
A pleasant city stands, whose walls are round;  
Built for a fence against both foes and cold;  
With but one entering port, like Troy of old:  
Within such curious streets and houses are,  
So uniformly built, and regular,  
As might with wonder and amazement strike  
The best of architects to do the like;  
Their governments a glorious monarchy,  
Where all the subjects free allegiance pay.  
Whether from royal ancestors their prince  
Derives his tokens of pre-eminence;  
Or whether from his noble stature he,  
Like goodly Saul, gains superiority;  
His person's such as speaks him born to rule,  
And all obey his laws without controul.  
Here all the citizens well armed are,  
And yet they seem more prone to work than war.  
Tho' as we find in Nehemiah's days,  
Those zealous Jews, who did the temple raise,  
Wore weapons at their work; so must they here,  
Or else be exil'd, as the slothful are.  
Their sprightly youth are very often found  
To sally out, and storm the spacious round:  
With such tumultuous noise they fill the skies,  
As sets th' adjacent dwellers in surprize:  
Who, finding that they can't by force subdue  
This insurrection, have recourse unto  
Persuasive stratagems, and forthwith beat  
A parley, and of peace reslove to treat:  
Nay gladly yield to this capitulation,  
To grant new cities for their habitation.  
But mark th' inconstancy of ev'ry state!  
For this like others must submit to fate,  
And that a dismal one; much like what we  
Of Sodom read in sacred history:  
Oh sad catastrophe! in flames of fire,  
And sulph'rous smoke, they all at once expire.  
But as from pious souls, so here we find  
Sweet memoirs they leave, in their works behind.

Tell

Tell me, ye charming fair ones, tell me true,  
What this delightful city is, and who  
The citizens? for I appeal to you.

*The Prize Enigma; whoever answers it before Candlemas-day, 1726, has a chance by lot to win 12 or 8 diaries.*

My birth is mean, but old my pedigree,  
And vulgarly I'm deem'd a rapparee :  
But those who know me to be skill'd in war,  
Allow I act more like a bold hussar.

Wife nat'ralists who scan my properties,  
On me make proverbs, emblems, similes.  
Were I a proteus, I would change my shape,  
Such diff'rent ranks my politics do ape.  
A statesman, lawyer, and a Yorkshire bite,  
A Dutch mynheer, a Scot, a parasite.  
Freedom and peace are what I most prefer,  
Yet still involv'd in a defensive war.  
Nobles and peasants all make war with me,  
With horse well disciplin'd, and infantry.  
Where I encamp, when they can me inclose,  
Th' enrag'd Plebeians are my mortal foes.  
But when their forces closely me pursue,  
I practise art, when strength I find won't do :  
Doubles and counter-marches then I make ;  
Yet often forc'd to my strong holds to take :  
Where close besieg'd, my art I still display,  
Casting redoubts to guard my covert way.

I straightly watch the enemy's design,  
And dext'rously their works I countermine ;  
Which when perceiv'd, my progress to retard,  
They straightway post a furious piquet-guard,  
Which I attack, and then again retire,  
Till strength, and art, and all with life expire.  
And as a triumph after I am dead,  
They first expose, and then they fell my head.  
The ancients plac'd their heroes all in heav'n ;  
But unto me they no such place have giv'n.  
The sacred writ makes mention of my name,  
And you're desired to unfold the same.

1727.

*The Author's Preface.*

If the observation be just, that men of the most superior genius, and acquired parts, are the least addicted to write in this scribbling age, then silence would be an argument of modesty as well as wisdom. But as nothing can be of greater use and advantage to the world, than writing on subjects designed either to better ourselves, or rectify our judgments and understanding; so nothing can be more prejudicial than that which is at best calculated to trifle away our time, in discourses either loose or vain, which tend only to corrupt the manners, and destroy that felicity of life which may be found in such studies as are innocent and useful. How much we are beholden to our predecessors for transmitting down their knowledge to us by writing, will appear when we duly consider how ignorant we shou'd have been without such helps. They who would be thought useful in their generation, must pay so much deference to that branch of christian charity, as to be communicative; under this restriction, that they inform the world in something new, and not the self-same thing that others have, only in a different dress and new form of words. As the author has no claim to merit in this performance, he has the happiness in a new path to meet with no competitors, for that pleasure he takes in endeavouring to employ some spare hours of the fair sex in a study innocent, useful, and diverting; and is always willing to shew that veneration for them whilst they are pleas'd to contribute their performances, for illustrating the Diary, by publishing to the world the honour and merit of the British Fair.

At mea sedulitas fumos non colligit istos :  
Si non culpabor, sat mihi laudis erit. [Buchan.]

Griff. Juxta Covent. decimo quinto octobris, 1726.

*A French Enigma by Mr. J. Turner.*

Je tiens comme les dieus reg'estre des pensees,  
Je fixe la parole, & je lui donne un corps,  
Due temple d'Apollon j'ouvre tous les thresors,  
Et fais voir les absens, & les choses passies.  
Mes forces par le temps jamais ne sont usees,  
Et mes charmes puissans refuscent les morts,  
Je fais que du cocyte ils repassent les bords  
Et viennent triompher des parques abusées.

Jc

Je entretiens les plus sourds sans parole & sans bruit,  
 Je passe à ma conteur pour fille de la nuit :  
 Mais je mets au jour les plus cachez mysteies.  
 Je instruis cet univers de l'un à l'autre bout,  
 Et quand on me consulte afin de sçavoir tout,  
 (Ainsi qu'un enchanter) j'use des characteres.

*Answers to the last year's Enigmas.*

134. A WATCH.

135. The GOUT.

136. MARINER'S COMPASS.

137. COTTON in an INK HORN.

138. A SWALLOW.

139. A BEEHIVE.

Prize. A FOX.

*All the Enigmas answer'd by Terpsiphilus, in a Pastoral occasion'd by the death of a friend.*

As old Damætas weeping stood,  
 Impatient of relief;  
 His FLEECY care hung o'er their food,  
 And shar'd their shepherd's grief.  
 Oh, my dear Damon! thrice he cry'd;  
 'Twas heard around the plain:  
 Damon the vocal nymph reply'd,  
 And tun'd it back again.  
 How shall I, now my Damon's gone,  
 So great a loss deplore?  
 Damætas quite is left undone,  
 Since Damon is no more!  
 While voice remains, and pow'r to sing,  
 The WATCHFUL SWALLOW shall  
 Forget to welcome in the spring,  
 E'er I to mourn his fall.  
 Great Pan in tears despairs to see,  
 Among the num'rous train,  
 For courage and integrity,  
 A more accomplish'd swain.  
 The flock that heard his breath to flow  
 Celestial harmony,  
 Themselves make all the music now,  
 And bleat his elegy.  
 The bees thus buzz away their lives,  
 When they have lost their king;  
 And round the COMPASS of their HIVES,  
 Their fun'ral ditties ring.  
 How shall old age a cloud of woes  
 Without a Damon bear?  
 Since all the world insipid grows,  
 New Damon is not here!

Let

Per

Let then thy mournful years decline;  
 Why should Damocles stay?  
 But mix his longing soul with thine,  
 In realms of lasting day.  
 Where subtle FOXES can't decoy,  
 Nor hungry wolves devour;  
 Where we shall feast on endless joy,  
 And feel the GOUT no more.

Prize.

*Answer'd by Mr. Thomas Dodd.*

As chattering SWALLOWS fix their stay  
 Near to some stately seat;  
 So WATCHFUL tatlers make their way  
 To the houses of the great.  
 Where the rich lord is quickly prais'd,  
 For roving little out,  
 Altho' the reason by them trac'd  
 Is found to be the GOUT.  
 The lady too, however gay,  
 (Her NEEDLE laid aside)  
 Wrapp'd in her COTTON whim each day,  
 Puff'd up with scorn and pride,  
 Will by these parasites be deem'd  
 A good and humble dame;  
 Tho' to the world she never seem'd  
 Deserving of the name.  
 Thus the fly FOX still roves about,  
 Who by his wiles must thrive,  
 And by such flattery sucks out  
 The honey from the HIVE.

5.

2.

2.

3.

4.

Prize.

*All the Enigmas answer'd by Mr. Ri. Cleeve.*

The setting sun now shot a feeble ray,  
 And purple skies foretold declining day:  
 When crafty FOXES from their shelters rise,  
 Fierce meager hunger staring in their eyes;  
 When BEES retreat with all their golden care,  
 And harmless SWALLOWS to their holes repair,  
 Then youthful Damon to the conscious grove  
 Repairs to meet the object of his love;  
 Her beauteous aspect set his soul on fire,  
 And thus he breath'd the vows of soft desire;  
 Attend, O sacred Venus! whilst I swear,  
 And thou believe, O fairest of the fair!  
 The GOUT with all its raging pains possess  
 My tender limbs, if e'er my love grows less;

Prize.

6.

5.

2.

For sooner shall the fair'd MAGNETIC stone  
Inconstancy in its lov'd needle moan; 3.  
The writing's use shall sooner be deny'd,  
Or the gold WATCH not grace a lady's side, 4.  
Than Damon to his Celia faithless be,  
Or thou bewail a perjur'd swain in me.  
— Thus vow'd the youth! Propitious Venus heard,  
In such soft constancy his vows preferr'd;  
She mov'd the fair to blest the blooming youth,  
And gave him love, the just reward of truth.

*An answer to last year's Enigmas, in imitation of the 4th  
Epist. Book 1. of Horace. By Blowsabella.*

Friend Harry — kindest critic of my rhyme,  
How dost in Warwickshire bestow thy time?  
Does thy immortal INK those fields display,  
Where iqualled heaps of slaughter'd Mercians lay, 4.  
Edgecot, and Edge-hill's dreadful plains survey?  
Or dost thou steal into some silent grove,  
There meditate on wisdom, virtue, love;  
The subtle FOX's artifices see, 5.  
Or view the mansions of the industrious BEE;  
Shew when too fast or slow WATCHES become,  
Or how the magnet calls the NEEDLE home.  
An active soul, within thy body lies, 6.  
That all indulgent nature's gifts enjoys:  
What cou'd thy tender parents more desire?  
Proceed and publish, while the fair admire;  
Prais'd and belov'd, let health and fame abound,  
Nor GOUT affliet, nor poverty confound. 7.  
From anxious cares and fears, and passion free,  
Think each returning SWALLOW summons thee;  
Thus ev'ry unexpected hour you live, 8.  
To coming joys will greater relish give.  
When thou'rt to mirth and jollity inclin'd,  
Visit some cleanly hospitable hind, 9.  
In decent bumpers to relax thy mind.

Mr. Cha. Waller answers all the Enigmas, and sends these  
verses upon the 6th.

“ So wand'ring BEES would perish in the air,  
“ Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,  
“ Appease their rage, invite them to the HIVE,  
“ Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive;  
“ To rob the flowers; and to forbear the spoil;  
“ Preserv'd in winter, by the summer toil,  
“ They give us food; which may with nectar vie,  
“ And wax that does the absent sun supply.

Several

Several other copies of verses, in answer to all, I have from Mr. N. Brown, Mr. J. Pierce, J. Langford, Mat. Oliver, Dorinda, J. H. H. Blighe, W. Cookeley, Mr. Baynes, Mar. Bays, Philomusus, C. Mason, M. Bleathman, Zephirilla, El. Benn, T. Bird, J. Leddal, Buxona, Admirillo, and others which room will not permit.

Upon Candlemas-day at the drawing of the lots of the answers to the prize enigma, the 1<sup>st</sup> lot of 12 diaries fell to Mrs. Margaret Frawson of Chester, and the 2<sup>d</sup> lot of 8 diaries to Mr. Robert Keftall.

### *New Enigmas.*

#### *I. Enigma 140, by Astrea.*

Might death and devastation purchase fame,  
None can transcend me in a glorious name :  
They boast of Theseus, and the worthy nine,  
Of Philip's son, and the Cæsarian line ;  
Of modern heroes grand exploits are told,  
Which seem to vie in glory with the old ;  
But candid truth in my behalf declares,  
My victories claim precedence of theirs :  
I with heroic loyalty defend  
My prince, my country, parents, mistress, friend ;  
Fight glorious battles for religion's sake ;  
Pull down oppressors, and support the weak.

Yet does the world asperse my honour'd name ;  
(For all are subject to the wounds of fame)  
They call me robber, traitor, parricide,  
Tyrant, usurper, rebel, regicide :  
They say, I ever fair pretences make ;  
But when I fight, 'tis still for int'rest sake ;  
That from th' infernal regions I was sent,  
That I might here be Pluto's instrument.

But, ladies, to your judgment I appeal,  
Being assur'd you will with candour deal ;  
Whether I'm worthy praise, or merit blame,  
Declare your sentiments, and tell my name.

#### *II. Enigma 141, by Mr. Jack Pritty.*

Sing, sprightly muse ! invite the beauteous fair  
Thy flowing lines attentively to hear ;  
From what they hear, their genius can explain  
The dark allusions of my mystic name.

Obvious to all, I sport on ev'ry plain,  
Tasteless of joy, insensible of pain ;

My wond'rous stature oftentimes is seen  
 To cover roods, and reach from green to green.  
 Prodigious space I fill : yet other objects may  
 Possess the same, not moving me away.  
 All other creatures from their birth enlarge,  
 And grow till nature's finished her charge ;  
 But I, more strange, from my conception waste,  
 Till life's half done, and half my age is past ;  
 Then from my noon, as others from their morn,  
 I grow again until I reach my urn.  
 No particles my wond'rous corpse compose,  
 Yet 'tis from substance that my birth arose :  
 No intellects can my existence own,  
 Yet by instinct I move, and go alone :  
 Amphibious is my nature ; oft' I play,  
 And mock the sporting fishes in the sea ;  
 Upon the land with ev'ry object be,  
 Graze with the kine, and with the fair drink tea ;  
 With op'ning dogs the circling chace renew,  
 Fly with the hare, and with the hounds pursue.  
 Yet Sol ne'er saw me in his bright array,  
 Nor silver Luna from her azure way,  
 Tho' you behold me twenty times a day.  
 From light I fly, as from a deadly foe,  
 Yet can the darkness no existence know.  
 But farther if I should myself explain,  
 You wou'd too easily perceive my name.

III. *Enigma 142.*

In the dark mansions of the briny deep,  
 Uninterrupted I in safety keep ;  
 Mountainous billows often o'er me roll,  
 Yet I at ease can range from pole to pole ;  
 Visit those shores which yet are undefcry'd,  
 And all the habitable world beside :  
 To cities populous and great repair,  
 And am most conversant among the fair ;  
 Where I grow intimate, and friendship gain,  
 Despis'd by few, but what are loose and vain :  
 The lover oft' has wish'd it was his part,  
 Like me, t' embrace the charmer of his heart ;  
 Like me, t'unfold the secrets he'd explore,  
 And hug like me the charms I cover o'er.  
 I in a thousand habits do appear,  
 The richest gaities of courts I wear ;  
 Nor do disdain the humble rural dress,  
 Am pleas'd as well in that, as in excess.  
 Brightly adorn'd in palaces I move,  
 And meaner clad in flow'ry fields I rove ;

True

True emblem of hypocrisy I am,  
Disguis'd from all, to none expos'd to shame;  
'Till once my native blackness is display'd,  
And then with scandal I aside am laid.

IV. *Enigma 143, by Mr. Alex. Curghey.*

Draw up the curtains, let the ladies see  
A sight well worth their curiosity;  
No monster fierce, no strange outlandish creature;  
But yet a very paradox in nature.

Forty years old I am, and more, some say,  
Yet, in truth, I was made yesterday:  
Odd is my shape; and first mine head appears,  
Without a mouth, or eyes, or nose, or ears.  
A body you will own I never had,  
Altho' with cloaths I constantly am clad;  
Yet feet I have, but none at my command,  
With them I cannot walk, nor on them stand:  
My sides cannot be mov'd, and yet with ease  
A little child may shift them, when you please.  
Both sexes join in me, a wond'rous sight!  
You'd almost swear, I were hermaphrodite;  
Had not the many brats begot on me,  
Proclaimed to the world the contrary.  
Guard me, ye maids; for men will play the fool,  
And I'm (alas!) a soft and easy tool;  
I can't say nay: and yet, if I'm disgrac'd,  
The crime is yours, for whilst your pure I'm chaste;  
But if (which heaven forbid) you prove with child,  
Then I am stain'd, polluted, and defil'd.  
Wed then, and to your husbands constant be;  
So you'll be honour'd, and you'll honour me.  
And when you take for better and for worse,  
The first great blessing and the first great curse,  
You'll find in me, and (ah, I speak too plain)  
The sweetest pleasure, and the sharpest pain.

V. *Enigma 144, by Mr. Pascoe Thomas.*

Ye charming fair, whose growing fame is hurl'd,  
Swifter than lightning, thro' the learned world,  
Whose piercing wit unfolds deep mysteries,  
And to whose search unveiled nature lies:  
Shew to the world, ye lovely nymphs, my name,  
For you, or none, can sure unfold the same.

In Paphian groves of old I fix'd my reign,  
And little loves led on my wanton train:

(So sung the ancient bards) but now no more  
 I rest delighted with the Cyprian shore,  
 Since barb'rous Turks destroy'd the blissful grove,  
 Usurp'd my realm, and banish'd ev'ry love.  
 From hence expuls'd, on plumes erect I rise,  
 And now enjoy a station in the skies ;  
 Where I employ my utmost power and care,  
 To shed kind influence on the British fair :  
 Nor is my care unfruitful, for where Thames  
 Glides o'er the yellow meads with silver streams,  
 A nobler paphos rises to my sight,  
 And softer scenes of exquisite delight ;  
 There circling trees spread round their welcome shades,  
 And smiling flow'rs glow thro' the chequer'd glades :  
 On those I spread my most auspicious light,  
 And, like the moon, am only seen by night ;  
 What time queen regent of the skies I reign,  
 And usher in the bright celestial train.  
 But frequent changes in my place are found ;  
 Sometimes I seem to wear a perfect round ;  
 Then, like a silver crescent form'd, I bear  
 Ammon's stern front, whom ancient tales declare  
 To be my father. Now, ye fair, I pray,  
 To the expecting world my name display.

VI. *Enigma 145, by Mrs. Sarah Bull.*

With so much art my tender limbs are wrought,  
 That ere my frame was to perfection brought,  
 I try'd the nicest hand and deepest thought.  
 But see what fury reigns in human breasts ;  
 How soon by man are virtuous things opprest ?  
 I'm soon confin'd within a narrow space,  
 Where I have only room to shew my face ;  
 There like a branded villain must appear,  
 And large black letters on my visage wear.  
 A heavy load my new-form'd limbs sustain,  
 And bear the girding thong, or cruel chain.  
 As sharpest trials truest virtue show,  
 By this oppression I more virtuous grow :  
 To ease me of the burthen I sustain,  
 I labour hard, nor shou'd I strive in vain ;  
 But men undo what I with pains have done,  
 And make my task like Sisyphus's stone.  
 Yet still some signal favours I enjoy,  
 My frequent repetitions never cloy ;  
 I twice a-day repeat the self-same thing,  
 Yet I each moment fresh advices bring ;  
 Make what you've heard a thousand times amuse,  
 And still the same dull story pass for news.

To the devout I'm oft a friendly aid;  
 I still assist in assignations made,  
 Send some to church, and some to masquerade.  
 Tho' hard I labour, yet my hands move slow,  
 And tho' I never stir my feet, I go.  
 Men to my reck'ning things of value trust,  
 And tho' I ne'er told twenty, I can boast,  
 No banker ever kept account more just.  
 Of what you spend I always give the sum,  
 But never tell you how much more's to come.

VII. *Enigma 146, by Blowfabella.*

What or from whence I am 'tis hard to tell,  
 Tho' Socrates pretends he knew me well.  
 Born without parents, without eyes I see,  
 More priz'd than health, or gold, or liberty.  
 Tho' deaf, I hear; without a tongue can talk;  
 Fly without wings, and without legs can walk.  
 Let virtue cease to boast her high descent,  
 I'm more illustrious, far more excellent.  
 To me, immortal me, such charms are given,  
 As only can surpass the joys of heav'n:  
 And am, O sad surprize! O shame to tell!  
 More dreadful than the gaping jaws of hell:  
 The stoutest Hector, daunted at my sight,  
 Ingloriously retires, declines the fight.  
 Compos'd of contradictions, thus am I  
 The rich man's want, the poor man's property.

For me, projectors squander all away;  
 For me, the soldier fights without his pay;  
 For me, the daring wretch surpriz'd appears;  
 For me, Belinda oft dissolves in tears:  
 I have a forster brother plagues me much,  
 (Sofia and Mercury were partly such)  
 Who apes my actions with an awkward mein,  
 And little mischiefs perpetrates unseen:  
 Natives of fam'd Utopia both, were we,  
 Govern and govern'd are alternately.

Ladies, to tell our names don't crack your brains,  
 But if you shou'd, e'en take us for your pains.

*The Prize Enigma, by Mrs. Sarah Bull.*

I'm oft by thoughtless matter form'd,  
 Philosophers have said;  
 Nay, even at the will of man,  
 May be from nothing made.

Yet

Yet no beginning have, nor end;  
 To my impartial sway.  
 The earth, with her revolving moon,  
 A strict obedience pay.  
 Were not the sun still in my eye  
 In wild confusion hurl'd,  
 Stars from their destin'd orbs wou'd fly,  
 And world be crush'd on world.  
 Saturn, the father of the gods,  
 Of my command allows;  
 Tho' some may think he stoops with age,  
 'Tis but to me he bows.  
 Tho' Jove, who stride his eagle fits,  
 Bears thunder in his hand;  
 His eagle soars as I direct,  
 Or stoops at my command.  
 Mars, tho' the sturdy god of war,  
 Ne'er durst dispute my rights;  
 But as the vilest of poltrons,  
 Most publicly submits.  
 Tho' ladies' favours none should boast,  
 Yet to give praises due,  
 Venus suspected for a jilt,  
 Has still to me been true.  
 Hermes, more fam'd for subtle tricks  
 Than e'er John Shepherd was,  
 I without irons can confine,  
 To bounds he ne'er can pass.  
 But tho' o'er gods and mighty worlds,  
 I such dominion have,  
 You, ladies, ne'er can wish to find  
 A more obsequious slave.  
 For thro' the utmost void of space  
 I fly at your command;  
 Or to your snuff-box stand confin'd,  
 Or at your table tend.  
 Proteus like me never cou'd change,  
 And vary form and size;  
 For I a diff'rent shape put on  
 Each motion of my eyes.  
 For, as the poets of their god  
 Affirm fictitious things,  
 Say, Venus has her char and doves,  
 And Cupid darts and wings;  
 So I have two fictitious eyes,  
 Geometers affirm;  
 Tho' with my eyes I'm nothing still  
 But immaterial form.  
 Now by these marks I make no doubt  
 The ladies soon will find me out.

1728.

*Enigmas answer'd.*

140. A SWORD.

141. A SHADOW.

142. A WHALEBONE.

143. A BED.

144. The Planet VENUS.

145. A CLOCK.

146. NOTHING.

Prize. An ELLIPSIS, or Oval.

Fr. *Enig.* The ALPHABET.*All the Enigmas answer'd by Terpsiphilus.*

The wind blew fair;—when fond Antonius PENN'D  
These lines directed to his female friend.

Farewel, dear Flavia! Honour calls to war:  
Good angels guard thy BED, and ev'ry STAR  
Still shine propitious on my lovely fair!

As wand'ring planets to their ORBS are true,  
So tho' I wander, I'll prove just to you.  
While Flavia's faithful on a distant thore,  
I shall with pleasure hear the Cannons roar;  
Nor dread the hideous MONSTERS of the sea,  
My dearest charmer! while I think of thee.

That thought alone will soften all my pain,  
Till I return in triumph o'er the main;  
While the proud hopes of vanquish'd Moscovy,  
From our victorious arms, like SHADOWS flee,  
And haughty Spain shall curse the fatal HOUR,  
She dar'd———Great Britain's pow'r.

4. 5.  
Prize.Sword 1.  
3.2.  
6.*All answer'd by Blowfabella.**To C—a B—a desiring an answer to all the Enigmas.*

Dear pretty nymph,

I'll thy commands obey,  
And NOTHING dread when BEAUTY leads the way; 7, 5.  
Thro' SHADY mazes 'tis in vain to fly, 2.  
You are the sun, th' ELLIPTIC planet I. Prize.  
Let poring BOOK-worms puzzle for a rhyme,  
And once an hour like CLOCK's mechanic chime; 6.  
Inspir'd

Inspir'd by thee I boldly soar on high,  
And from my BED jump into extasy.

The hasty numbers into order fall,  
Eager to follow blest Urania's call.

Shou'd you command me to the hostile field,  
Your hoop shou'd make my tent, your STAYs my shield.  
Then to the battle I'd securely run,  
And SWORD in hand no single combat shun.  
So when of old, 'appease the Grecian rage,  
With stern Atrides Paris did engage.  
VENUS concern'd did all her art employ,  
And interpos'd a cloud to save the am'rous boy.

*Answer'd by Mr. Tho. Dodd.*

When gay Philander found me mute,  
O'ercome with sad despair;

Sure 'tis not love, says he, can do't;  
If 'tis, describe the fair.

Alas! quoth I, no tongue can tell  
(And PEN and ink's too black  
To paint) the joys I ne'er shall feel.

Again, for Celia's sake.

Faustina's whole ATTRACTIVE pow'r,

But a faint SHADOW shews,  
Of blessings Celia's self cou'd shew'r

On whomoe'er she views:

Tho' she Cozzoni may outhine,

With BONE and POWDER deck'd;

Italian airs, however fine,

My Celia could correct.

Whene'er th' appointed hour shall bring,

Dear Celia to my view;

The warning CLOCK more sweet did sing;

Than either of the two.

In short, none but a god can paint

The bliss on which I fed,

Which Mars himself in part did want,

Tho' blest'd in VENUS' BED.

Fr. Eng.

Prize

2

1, 2

3

4, 5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

Several other copies of verses, in answer to all, or most of the enigmas I received, which for brevity's sake are omitted, from Mr. John Doubt, Mr. Thomas Webb, Mr. James Kennerley, Mr. Richard Bent, Mariamne, Astrea, Hesycbia, Mr. W. Millward, Mr. Thomas Franke, Pascoe Thomas, Marcus, Mr. John Hartley, Mrs. Mary Talbot, Mr. John Hudson, Mr. Richard Smart, and others.

Upon Candlemas-day at drawing of the lots of the answers to the prize enigma, the 1st lot of 12 diaries fell to Mrs. Diana Chamberlain, of Edge, in Cheshire; and the 2d lot of 8 diaries to Mr. Richard Burney, of Husborn, in Hampshire.

No. 2

*New Enigmas.*I. *Enigma 147, by Terpsiphilus.*

My body's tall and slender, smooth and gay,  
In martial armour clad, and bright array;  
Not ev'n the heroes of the Grecian host  
More splendour in their spears and shields cou'd boast.

But tho' so glorious I at first appear,  
I'm such a monster in my shape, I fear  
My next account will shame my character.

My head more bulky than my body grows,  
If head can be without mouth, ears, eyes, and nose.  
No feet I have; I'm lame as well as blind;  
Yet with two legs before, one hand behind,  
I still victorious prove, to bless mankind.

Join'd by my maker in a nuptial state,  
True as the cooing turtle to her mate;  
In happy climes we fix our station, where  
Diana's sports divert us all the year.  
Take a fresh tour each day with equal pace,  
Nor seek in vain the fortunes of the chace.  
Our rage infatiate flies at ev'ry game;  
At fish and beast and fowl, or wild or tame.  
Ten more associates join to seize the prey;  
But I still claim the honour of the day,  
And bear in triumph all the prize away.  
Nor ladies are my meanest praises due,  
That oft I sacrifice my spoils to you.

II. *Enigma 148, by Lycidas.*

Long my small body lay in earthen bed,  
Till the bright sun drew forth my tender head:  
Pleas'd with the warmth, and nourish'd with the gleams,  
I stretch'd my trunk to meet the cheering beams;  
Extended far from small to great my name,  
A noted sacred simile became.  
But age, inexorable age drew nigh,  
Cut down, dry'd up, and wither'd now I lie;  
My fruit torn from my body, straight is stor'd  
For man, that haughty stern-devouring lord.  
These are my strength, in those my virtue lie,  
I live in these, altho' my body die.  
Then bruis'd and punn'd, immur'd in walls around,  
Close pent I lie in liquid atoms drown'd.

Hence

Hence I arise with greater strength supply'd,  
 Perfect as silver in the furnace try'd.  
 I know no danger, and I fear no foe ;  
 To temp'rance I a kind indulgence show,  
 But gluttons shall my dire resentment know.  
 Thus my respect or hatred is express'd ;  
 I have my fav'rites among men and beast ;  
 I spoil the sheep and mar the tender fawn,  
 Improve good beef, and mend Salopian brawn ;  
 I bite the biter, and the stout oppose ;  
 I took the mighty Marlbro' by the nose.  
 Then ladies name the object of your fears,  
 What taints the breath, and draws unpitied tears.

III. *Enigma 149, by Astrea.*

I'm a magician of deserved fame,  
 And the most pow'rful that e'er bore the name.  
 A strong enchanted castle I do hold,  
 That's now above a thousand lustres old :  
 Yet its foundation time cou'd ne'er decay,  
 Nor yet the furious deluge wash away.  
 At first a glorious front attracts your eye,  
 Built by exactest rules of symmetry ;  
 All the first rooms are splendid, rich, and neat,  
 Contriv'd for delicacy, ease, and state ;  
 But in remoter lodgings slaves I keep,  
 And fetter'd captives groan in dungeons deep :  
 My fetters are invisible, but sure,  
 And commonly as long as life endure.  
 Here is my citadel, secure I lie,  
 And practise charms on all that travel by.  
 I promise riches, honour, and delight,  
 And all that can indulge the appetite.  
 Won by these sweet allurements, I ensnare  
 The wise, the great, the rich, the brave, the fair.  
 They first approach my gates with eager joy,  
 Led by the pleasing curiosity ;  
 But viewing all th' apartments, the desire  
 Abates, and they as gladly wou'd retire.  
 But, Oh ! a potent verbal spell retains,  
 And holds them fetter'd in its magic chains.  
 How many for admittance do implore  
 In vain, but for dismission thousands more.

IV. *Enigma*

IV. *Enigma 150, by Mariamne.*

Try if you can, ye sprightly fair,  
Reveal the name that I do bear.  
Where'er I come I'm highly priz'd ;  
Honour'd by all, by few despis'd ;  
Despis'd by none but hermits in a cell,  
But with the ladies am esteemed well.  
Some of your sex, ye charming fair,  
Will for my sake refuse an heir  
Of great estate, to be possess'd of me,  
Tho' not so happy they are sure to be,  
As they'd have been with him (tho' I respect  
For me the valu'd prize) they did neglect.  
Much greater acts than this I do,  
Which when reveal'd you'll own are true,  
No monarch yet without my aid  
A crown did wear, or scepter sway'd ;  
Tho' to a crown my glories spread,  
I ne'er forsake a miter'd head :  
Yet always slight the poor and mean,  
And not in cottages, but courts am seen ;  
Here if you fail, do not forbear  
To search in palaces, you'll find me there.

V. *Enigma 151, by Hesychia.*

From great and small, from beasts both wild and tame,  
Those on the earth, and under too the same,  
My first, but poor original I claim.  
Nay too, from sorry wood, from sticks and straw,  
I oft my being, my first being draw.  
I'm white, or black, or blue, or red, or yellow,  
Yet am well known and us'd by each good fellow,  
But lest you shou'd deem this as my disgrace,  
Know I'm exalted to the chieffest place.  
When males or females chuse to take the air,  
I'm call'd to be a chief companion there.  
I teach men manners wherefo'er they meet,  
Yet oft am elbow'd, all along the street,  
By such as wou'd be thought both brave and great.  
Some men wou'd keep me tight, and to my station,  
For which they're blamed much throughout the nation.  
But ladies you may use me as you please,  
And none find fault; then what I am pray gues.

VI. *Enigma 152, by Blowsabella.*

Sabina claims me for her son,  
 But really I believe,  
 I was in Paradise begun,  
 By father Adam, mother Eve :  
 Now round the world in diff'rent forms appear,  
 As virtuous, wicked, faithless, and sincere :  
 I steal from the dissimbler truth,  
 Appease the tyrant's rage,  
 Am warm as touch of melting youth,  
 And cold as frozen age :  
 I'm moist as studded fields with morning dew,  
 And dry as dust and sun-burnt mountains too.  
 In cots and palaces I live,  
 Each fair one seeks me to obtain ;  
 But all I in return can give  
 Is light as thought, as fancy vain ;  
 Yet deem'd the daintiest dish at ev'ry feast,  
 No art cou'd ever imitate my taste.  
 I've impudence enough to make  
 The boldest hero stand,  
 And often unrespected shake  
 The proudest monarch's hand ;  
 But by religion aw'd, whene'er I meet  
 The mitre, humbly fall before its feet.

VII. *Enigma 153, by Mr. Ja. Laland.*

Of public use I am, by nature free,  
 And yet condemn'd to lose my liberty  
 By law severe, and a state prisoner made,  
 Until a very heavy fine be paid.

Of ill designs against the government,  
 The child unborn is not more innocent ;  
 And had a jury try'd me, sure enough  
 I had been quit ; but now the want of proof  
 A scurvy act of parliament supplies,  
 And subjects me to pains and penalties ;  
 And, what yet makes my case exceeding hard,  
 Mine own revenues must maintain my guard.  
 So harmless hugenots are forc'd to grieve,  
 Whilst rude dragoons upon free quarter live.

But when my fine is paid, a wond'rous change  
 I feel, permitted wher'e I please to range ;  
 Esteem'd where'er I come, my usage kind,  
 At every house I entertainment find ;

If at a feast I chance not to be there,  
In haste for me is sent a messenger.  
The king or emperor wou'd uneasy be,  
Shou'd he sit down without my company.  
The meanest subject too, when he shou'd eat,  
If I be absent, will not taste his meat.

And here perhaps you call me trencher friend,  
Because at meals I constantly attend.  
I taste your dishes all I must confess,  
Sometimes indeed to very great excess.  
Yet this is not because I take delight  
In feasts, like some base greedy parasite.  
To serve and please you is my sole intent,  
For this I spend my strength, myself am spent.

In short, I am an uniyersal good,  
Almost as necessary as your food;  
Pure without spot, and from corruption free;  
And saints themselves have been compar'd to me:  
Yet ladies, to confess one truth I'm forc'd,  
My best of qualities wou'd be your worst.

*The Prize Enigma, by Mr. Christo. Mason.*

Ingenious ladies, who deep myst'ries know,  
From whom, and whence, my origin I owe;  
Tell what great monarch did at first confer  
The arms and title which I now do bear.  
'Tis you, or none, such secrets can reveal,  
And often do, what you wou'd most conceal.  
As ancient bards, and good old poets sung,  
All creatures from the first creation sprung;  
The last best thing, the first of her fait kind,  
Was form'd from matter that had been refin'd:  
And so was I, but of a newer date,  
Yet often thought a thing inanimate.  
And still from no spontaneous brood I came,  
But active matter and repellent flame;  
And in an instant at full growth was made,  
Without a Howard's, or St. Andre's aid.  
But can't my species propagate, unless  
I by coition human laws transgress:  
And then my lineal progeny are base;  
For I collateral do my lineage trace.  
Neither created, nor begot; but made  
By adventitious fate, few can evade.  
Nor is the title grateful that I bear,  
Nor arms, which I with resignation wear.

Most of my species wou'd themselves disguise,  
And hide those things ne'er seen by mortal eyes.

But just one touch of fam'd — Spear,  
Wou'd make 'em in their pristine shape appear,  
And shew what num'rous crowds in Great Britain are.  
But I'm confin'd to no degree, nor place,  
Nor am ashame'd at church to show my face;  
At court, in city, country, or in town,  
And wear the fable, or the scarlet gown :  
And all the actions of mankind I ape ;  
Yet deem'd a monster in a human shape.

## 1729.

*Enigmas answered.*

147. A FORK.  
148. A MUSTARD.  
149. HYMEN.  
150. TITLES OF HONOUR.

151. A HAT.  
152. A KISS.  
153. SALT.  
Prize. A CUCKOLD.

*All the Enigmas answered by Mariamne.*

Damon, who long had love defy'd,  
Now courts fair Celia for his bride.  
Celia, that bright transcendent maid,  
Has at a feast his heart betray'd.

His knife and FORK regardless lay,  
From her his eyes cou'd never stray ;  
Envy'd the MUSTARD, that her lips did touch ;  
His hopes were little, but his fears were much.  
Lost in the lab'rinth of tormenting care,  
Thus did the youth (next day) address the fair.

Triumphant beauty ! author of my wo,  
SOMETHING like pity on my fate bestow.  
You've spider-like enfar'd a fly,  
And joy to see your victim die.  
Was I with thee in MARRIAGE blefs'd,  
No HORNS wou'd then my head molest.

Ah ! why does charming Celia frown ?  
Cou'd I exchange my HAT, and wear a crown,  
I at thy feet wou'd all my TITLES lay,  
And tho' a monarch, you shou'd bear the fway.  
Now, dearest nymph, my love to prove,  
If what I've said can't pity move,

In the SALT seas I'll find a grave,  
And glory that I dy'd your slave.

Answer'd

*Answer'd by Mr. William Johnson.*

*To a studious friend inclined to marry.*

Strephon,

Let fawning fops go spend their slavish days,  
Like married f—ts in Cupid's sportive plays;  
Exempt from HO NOUR, indulg'd in antic dress,  
Knowing no joys, but in love's soft carels.  
But where's that joy, that extasy, that bliss,  
The whining lovers boast in every Kiss?  
For HYMEN's yoke may give them cause to rue  
Those faint delights they blindly there pursue;  
That pleasant dose may prove a bitter pill,  
And all their choicest cups with verjuice fill;  
Their sweets with SALTS, nay sharper MUSTARD mix,  
And to a human shape a monster's fix.  
Be wise in time, and shun the dang'rous rock,  
That false, deluding, common stumbling block:  
That cheat impos'd on fond unthinking men,  
Which makes the cradle move, but silences the pen.  
But let us joitly now the gods implore,  
To grant us books and friends, we'll ask no more;  
Nor dread the fabled fate, that old maid's doom,  
But bravely such romantic stories scorn;  
Our leisure time in useful studies spend,  
As with content may crown our latter end;  
Such joys pursue, wherin we cannot miss  
A firm and lasting, true, substantial bliſs.

Whilst each fond husband doats on his dear spouse,  
Yet moves his HAT to ease his FORKED BROWS. 5, 1, Pr.

*The Enigmas answered by Bachelor Blunderbus.*

Sad is Hobinal's fate, who has a shrew to his mate,  
That in spight of his youth makes him look old;  
(And her favours beside, which his HAT cannot hide, 5.  
For his TITLE of HONOUR's a CUCKOLD.) 4, Pr.  
From morning till noon, she's as loud as a gun,  
Nor vouchsafes to be civil at dinner;  
For a word amiss said, flings the SALT at his head, 7.  
You'd imagine the d—l were in her.  
Then with taunting till night, like MUSTARD does bite, 2.  
You sooner might silence an army.  
Grant m' bread, cheese, and KISSES, the bachelor's bliſs, 6.  
FOOL'S PARADISE ne'er shall ensnare me. 3.

*Answered by Mr. James Clarke.*

When first I lov'd the charming nymph, 6.  
 With HAT in hand I came, 5.  
 Thinking with compliments and tales, 3.  
 In MARRIAGE her to gain. 4.  
 I promis'd gold and HONOUR both, 7.  
 But now full sore I rue, 1.  
 She SALT-ly pays me home for all, 2.  
 And CUCKOLD makes me too. 3.  
 More piercing than a FORK of steel, 4.  
 Than MUSTARD sharp her tongue; 5.  
 Her words are endless tales of wo, 6.  
 By which I am undone. 7.  
 Prize. 1.  
 2.

*On the third Enigma, Mr. Turner sends these lines.*

“ Hymen, thou source of chaste delights,  
 • Chearful days, and blissful nights ;  
 • Thou dost untainted joys dispense,  
 • And pleasure join with innocence ;  
 • Thy raptures last and are sincere,  
 • From future grief and present fear.  
 • Who to forbidden joys would rove,  
 • That knows the sweets of virtuous love ? ” [Addison.]

Several other copies of verses, in answer to all or most of the enigmas, I am favoured with from ingenious pens, which for want of room I am forced to omit : From Mr. Tho. Dodd, Mr. James Kennerly *Chersidamus*, Mr. T. Farnworth, Mr. John Shackleton, Mrs. Reb. Dunmow, Maria Loftall, Mr. John Eccles, *Philartes*, Mr. John Feirce, and several others.

The prize of 12 diaries fell to the lot of Mrs. *Harriot Churchill*, in Chiswel-street, near Moor-fields, London, and that of 8 diaries to Mr. *David Allen* in Bloomsbury.

*Mr. Rich. Philips, of St. Clears, in Carmarthenshire, desires the following lines to be inserted on the death of Mr. Lewis Evan.*

— Cui pudor, & justitiae soror  
 Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,  
 Quando ullum invenient patrem ?

*New Enigmas.***I. Enigma 154, by Mr. William Johnson.**

From pregnant waters, and from fertile earth,  
And nitrous air, I claim my unknown birth;  
Then rove about to persecute mankind,  
For to no town or country I'm confin'd;  
But all the spacious land I travel o'er,  
And visit kings and princes, rich and poor.

But know I'm lov'd by few, and fear'd by all,  
So prove unwelcome wheresoe'er I call.  
Yet, like a bold invader, none I fear,  
And savage-like, nor age nor sex I spare:  
But where I entrance gain, such havoc make,  
The haughtiest tremble, and the stoutest quake.  
The mighty Whitaker, whose warlike fist,  
Ignobly slew his late antagonist;  
If once oppos'd to me, must quit the field,  
And all his glories to my power yield;  
And in their place his savage front wou'd bear,  
The ghastly marks of horrid pale despair.

'Tis with such coin I all my landlords pay,  
Which usage makes the good old women say,  
I'm some dire fiend, or evil spirit, sent  
From hell's dark legion for a punishment.  
Then to their parson they their case declare,  
(Whose father and grandfather jesuits were).  
He sagely answers with a look profound,  
My learning now this method does propound:  
The mighty force of a most potent spell,  
Shall send the monster leering back to hell:  
But if that fails, I have remaining still,  
The mighty records of my father's skill.

So pray, friends and neighbours, don't make any doubt,  
For between father and I, we'll put 'em to the rout.  
And thus by his skill I'm turn'd out of door,  
As a pilfering beggarly son of a whore;  
But like busy fools, he wou'd be fitted in this,  
If the next house I visit shou'd chance to be his.

**II. Enigma 155, by Mr. Arl. Howard.**

Our number's small, yet smaller far our size,  
Yet from our front such noble structures rise,  
As strike each ravish'd youth with glad surprise. }

Five noble chiefs, prime lords of our train-band,  
In triumph ride, deck'd with supreme command;  
A foreign hero, of no spurious breed,  
With pompous train, submissive next succeeds;  
Our captain's with gigantic size complete  
Of ancient lineage, and by title great.  
Proudly pre-eminent, surmounts the rest,  
Advancing, hero-like, his angled crest.

When marshal'd in battalions we appear,  
The captain leads the van, the foreign youth the rear.  
Whose noble birth the ancient Grecians boast,  
Tho' here debas'd in this inferior post.

Without our chiefs we're abject, mean, forlorn,  
And by their help the greatest acts perform.  
Well disciplin'd, taught by the German sage,  
Not soldier-like, in rank our foes engage.  
For most disrank'd, the more our force alarms,  
When pow'rful art assists our native charms;  
With strength redoubled, then attack each fort,  
A sword to fools, but to the brave support.  
Support to those by whom discreetly ns'd;  
The dire reverse, if slighted or abus'd.  
Thus rambling reign, not fearing fortune's frown,  
Strangers to some, to others we're well known;  
Known well to you, unblemish'd nymphs we stand,  
And daily wait submiss at your command,  
To kiss your rosy cheek, and lilly hand.  
But should our warlike phiz infuse surprize,  
Withdraw in time those lovely gems your eyes.  
Such dazzling rays may scorch us, now in view,  
Cease babbling muse, and pray your theme pursue.  
Invite with speed each beauteous fair to name,  
These objects flowing from a fertile brain.

### III. *Enigma 156, by Blowsabella.*

One day to Parnassus incognito straying,  
As the muses and I at Crambo were playing,  
Apollo in frolic a word wou'd propound,  
'To which all the nine in their places chim'd round,  
But not one the mysterious couplet found.  
He smil'd, and said, girls, since the females of Briton  
Enigmas delight in, and none have this hit on,  
Here tak't and disguise it, as children do babies,  
And send it next year to your rivals those ladies.

Thalia o'er poetry comic presiding,  
The masquerade dress had the charge of providing.  
Two horns on its head she agreeably plac'd,  
And a neat buckle girdle affix'd to its waste.

The left horn as the right was not all-out so high,  
For some reasons the ladies know better than I :  
A large hump on its back was like Porter's pad laid,  
As well for use and ease, as for deformity made.  
On one side a whimsical locket was hung,  
Which they sometimes wou'd kick, but oft trample upon.  
Next its linen she put a doublet of leather,  
Like postillion in winter, to guard 'gainst bad weather.  
But when seasons were good, or in holiday time,  
'Twou'd in velvet, brocade, or embroidery shine,  
As gay as the best, and as splendidly fine.  
But maugre its cloathing, and livery rich,  
The fair wou'd at pleasure its sides soundly switch,  
And sneering call firrah, come here kiss my b—h.  
It takes all in good part what they bid it do,  
But beyond measure mov'd, bangs them cursedly too.  
What you make so free with, good ladies discover,  
And you'd highly oblige your affectionate lover.

#### IV. *Enigma 157, by Mr. Rich. Philips.*

I've heard of one of human kind,  
But yet without a human mind;  
Who oft is seen from many a plain,  
Here and there, and here again ;  
But chiefly when the sun from high,  
Descends and views the neather sky.  
He with great swiftness daily moves,  
O'er hills and dales, and shady groves ;  
And yet this mighty man of fame,  
Is but a creature of the brain.  
Then tell me, ladies, if you can,  
Who is this fancy'd, wond'rous man.

#### V. *Enigma 158, by Astrea.*

I'm neither rich, ingenious, nor fair,  
My colour's coarser than negroes are,  
I'm dull and sordid, clad in base attire,  
Which oft is cover'd o'er with dust or mire.  
And yet more rivals for my person strive,  
Than for the fairest, noble nymph alive.  
Th' extremes of various fortune oft I try,  
Sometimes cast down, sometimes exalted high ;  
Yet not my squalid form, or abject state,  
The ardour of my lovers can abate :  
For still the more I their approach elude,  
With greater industry I am pursu'd :  
But when obtain'd, so much contempt I meet,  
The lover kicks and spurns me with his feet.

#### VI. *Enigma*

VI. *Enigma 159, by Mrs. Utrecia Smith.*

Come, learn of me the force of parts alone,  
And what great things by stirring may be done.  
I, who was born to neither house nor land,  
Have now vast heaps of wealth at my command.  
And yet to gain this pow'r I nothing do,  
But all to others active hands I owe.  
I ne'er to civil, or to common law was bred,  
Nor taught for fees in noisy courts to plead:  
Yet titles to estates are often try'd  
By me, and I the doubtful case decide:  
And give such turns to things, that 'spight of merit,  
Tho' rightful heirs do an estate inherit,  
Yet I to strangers hands can soon transfer it.

There's not a term, no court in Westminster,  
But there are those can what I say aver.  
And yet I'm known to have no eloquence:  
No charms of speech, nor even common sense.  
What appears of me, I must own is smooth,  
I never huff, but then d'ye think I'll sooth?  
No faith, let sordid, cringing mortals use  
Such sneaking arts, and such mean methods chuse;  
Whose oily tongues can sleekly, smoothly glide;  
I carry all by using my rough side.  
Then how they storm, and damn, and swear, to see  
Themselves undone by such a one as me!  
So choos'd by such an empty, brainless fool,  
And gull'd of all, by such a worthless tool!  
And then, next time they chance to meet with me,  
They seek revenge, and use me barb'rouly.  
I have no sight, but, tho' so blind I be,  
(To shew how small advantage 'tis to see)  
To manage those I make't my constant trade,  
Who have eyes full as thick as Argus had.  
But that you may at these great wonders guess,  
One secret truth I freely will confess.  
Tho' wan, and of a fallow hue my face is,  
Know I'm mighty in the ladies' graces:  
To them I therefore for my name appeal,  
Sure they that use me, who I am can tell.

VII. *Enigma 160, by Mrs. Utrecia Smith.*

My body's slender, monst'rous large my head;  
Yet I'm well shap'd, with due proportion made.  
Some say I'm like what boys a tadpole call,  
Because I nothing seem but head and tail.  
I stand upon my head, and when I move,  
Backwards and forwards on my head I rove,

Wagging my tail ; and like a ship at sea,  
 As my stern turns, just so my motions be.  
 Tho' I ne'er drink, however not t' excess,  
 (As you from my thin make may eas'ly gues)  
 'To be hot-headed I am plaguy apt,  
 And then to cool me, I to bed am clapp'd.  
 Where when, tho' restless, I some time have been,  
 Such unkind usage sure was never seen !)  
 I'm dragg'd heels foremost, and pull'd out again.  
 But that is not the worst ; to cool me more,  
 With my bare head on stone, and oft bruis'd sore,  
 I'm left whole nights stark-naked on the floor.  
 A round-head I still am, and always was ;  
 Hollow, with fair sleek looks, and artful face ;  
 Yet from that character, tho' I ne'er swerv'd,  
 I've Cromwell, Charles, James, Mary, William serv'd,  
 Anne, George, in equal favour with them all ;  
 Yet none me trimmer can, or turncoat call.

Ladies, if you can gues my name and nature,  
 Pray tell me what you think of such a creature.

*The Prize Enigma, by Mrs. Utrecia Smith.*

Ye curious searchers into wonders, hear  
 The strange account of an old traveller.  
 From distant parts by sea and land I'm come,  
 Welcome a long expected traveller home.  
 Cloath'd all in rags, and white with age, or care,  
 The marks of time and different climes I bear.  
 Examine my improvements as you please ;  
 I speak above twelve diff'rent languages.  
 I'll tell you truths ; but if I chance to lye,  
 Allow me pray a trav'ler's liberty.  
 All Europe, large as 'tis, I've travell'd o'er,  
 Touch'd at each port of th' Adriatic shore,  
 And trac'd the regions of the footy moor.  
 Both Indies I have visited, and been  
 Where Sandys, Drake, and Dampier ne'er were seen.  
 How oft have I been taken prisoner ?  
 Burnt by the Turks ! and no fictitious fear,  
 But real marks from barb'rous hands I wear.  
 How oft have I been by storms and tempest toss'd,  
 And drove by adverse winds from coast to coast ?  
 Shipwreck'd, wash'd overboard, nay, once, I swear,  
 Was taken up and carried in the air,  
 (I won't be positive to say how far)  
 And set down safe on land : What makes you smile ?  
 I've known it done sometimes above a mile ?

Of

Of mermaids, monsters, and such sights I don't  
 Think it worth while to give you an account.  
 Engagements, prizes, are a nobler theme!  
 Worth my recital, worthy your esteem,  
 But I should tire you should I once begin,  
 The sun wou'd set, and day-light wou'd shut in,  
 Ere I cou'd tell the hazards I have run;  
 For what I've bore, exceeds what I have done.  
 Ladies, whether you know my name or no,  
 Yet to my case your wonted pity show.

1730.

*Enigmas answered.*

154. THE AGUE.

155. The ALPHABET.

156. A SIDE-SADDLE.

157. MAN I' TH' MOON.

158. A FOOT-BALL.

159. A DICE-BOX.

160. WARMING-PAN.

Prize. A LETTER.

*All the Enigmas answer'd by Mariamne, in Sylvia's request  
 to Cloe.*

Come, dearest Cloe, leave thy WARMED BED,  
 See the bright sun his radiant beams has spread :  
 The morn invites thee forth, arise my fair,  
 SADDLE thy palfrey, for the chace prepare.

Let others spurn the BALL, or throw the DIE,  
 To pleasures more sublime, haste thou and I.  
 For bright Clarinda be no longer griev'd,  
 Fled is her AGUE, and her health retriev'd.  
 Nor for her absence let fair Cloe mourn,  
 To whose lov'd sight she will with speed return ;  
 Lest as a fiction you this tale shou'd fear,  
 See from her hand to thine, I LETTERS bear. *Prize, 2.*  
 Read how she's left the burning Indian soil,  
 And soon will reach this happy temp'r'ate isle.

Methinks, with fancy's eye the bark I see,  
 Bringing the lovely maid to thee and me ;  
 I see the vessel thro' the ocean wade,  
 Sailing by Moon-light, with its flags display'd.  
 Oh ! may propitious winds soon waft her o'er,  
 And bring the nymph to her desired shore.

An

*An explanation of last year's Enigmas, by Mrs. Eliz. Milner.*

Said I, when the MOON shone one night, 4.  
 When the jelly was made and set by,  
 A PEN and some PAPER I'll fetch, Prize.  
 And to answ're those riddles I'll try.  
 Tho' Pegasus is but a jade,  
 And my brains you know are but addle,  
 For once I'm resolv'd for to try  
 If I can sit firm on my SADDLE. 3.  
 Said my mistress, all trembling with rage,  
 As if she an AGUE had got, 2.  
 My FOOT-BALL I'll make you I swear,  
 If you talk so much nonsense you fot. 5.  
 Your LETTERS you scarcely can tell,  
 The DICE will as soon get you bread. 6.  
 Come get me the WARMING-PAN soon,  
 For I'll go this moment to bed. 7.

*Answer'd by Bachelor Blunderbuss.*

Ladies ! my last year's rimes forgive I pray,  
 'Gainst you and Hymen's rites that dar'd inveigh :  
 Since by my suff'rings better morals taught,  
 I here, in mournful notes, bewail my fault.

Long had I reign'd sole monarch of my heart,  
 And ridicul'd the pow'r of Cupid's dart.

Not more unstedfast cou'd the FOOT-BALL fly,  
 Nor from the ratt'ling Box the fickle DICE,  
 Than 'mong the charming sex, unconstant I.  
 Till late o'ertaken as to —— I sped,  
 Fair Flavia MOUNTED on a milk-white steed :  
 Her wit and beauty did my heart ensnare,  
 And ever since, alas ! her chains I wear,  
 Without the least compassion from the fair.

In the WARM BED no sweet repose I find,  
 Love worse than TERTIAN fits torments mankind,  
 When nought but hopeles thoughts possess the mind.  
 As well I might attempt (of knowledge rude)  
 To square the circle —— find the longitude;  
 With SELENITES intelligence to hold,  
 Or the adamantine ALPHABET t' unfold,  
 As the relentless damsel's heart to move,  
 Who flights (my just deserts!) with scorn my love.

Oh Hymen ! once my dread, but now my pray'r,  
 Wou'd Flavia but my future fortunes share;  
 With joy I'd hug thy fetters, bles thy pow'r,  
 And never, never wish for freedom more.

A a

To

To Mercurius Mulierum, the author of the *Ladies' Diary*,  
in answer to the Enigmas 1729, by Proteus.

I pray, fir, excuse me, if like many more,  
I tell you some NEWS that oppresieth me fore. Prize.  
I court, fir, a mistress, who makes my heart ake,  
As tho' I'd an AGUE, I tremble and quake, 1.  
For fear from the ALPHABET I shan't contrive,  
Persuasions to make her my spirits revive. 2.  
She's bought a fine SADDLE, and's rode far-a-way,  
But Mercury go to her, desire her to stay, 3.  
Till my match at FOOT-BALL this day doth decide,  
When I'll come, endeav'ring to make her my bride: 4.  
To which end Mr. Vellom his parchments shall bring,  
And if I succeed, fir, the bells shall all ring; 5.  
And we will be merry with good white and red,  
Till the WARMING-PAN's brought, and the bride slips to bed. 6.  
After which, give me leave, fir, the rest to conceal,  
For my grannum oft told me not to kiss and tell.

I should not have inserted any more answers, but that a malcontent, who styles himself *Aminadab Stiffrump*, finding his performances not in the diaries, writes a long letter full freighted with spleen, (and as he fancies) criticism, and satyr on the author. And because he has used many opprobrious names, as fool and dunce, to *Blowfabella*, who all judges must allow to be of a superior judgment, liberal education, and as much good-nature as cou'd be wish'd for or desired: I have here given you the poetical part of *Aminadab's* letter, which may be a sufficient specimen to guess at the rest of his performances.

— ‘ And I now have sent you an answer to the enigmas in your diary, which I hope you will be so kind as to publish in your next; but if you don't, I shall not care one f——t. And I can do no less than give you my wishes after the following manner :

‘ May th' AGUE always keep you poor, 1.  
‘ And when you out do ride, 2.  
‘ May th' SADDLE make your A—SE so sore, 3.  
‘ That th' pain yon can't abide. 4.  
‘ If e'er you walk from home at night, 5.  
‘ May WILL-WITH-WISP you stray; 6.  
‘ Sometimes to th' left, and then to th' right, 7.  
‘ Like to a FOOT-BALL play. 8.  
‘ May you ne'er be worth a WARMING-PAN, 9.  
‘ Whilst that at —— you dwell; 10.  
‘ And look like PAPER, pale and wan, Prize.  
‘ As ev'ry one can tell. 11.

May the rats and mice your PARCHMENTS gnaw, 6.  
 And may you grow so wise,  
 You scarce can read the CRIS-CROSS-ROW,  
 And all men you despise.  
 This is the answer which I send  
 To you old Harry Crump,  
 That's written by your unknown friend,  
 AMINADAB STIFFRUMP.

The prize of 12 diaries fell to the lot of Mrs. Anna Maria Hunt, of London, and that of 8 diaries to Mrs. Eliz. Hantley, of Chittern, Wiltshire.

### New Enigmas.

#### I. Enigma 161, by Blowsabella.

In vain we stretch our thoughts to find  
 Subjects to puzzle human kind ;  
 When common objects seem to me  
 Enigmas past discovery.  
 Within my body, small as 'tis,  
 Lurk many curious mysteries ;  
 Few can my genial atoms trace,  
 Tell how I propagate my race ;  
 Tho' numerous beings owe to me  
 Themselves and their posterity.  
 Of different size and colour too,  
 Cameleon-like of ev'ry hue :  
 Brown, speckled, yellow, black, or blue. }  
 What's yet more strange, can make't appear,  
 I ramble almost ev'ry where ;  
 On earth, in air, at random play,  
 And o'er the boundless ocean stray, }  
 Tho' seen by thousands ev'ry day.  
 Of old a valuable guest,  
 Sat uppermost at ev'ry feast :  
 From whence a proverb I became,  
 For ever shall preserve my name.  
 Some ancient learned mystæ tell  
 I represent the world so well,  
 No livelier symbol can be shown  
 Of its duration, than my own.  
 Within my body central heat  
 Is fix'd, my ruin to complete ;  
 With different strata cover'd o'er,  
 Which must in time the whole devour.  
 So at the last tremendous day,  
 When sick'ning nature shall decay ;

A a 2

When

When boiling seas inflam'd shall roar,  
 And streams of sulphur scorch the shore,  
 Volcano's rend the hills in twain,  
 Convulsions heave the tott'ring plain ;  
 The found'ring earth from her foundations tore,  
 Absorpt in her own Womb, shall be no more.

II. *Enigma 162, by Theophilus.*

Firm to our post, a num'rous band,  
 In martial order rang'd, we stand,  
 Still ready upon ev'ry call,  
 With fury on the foe to fall :  
 A subtile foe that here and there  
 In parties rambles ev'ry where,  
 Ever spoiling and defacing,  
 What they chance to find a place in ;  
 Ever lurking where they light,  
 Till rais'd by us, and put to flight.  
 But O ye powers ! (of you we crave  
 'That aid the generous and brave)  
 When we the injur'd wou'd redress,  
 And succour innocent distress,  
 While with oppressors vile we strive,  
 And wou'd them from their shelter drive,  
 Grant us a dry and open field —  
 For shou'd we summon them to yield,  
 In bogs and marshes still secure,  
 'They'd mock our vengeance, and defy our pow'r.

III. *Enigma 163, by Tom Thickatrick.*

I sprung, like Pallas, from a royal brain ;  
 At first design'd, they say, to hide a stain :  
 And yet by chance I oftentimes reveal  
 Great part of what I'm order'd to conceal.  
 Shou'd I describe my shape, there is no doubt  
 But ev'ry reader straight wou'd find me out ;  
 And yet I'll give some tokens that may be  
 Discover'd by the skill'd in geometry.  
 Cut me, and you parabolas will find,  
 And curves too of the hyperbolic kind :  
 Unwounded, I alternately can shew,  
 Circles of various size, and ovals too :  
 Yet, when their best experiment they try,  
 Lovers of mathematics lay me by.  
 Tho' banish'd once this realm, now you may see  
 How I'm reviv'd with William's legacy.

IV. *Enigm*

IV. *Enigma 164, by Mrs. Utrecia Smith.*

As Pallas was the offspring of Jove's head,  
So I from learn'd ingenious brains am bred.  
And to act suitably to my descent,  
In studies deep my sprightly thoughts are spent.  
In problems hard, dark, and obscure I deal,  
Which, but from prying eyes, themselves conceal.  
From east to west, from pole to pole I roam,  
In search of hidden truths, then come  
Furnish'd with useful observations home.  
Ideas infinite to my fancy crowd,  
Though none but proper, have a place allow'd.  
Thus do I rifle all the stores of nature,  
And fetch in rich supplies from ev'ry creature.  
Then I, with art, the scatter'd parts digest,  
And in quaint style and mystic numbers dress'd,  
I publish 'em, that others may take pains  
As well as I, and rack their lab'ring brains.  
For what I've studied so, I never mean  
That others shou'd more easily obtain.  
But he whose penetrating genius can  
Conceive me, thinks himself a happy man.  
Indeed, when I've to do with some less wise,  
(Pleas'd still to nonplus, puzzle, and surprize)  
I deal in quibbles, puns, and trifling subtleties.  
Thus do I speak as I occasion see,  
And suit myself to each capacity.  
As this is no imaginary sham,  
Say of so curious science, what's the name;  
Or to speak plainer, who or what I am.

V. *Enigma 165, by Theophilus.*

My head is well furnish'd without you will own;  
But to tell you the truth, for brains I have none :  
Yet like those who're oblig'd to their wits for their bread,  
What keeps my teeth going, still comes from my head.  
My throat is but narrow, yet wide are my jaws ;  
I eat without chewing ; my teeth are like claws :  
As a child that is fed by its nurse, I ne'er eat  
But when I've another to chew me my meat.  
'Tis true, she will taste when she feeds me — so let her,  
For the ofter she does so, it goes down the better.  
Sorry music I make, yet a flute or a fiddle  
Does not turn to account half so much as this riddle.

VI. *Enigma 166, by Mr. Christoph. Mason.*

Let Mandevil and Gulliver no more  
 Impose on mankind, as they've done before,  
 With pygmies and a liliputian race,  
 Where neither truth nor moral I can trace.  
 I here describe a stranger race than they,  
 Which beings have produc'd the nobler way.  
 At parents will their offspring's great or small,  
 Some near two feet, some scarce two inches tall.  
 An embryo, or a foetus, some remain ;  
 Others, when dead, do rise to life again.  
 Some longer live than old Mathuselah ;  
 Others, like farts, just squeek, and die away.  
 Their final exit something strange may seem,  
 Men die of passions, they of disesteem.  
 But those of greater worth do least decline,  
 As years advance, they with more splendor shine.  
 Some are in arts and sciences profound,  
 Others in languages do most abound,  
 And multitudes nothing but empty sound.  
 Some prove their old descent from Greece and Rome,  
 Some tell of things past, present, and to come.  
 They seldom fight, but oft make use of words,  
 And hot disputes are ended without swords.  
 The major part in skins of beasts are dress'd,  
 Some plain, some colour'd, others richly lac'd :  
 And some like seamen in blue shirts appear ;  
 Others, like Indians, party colours wear.  
 Their politicians oft stark-naked are,  
 And with their frolers have a common fare ;  
 And in their cities mostly are confin'd  
 To some bye place, like abjects of mankind.  
 As our divines, so lawyers have their dress,  
 And all their skill without a fee confess.  
 Their custom is, when dress'd, like belle and beau,  
 With airy pride, their gaudy parts to show.  
 Stop here, rude pen, diffuse no more thy ink ;  
 Thou hast not left the fair ones room to think.

VII. *Enigma 167, by Tom Thickatricks.*

With zigzag lace I'm tightly brac'd,  
 And firmly bound about my waste ;  
 But like the monstrous German maids,  
 My single body has two heads.  
 I've one great eye ; but what's uncommon,  
 My guts are all without th' abdomen.

When once I speak, whate'er I say,  
 Crowns must implicitly obey,  
 Tho' death and danger's in the way.  
 Nay, murd'lers with uplifted hands,  
 Must sheath their swords at my commands.  
 But that you may discover me,  
 Know I am bang'd like walnut tree;  
 And yet for blows care not a soule,  
 But sadly dread a little mouse:  
 And that I mayn't remain a wonder,  
 Tho' born of earth, like heaven I thunder.

VIII. *Enigma 168, by Blowsabellæ.*

Walking one day, to feast my eyes,  
 With all the painted gaities  
 Which vernal fields and chrystral streams afford,  
 A monster strange before me rose,  
 With neither fingers, tail, or nose,  
 Kept to divert an honest neighb'ring lord.  
 Pleas'd with the whim, I nearer drew,  
 Its parts anomalous to view:  
 Strictly observing its romantic frame,  
 When breast and bosom I espy'd,  
 With hideous mouth extended wide,  
 And one more member which I dare not name.  
 Two arms, of an uncommon length,  
 Told its rapacity and strength,  
 By which 'twas led along with decent care,  
 Not Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,  
 Such odd gigantic limbs cou'd boast,  
 Nor watchful Argus with its eyes compare.  
 This tyrant, wheresoe'er he goes,  
 Draws on inextricable woes,  
 And often gorges thousands in an hour.  
 No beauty can command his love,  
 Nor youth or age his pity move,  
 But all before him greedily devours.  
 Yet grateful too in some degree,  
 As o'er-charg'd gluttons us'd to be,  
 When tumbled, casts his reck'nings up again.  
 Whilst pleas'd spectators with surprize,  
 With various objects feast their eyes,  
 He strows with captives all the glitt'ring plain.  
 And tho' thus awkward is his mien,  
 Thus whimsical his actions seem,  
 Thrice happy they his likeness can obtain,  
 Where exquisite delights abound,  
 And joys transcendent still are found,  
 Bless'd conversation, peace, and lasting gain.

IX. *Enigma*

IX. *Enigma 169, by Mr. Will. Johnson.*

When the omnipotent had fram'd this world,  
And round the same his glorious works had hurl'd,  
Dispers'd his blessings frankly on mankind,  
And each respective being had refin'd,  
In mutual joys, without contending strife,  
Each dwelt in bliss, enjoy'd a happy life.

Then sure some after season must give birth  
To me, th' unhappiest creature now on earth;  
For all those joys my fellow-creatures know,  
On me is laid a deadly load of wo:  
Debarr'd am I those pleasant scenes of love,  
The bliss of men below, and gods above.  
'Tis true, my species now are num'rous grown,  
But yet, unhappy me, 'tis too well known:  
Such is the will of heav'n, such our fate,  
Tho' male and female, cannot propagate:  
We're servile too, no easy life we lead,  
But weary steps in blacky paths we tread;  
Yet we're content, for 'tis in vain to grieve,  
When here's not one that can or will relieve.  
In this assist me, Oh ye beauteous fair!  
To the expecting world my name declare.  
That each kind reader, viewing me, may bless  
The bounteous author of his happiness.

X. *Enigma 170, by Mariamne.*

Long undistinguish'd, as a piece of clay,  
Regardless in the earth conceal'd, I lay:  
But now, Oh wond'rous change! now risen to light,  
Richly adorn'd with gold, in black and white:  
Now in an ancient fabric stand display'd,  
Where by admiring eyes my form's survey'd;  
While some with silent grief lament to see  
Others dissolv'd in tears, that here I be:  
Yet as I'm fix'd, I shall for years remain,  
I taste no pleasure, nor I fear no pain.

Here I resemble man, that noble make;  
There the bright figure of some lady take:  
Here represent some vénerable sage,  
There seem an infant in its tender age.

Wonders to tell; illiterate I be,  
Yet ev'ry language is express'd by me.  
I flatter, and speak truth of old and young,  
Yet am inanimate, and have no tongue.

None ever sees me, but a conqu'ror's near,  
 Whose warlike trophies I in splendor wear;  
 He spreads his banners all around my frame,  
 While to the world I celebrate his fame;  
 His praise and triumph my task it is to show,  
 Which all will own, when once my name they know.

XI. *Enigma 171, to the Ladies' Darian, from John in the West.*

Old John had nigh fourscore year  
 Eat Christmas pyc, and seen good chear,  
 Dreamt he could rhymes and fancies mix,  
 As masons mortar with their bricks.  
 Grown, ah! too blind to see his cards,  
 Wou'd thrust (forsooth) among the bards.  
 But when he try'd to play the game,  
 Found his poetic feet were lame;  
 Euterpe cry'd, (but with a smile)  
 Let's help the cripple o'er the style,  
 And send him Peg, the steed of Perseus,  
 As coadjutor for his verse-use.  
 Old Stiff no sooner set astride,  
 Like Phaeton, wou'd youthful ride.  
 And smack'd his whip, when at the stroke,  
 Wise Peg, like Homer's Sorrel, spoke,  
 ' If I but trot, you fit awry,  
 ' You'll ne'er keep steady, should I fly.  
 ' As I'm a horse, you'll wadid pass  
 ' With Midas' luggage for an ass.'  
 Sententious Peg! since 'tis your will,  
 We'll gently mount the forked hill!  
 Look now! 'tis somewhat which the airs  
 And shape of an enigma bears.  
 Go shew't, and bowing passive stoop,  
 To the high tribunal of the hoop.  
 If we han't please'd the ladies' eyes,  
 Give 'em their maids to bottom pyes.

A modern dome by British masons made,  
 Of diff'rent natures twelve apartments had.  
 As annual plants decay, all but their roots,  
 Their kind next season, from their mother shoots:  
 So does this magic house its beauty show,  
 Then fade as yearly, and as yearly grow:  
 A—— dame invites you in, whose looks  
 Confess a genius not averse to books.  
 A two-faced porter says, (whoever comes)  
 Walk in: God speed you. As you view the rooms,

You'll

You'll there, as in a necromatic glass,  
 See how your fortunes all the year will pass.  
 And hear, what no where else you can, the spheres  
 Harmonious, please, or jarring grate your ears.  
 The garden charms you; First, there meets your view,  
 Cut to the life in green and curious yew,  
 A man and monster (as my author thinks)  
 The Theban surgeon cutting up a sphinx.  
 Then plants, like those in kind which then were seen,  
 When shewn by Israel's king to Sheba's queen.  
 All sorts of fruits are here at new-year's-day  
 Full ripe, as cherries in the midst of May.  
 Delicious, tempting fruits; but never dear,  
 Tho' ripe so early, yet last all the year.  
 Here Pallas weaves, th' ingenious come in throngs,  
 To view her work, and hear the muses songs.

XII. *Enigma 172, by Philogriphus.*

1. From a well-manur'd earth I challenge my birth;  
     From a well-harden'd metal my form;  
     Am a right welcome guest at full many a feast,  
     But seldom am good but when warm.
2. Being born to be burnt, I never can mourn't,  
     Nor ever repine at my fate;  
     Since the worse I am us'd, and the more I'm abus'd,  
     The more riches accrue to the state.
3. Some people I please, some people I ease,  
     And others again I torment;  
     Some disorders I cure, and some I procure,  
     To those who to conquer me meant.
4. Your thirst I increase, your hunger appease,  
     To the weary'd refreshment afford;  
     To my lady's fair face, I add no little grace,  
     But seldom am lik'd by my lord.
5. Of lawyers, physicians, and grave politicians,  
     The thoughts I am wont to compose;  
     Befriend contemplation, whet the wits o'th' nation,  
     When o'er me they fuddle their nose.
6. To the virtues I mention, it was my intention  
     To have added a great many more;  
     But I take but this one, and then I'll have done,  
     I'm a salve for almost any sore.

*The Prize Enigma, by Blowsabellæ.*

Come, virtuoso's, shew your art,  
 That into nature's secrets pry;  
 To the wond'ring world my name impart,  
 And tell from what, and whence am I?  
 You've heard, no doubt, of aukward birth,  
 As Bacchus issuing from Jove's thigh,  
 Pallas from's brain, and from the earth,  
 Eradicated mandrakes cry;  
 But I to screen my shame that scorn,  
 That never thought it worth denying,  
 Some say, was neither bred nor born,  
 But sh—t by the devil flying.  
 'Tis certain I no father had,  
 Nor can I boast a mother;  
 The first inhuman barb'rous jade  
 Bred me to gratify another.  
 Twelve hours, perhaps, in the next womb  
 A pleasing load I lie,  
 Then turn'd abroad to meet my doom,  
 In honour or obscurity.  
 If some kind nurse with open arms,  
 The clinging embryo receives,  
 It thrives, possesst with all the charms  
 That blooming youth or beauty gives.  
 True as the Indian to her mate,  
 Whom love or nobler friendship fire,  
 Whene'er he falls, I meet his fate,  
 And joyfully ascend the pyre.  
 What tho' by some I'm pagan call'd,  
 To make the balance even,  
 By others I'm as much extoll'd,  
 And thought the choicest gift of heav'n.  
 In Druid songs recorded stand,  
 And banish satan from your houses,  
 'Was fam'd thro'out the British land  
 For making fruitful barren spouses.  
 If these exploits you seem to doubt,  
 Read Aristotle, canvas Pliny,  
 And then if you don't find me out,  
 I'll surely say the d—l's in you.

1731.

*Rules for composing Enigmas.*

*Mr. Ismael Bibby has favour'd me with some rules whereby to try and judge of Enigmas, the heads of which I shall here transcribe.*

‘ I Shall venture to lay down one, and that very short, viz.  
 ‘ Every true enigma is obscure before solution, and plain afterwards. First every enigma ought to be obscure before solution. For the design of it is to puzzle; and therefore it is allowable to make use of tropes and figures, ambiguities and equivocations, puns and quibbles, &c. in describing the subject matter in order to draw a veil over it at the same time; or if the description be plain, to make use of some cunning device or other to divert the attention from it. But,

‘ Secondly, Every enigma ought to be plain after solution; for the design is not absolutely to confound, but to puzzle. Now that an enigma may appear to have these properties, these three particulars are requisite. 1. It ought to be proposed in intelligible words. There ought to be nothing that is uncouth, obsolete, or new coin'd; no, nor any terms of art; else he who is unacquainted with such, is absolutely confounded, as if you talk'd to him in the Chinese language. 2. The description ought to be just; and therefore every thing that is asserted or denied ought in some sense or other at least to be true; and enough ought to be said to point out the thing intended from all others: It's impossible to come at the meaning where any falsehood is asserted; and where there's not enough said, it is not possible to know whether you have hit upon it or no. A third particular requisite in order to the plainness of an enigma, is that the subject be common and well known. The very care that is taken to conceal the subject in composing of an enigma, supposes that it is obvious of itself; what is secret needs not to be hid; 'tis the riddle, and not the subject of it, that ought to puzzle. Suppose I shou'd pitch upon Mount Sinai in the map of the moon, or one of the satellites of Jupiter for the subject of an enigma, and describe it with all cunning artifice and obscurity, I question not but I could defy all the readers to answer it; but at the year's end I should certainly expect to be laughed at for a laborious fool.’

## To Aminadab Stiffrump.

Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum,  
Postulat ignoscat verrucis illius; aequum est,  
Petatis veniam poscentem, reddere rursus.

Translated by Mr. Creech.

For they that wou'd not have their sores offend,  
Must not disgust the pimples of their friend,  
And 'tis but just that he that hopes to find  
A pardon for his faults should be as kind. —

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. 8.

Rail on, reproachful youth, indulge the fit,  
And spew forth malice nauseous as thy wit,  
Whose worth, like gold on pills, appears so thin,  
It scarce conceals thy changling soul within.

If crump, and fool, and blockhead, such coarse names  
Are call'd the raptures of poetic flames,  
The oyster wenches shall Parnassus grace,  
And Helicon to Billingsgate give place;  
Or if for satyr curses are allow'd,  
And Sternhold's metre charms th' attentive crowd,  
Monophthalma shall for a beauty pass,  
And B-r-n rival matchless Hudibras.  
(Well hast thou sculk'd behind the quaker's dress,  
Ill manners they and fly deceit profess :  
Or how cou'dst thou explode the harmless bed,  
And in its room propose a maidenhead?)  
Believe me, friend, ere more this trade you try,  
Learn Horace well, nor Juvenal pass by.  
Let Pope's immortal essay guide thy pen,  
The Dunciad all imprudent thoughts restrain,  
Thus ripen'd, satyrift commence again.  
But if in such vile trash thy muse delights,  
Stranger to sense, unus'd to noble flights,  
In doggrel cant, the Grub-street hero maul,  
And bravely on thy mighty rivals fall;  
But far from hence let all detraction fly,  
Envy and spleen at equal distance lie.  
Soft as the sex let every accent move,  
Each shall be wing'd with down, and tipp'd with love;  
Then shall succeeding ages B-h-n bless,  
And Albion boast a race of goddesses.  
When every village can hereafter shew,  
Bright nymphs, obliging, virtuous, witty too. *Blowsabella.*

*Enigmas answered.*

161. An EGG.	167. A DRUM.
162. A BRUSH.	168. A FISH NET.
163. A HOOP-PETTICOAT.	169. A MULE.
164. An ENIGMA.	170. A MONUMENT.
165. A LINEN-WHEEL.	171. An ALMANAC.
166. BOOKS.	172. TOBACCO.

*Prize. MISSELTOE.*

*All the Enigmas answered by Carabella.*

The fot the INDIAN WEED admires,  
As druids did the MISSELTOE,  
The DRUM to arms the soldier fires,  
The FARTHINGAL to love the beau,  
Her BRUSH and WHEEL the housewife eyes,  
The Spaniard's pride's a MULE,  
A costly TOMB's the hero's prize,  
An EGG the tyro's feast at school.  
Sportsmen their NETS and dogs rejoice,  
ENIGMATISTS the DIARY;  
Wou'd bounteous heaven indulge my choice,  
Books and a learned friend give me.

11.  
Prize.  
7.  
3.  
2, 5.  
9.  
10.  
1.  
8.  
4, 11.  
6.

*To the Author by Melpomene.*

With pleasure heretofore I've trac'd,  
Your DIARY line by line,  
With fair ENIGMATISTS convers'd,  
And bow'd to Euclid's shrine.  
But now by magic NET ensnar'd,  
Obsequiously I stoop,  
My adorations all are paid  
To the triumphant HOOP.  
My brains like adell'd EGGS are turn'd,  
I look like jaded MULE,  
My aching head's severely comb'd,  
With conq'ring three-legg'd stool.  
Each morn my help-mate takes her WHEEL,  
My Books she SWEEPS away,  
Submissively I take the reel,  
And waste the ling'ring day.

11.  
4.  
8.  
3.  
1.  
9.  
On  
of the  
Juveni  
Milner  
6, 2.  
If

If chance a friend at evening comes  
 To smoke a serious PIPE,  
 Loud as the thund'ring kettle DRUMS,  
 She beats alarm all night.  
 My kindness she repays with frowns,  
 And like a heroine spouse,  
 With spiral MONUMENTS she crowns  
 Her passive husband's brows.

*The Enigmas answer'd by Oedipus.*

As o'er a PIPE the other day,  
 At Dick's I pass'd the time away;  
 Amongst some Books I chanc'd to spy  
 The riddling LADIES' DIARY;  
 Enigmas dark, says I, no doubt,  
 Since PETTICOATS may find them out!  
 Therefore to solve 'em all I brag,  
 As easy as I'd break an EGG.  
 Vain boast! I try with all my might,  
 But not one RIDDLE comes to light.  
 'Stead BRUSH and comb, with fingers spread,  
 I claw the tenants of my head;  
 Like to a DRUM my SCULL I beat,  
 My scull, more empty sure than that,  
 For block or MONUMENT might pass,  
 A MULE is not more like an ass;  
 My giddy brain quite turn'd I feel,  
 Just as you'd whirl a SPINNING-WHEEL.  
 With jumbl'd thoughts I flounce and fret,  
 Like fishes tumbling in a NET,  
 Till, thank myself for't, I become  
 The sport and laugh of all the room.  
 The thrush thus drops to her own wo,  
 The oaky-craddled MUSSELTOE,  
 Which turn'd to birdlime oft detains  
 The flutt'ring fool in clammy chains.

Prize.

In this manner they are all answer'd by Mr. C. Mason, and most of them by Mr. J. Ellis, Mr. J. Parkyn, Mrs. C. Keldsal Dryope, *Juvenis*, *Phil. Redivivus*, Mr. Pointin, and several others.

On Candlemas-day last, the lot of 12 diaries fell to Mrs. Elizabeth Milner of Cambridge, and that of 8 diaries to Dryope of Dodona.

## New Enigmas.

I. *Enigma 173; by Mr. W. Johnson.*

From pole to pole, wou'd you my footsteps trace,  
 I wildly range and glide from place to place;  
 On wings display'd sublime I mount the sky,  
 There shou'd I fix remote from vulgar eye,  
 For here I'm restless, light, inconstant, vain,  
 An empty thing, scarce worthy of a name.  
 A faithless tyrant, flatt'ring hypocrite,  
 A limping cripple, destitute of light :  
 An airy phantom, that weak mortals court,  
 Which renders me to wiser heads a sport :  
 Thousands I hurry headlong to their fate,  
 Witness the glorious scene in eighty-eight.  
 When Spain, the Pope, and Devil, all combin'd,  
 And in one fleet their several forces join'd,  
 I flush'd their sails, before their navy flew,  
 Till godlike Drake dispers'd the haughty crew ;  
 With splendid guests replenish'd Charon's boat,  
 And fill'd with jealous Dons the Stygian moat :  
 Their ships I left disrob'd of all their pride,  
 When torn, burnt, sunk, with streams of crimson dy'd, }  
 For, turncoat-like, I creep to th' conq'ring side. }

On land I reign, and there by diff'rent ways  
 Admittance gain, and diff'rent tempers please.  
 Grac'd with my smiles, the martial hero fights,  
 The statesman toils, the captive youth indites :  
 The miser hoards, the wealthy merchant braves  
 The blust'ring winds, and triumphs o'er the waves ;  
 The flatt'r fawns, the beau in splendour shines,  
 And Grub-street garrets satyrise the times :  
 The client fees, the crafty lawyer pleads,  
 The holy cheat devoutly counts his beads.  
 The pris'ner sings, the languid fair revives,  
 Belinda smiles, each anxious lover thrives, }  
 And at her feet submissive ask their lives.  
 Ladies, to make me more conspicuous, know,  
 But once indulg'd I straight familiar grow ;  
 Fly to your arms, and there incircled lie,  
 Dissolv'd in charms, and drown'd in exstasy.

When you with smiles dismiss the am'rous boy,  
 Kindly caref's'd I'm then your favourite toy,  
 Till sacred Hymen does propitious prove,  
 I'm part'ner of your bed, and object of your love.

But

But hold, you tell, you rogue no more for shame,  
 Ladies, pray try to shield your injur'd fame,  
 And shew next year this pretty play-thing's name.

II. *Enigma 174, by Theophilus.*

Erect delightful to be seen,  
 I stood with youth and beauty crown'd,  
 Till cruel foes with weapons keen,  
 First threw me prostrate on the ground:  
 There as I wounded helpless lay,  
 Rudely trod beneath their feet,  
 My colour chang'd, my strength decay'd,  
 My body burnt with scorching heat.  
 Yet this with patience might be born,  
 Did not, to aggravate my woes,  
 To female cruelty and scorn,  
 Th' insulting victors me expose.  
 But I'm by women, Oh disgrace!  
 Women when bad still worse than men,  
 Dragg'd by the teeth from place to place,  
 Oft rais'd, as oft thrown down again.  
 At length like corpse in hearse convey'd,  
 My scatter'd parts were hither sent,  
 Of which a stately pile being made,  
 Myself am my own monument.  
 Ponder this well, then look on me,  
 And think of man's mortality.

III. *Enigma 175, by Belinda.*

Ye British wits, and lovely fair, define  
 My parents, who as nat'ralists opine  
 In individuum diff'ring genders join.  
 They boast of strength, are of gygantic size,  
 To a vast bulk, and wond'rous stature rise;  
 And beauty in deformity comprize.  
 Admir'd when rough protub'rant warts adhere,  
 Grow rich and prosper each revolving year,  
 But poverty entail on all that's near.  
 By some rude hand with strong compulsive force,  
 My birth's untimely, out of nature's course;  
 Yet no abortive marks or signs appear,  
 But uniformly smooth, from blemish clear.  
 Unlike my sire, I seem of pigmy race,  
 Tho' of a beaut'ous texture form and face:  
 This diff'rence 'twixt us also will appear,  
 He centuries survives, I scarce a year.

Strange opposites concurring, jointly meet,  
Distasteful bitter, and delightful sweet;  
The darkest sable with the clearest white,  
The flexible and brittle all unite.

For innate virtues oft I'm soundly bang'd,  
And ere I'm born am destin'd to be hang'd,  
But when at feasts sometimes I take a place,  
A pleasing ardor's seen in ev'ry face;  
By each soft hand I'm grasp'd with eager haste,  
And by the lovely fair am close embrac'd :  
But oh, surprizing change ! alternate hate,  
I'm instant doom'd to suffer Sis'ra's fate;  
Some bite, some scratch, some pinch and wound me sore  
Some hug me hard, and squeeze behind the door.  
Some flay my skin, anatomiſe my bones,  
Dissect my scull, and clear my brains at once.  
But, sudden turn of fickle fate ! in fine,  
I'm last regal'd with rich and racy wine.

#### IV. *Enigma 176, by Cornelius.*

You beauteous ladies of the British isle,  
Well skill'd in sayings dark, and problems hard,  
Rouse up your wits, and bring me to your ken,  
Then to the wond'ring world my name declare.

When first the wisest archite&t of heaven  
Had form'd this world by his almighty fiat,  
A work stupendious, as good as great ;  
I then no being had; how long this globe  
Had on its axis whirl'd, and heaven's bright camp,  
With genial rays produc'd plants, flowers, and fruits,  
Ere I came forth to fright and terrify,  
Sages and wise men are not yet agreed.  
But seeing now I am, I shall remain  
Till the last fire calcines the univerſe.

My nature is amphibious, lands and seas  
Do me contain, or ponds, or lakes, or rivers :  
In mountains high, and vales below I dwell,  
In lions fierce, and ghastly crocodiles :  
'Tigers me cherish, and the ravenous shark,  
Well arm'd with teeth, ten thick, and shovel nose,  
And many of the land, and finny kind.

Some men me love, but I by most am hated,  
Who start and tremble, and at my name look pale.  
But why this cause of fear ? To all I'm friendly,  
And hospitable entertainment give.

Ladies, by these few hints my name you'll guesſ,  
But if you say I'm Death, then guesſ again.

#### V. *Enigma*

V. *Enigma 177, by Mr. Robert Kestell.*

I am of wond'rous parts compos'd,  
 And of a tawny feature,  
 Set for my size in holy writ  
 Before a monstrous creature.  
 With wings and dart I'm fortify'd,  
 So arm'd with courage brave,  
 Was mighty Hector now on earth,  
 Some of his blood I'd have.  
 I soon cou'd wound Goliah great  
 Of Gath, was he but here,  
 In spite of his rich coat of mail,  
 His Helmet, plate, or spear.  
 Was Guy of Warwick now on horse,  
 With sword and lance so keen,  
 I cou'd beset, and make him taste,  
 The sharpness of my spleen.  
 Ten thousand valiant men I've mark'd,  
 'Tis to the world well known;  
 Yet none can say one drop of blood  
 From me was ever drawn.

VI. *Enigma 178, by —— of Coventry.*

Since the fair sex begin to write,  
 And find out riddles as dark as night,  
 Let me be bold to ask the dame,  
 Both what I am, and whence I came.  
 For I was made, but when and where, }  
 'Tis hard for mortals to declare : }  
 I doubt fair ladies you'll despair. }  
 I have no lawful settlement,  
 Yet where I travel give content.  
 I visit every country town,  
 And serve both black and scarlet gown, }  
 And lend my help to every clown. }  
 But chief to cities I resort,  
 And serve both scavenger and court.  
 By great as well as small I'm priz'd,  
 Yet rarely am monopoliz'd.  
 If any critic fain wou'd know  
 To what my origin I owe ;  
 Being here and there so often toss'd,  
 In time my pedigree was lost ;  
 But yet my lineage I can trace  
 Beyond Nassau's or Bourbon's race.

It's

Its probable I might be found  
Before the ancient world was drown'd,  
Yet still remain; for in a rage,  
I Phoenix-like renew my age.

VII. *Enigma 179, by Mr. Ishmael Bibby.*

I'm subject to a great and mighty king,  
And from his loins (as some report) I spring;  
But tho' high born, I count it no disgrace,  
To condescend to take the lowest place.  
For poor (alas!) at first I'm forc'd to live  
On what kind heaven sends, and neighbours give.  
So beggar-like I strode it to and fro,  
And nasty servile offices I do.  
Noisy at every door an alms I crave;  
Grumbling they give, and grumbling I receive.  
But tho' thus fardidly I be,  
Ten thousands get their living under me.

But when grown up such meanness I despise,  
And o'er my fellow-subjects tyrannize.  
With heavy taxes I the country drain,  
My swelling pride and grandeur to maintain.  
Some murmur loud indeed, as well they may;  
For twenty shillings in the pound they pay.  
But their complaints reach not my sovereign's ear,  
For why? 'tis not his interest to hear:  
For who wou'd blame his tool, whose aim is still  
To squeeze the sponge when it has drunk its fill.

But see, the messengers to me resort,  
To call and to conduct me safe to court.  
Pleas'd with the gracious summons, in great state  
I march along, not dreaming of my fate.  
And now at last arriv'd, his majesty  
With open arms indeed receiveth me.  
And presently he seizeth all my store,  
And of me and my wealth you hear no more.  
So Turkish basha by his sultan sent  
To fleece conniv'd at some rich government,  
Returns at last in peace to end his days  
Amidst the wealth of plunder'd provinces;  
A kind reception first the wretch deludes;  
But with his bow-string soon a mute intrudes.  
Then with his hopes together, unaware  
He's choak'd; and the grand seignior proves his heir.

VIII. *Enigma*

VIII. *Enigma 180, by Lycidas.*

Before the sun had found his destin'd way,  
 And blest the chaos with resurgent day ;  
 Ere the pale moon reflected from on high,  
 Or starry studs had lighted up the sky,  
 I claim my birth ; and in dark caverns lay,  
 Where no bright beam cou'd pierce th' impervious way,  
 Till some intrepid wretch by lucre led,  
 Dyi'd and discover'd my benighted bed :  
 Hurry'd from hence, I'm forc'd to undergo  
 The scorch of heat, and scourge of souls below :  
 Here I a second name and nature have,  
 Such as my dark discolour'd maker gave,  
 Whose plastic power infus'd a strange desire,  
 Once form'd by heat, now fed by fire.

As moles disjoin and perforate the clay,  
 My snout pervades and drills her fiery way ;  
 My arms compres's'd, my jaws together lie,  
 But when disfever'd, both expanded fly :  
 My prey obtain'd, my lips are closely pres's'd,  
 Where black and indigested morsels rest ;  
 From mouth half ope such emanations come,  
 As oft prove fatal to the pregnant womb.  
 But shou'd there be too great a mess bestow'd,  
 My jaws return the unconcocted load.

Then who or what I am, ye ladies, show,  
 For no one more than you my service know.

IX. *Enigma 181, by Mr. Christ. Mason.*

In diary lines a dreadful tale I tell,  
 Of a fierce monster or a fiend from Hell.  
 Than sword or pestilence she more annoys,  
 And privately more subjects she destroys ;  
 Some in their prime, some in their riper age,  
 Fall heedless vi&ctims to her burning rage.  
 Others are kept in rags and poverty,  
 Whilst some in gaols do unlamented lie.  
 Rapes, treason, theft, murder, and incest too,  
 Are vilely acted by her thoughtless crew.  
 Altho' this subtile sphinx thus tyrannize,  
 And make her vassals a mere sacrifice,  
 She forceth few, but flattereth all she may,  
 And flyly steals 'em from themselves away.  
 Then she enchant's 'em thro' some strange disguise,  
 As Jove did Ixion's, so she blinds their eyes ;

And

And then transforms them into various shapes,  
Some goats, some ganders, other some are apes:  
Thus she ten thousand diff'rent changes makes,  
And they regardless see not their mistakes:  
How long she's reign'd 'tis dubious to descry,  
But since the deluge authors testify:  
She conquered great Philip's warlike son,  
After the worthy wight the world had won.

This dire Hyæna has amongst her clan,  
Saucy subalterns lording where they can;  
Proud, haughty, insolent, absurd and vain,  
And struts, then huffs those creatures them maintain.  
Others, more fly, are skill'd in magic spell,  
Can both enchant, bewitch, and fortunes tell.  
That there is magic modern wits deny;  
Be as it will, 'tis strange 'tween you and I.  
But to be short, a name you're to descry.

#### X. Enigma 182, by Blowsabella.

Four faithful subjects, but of mean degree,  
Sprung from an ancient numerous family;  
Tall, slender, neat, polite, industrious too,  
For favour, ladies, and protection sue:  
Nor let their first petition be deny'd,  
Who've long maintain'd the poor, and rich supply'd.  
At courts of princes once in such repute,  
They got the length of every monarch's foot:  
And serv'd the country with incessant care,  
Useful to man, convenient to the fair.  
" But if this grandeur with their woes was weigh'd,  
" Envy wou'd own the purchase dearly paid."  
Uncommon sights each careful hour perplex,  
And seldom want they halts round their necks.  
Not quarrelsome nor prodigal of blood,  
Yet fight each day to do the public good:  
At night in silk or cotton wrapp'd they lie,  
And soon forget the paifant misery.  
One custom has amongst their tribe prevail'd,  
Which seems on late posterity entail'd,  
They've but one wife allow'd to every four,  
Whom all alike carefs, and all adore.  
She kind and silent from distinction free,  
Obliges all with pleasing modesty.

Were those the only hardships they endure,  
They'd patiently submit, nor ask a cure;  
But ah! long since strange politicians rose,  
Subtile as Machiavel, as Cromwell close,

Dispatch their business with surprizing art,  
Tript up their heels and stole their master's heart;  
And they from costly rooms and plenty fled,  
In villages procur'd an humbler bed.  
But as they hatch no plots, contrive no ill,  
The darlings of a numerous party still.  
Consider this, and to the world relate  
The emblem of a fav'rite courtier's fate.

*The Prize Enigma, by Blowsabella.*

Abstruse where sylphs or naïds dwell,  
Let abler wits with soft persuasion tell:  
Unskill'd to soar with wings in lofty flights,  
I sing a private centinel's exploits,  
Whole kind assistance and paternal care  
The greatest princes, meanest peasants share:  
Various his task, his armour various too,  
As different tempers different ends pursue.  
Sometimes with wooden target meanly drest,  
He aids the helpless, succours the opprest:  
'Midst storms and tempests too without doors waits,  
Nor heat nor cold his diligence abates.  
Sometimes with utmost art and beauty fill'd,  
He seems to rival fam'd Achilles' shield;  
But then ingloriouſly he quits the field.  
Thus gaily, thus profusely clad, he's set  
To guard Belinda's fav'rite cabinet:  
Pearls, powders, patches, are his constant care,  
All the bewitching trinkets of the fair.  
Again, when clad in plain, but neat attire,  
Such as the holy yeas and nays admire,  
Without mistrust plac'd near Rebecca's bed,  
Preserves for Stiffrump's use her wither'd maidenhead.

O happy soldier! all whose actions prove  
True to thy officer, and true to love;  
Almighty love clos'd watchful argus' eyes,  
And walls of stone, and tow'rs of brafs defies:  
Io, Miss Danae, Venus, all submit,  
When Jove or Mars are for intriguing fit.

1732.

## Enigmas answered.

173. H O P E.	178. M O N E Y.
174. A HAY-STACK.	179. A RIVER.
175. A WALNUT.	180. SNUFFERS.
176. The GRAVE.	181. DRUNKENNESS.
177. A GNAT.	182. KNITTING-PINS.

Prize. A Lock,

## Tom of Bedlam's solution of the Riddling Diary.

What says old father time? What near thy end?  
 GRAVE, Woolston, Tindal, plagues and famine tend  
 To speed apace the world's catastrophe. 4.  
 Begone thou WALNUT face! — or there's for thee —  
 Pilpot and paint well met! New FASHION, fai'! 3.  
 Go SNUFF the moon — and bid the maids make HAY. 6.  
 I burn, I burn; let all the engines play —  
 Get me WATER: — What king can me gainsay? 7.  
 What shall I HOP E? — I'm monarch of the sands;  
 More subjects, troth, than all king G — commands. } 1.  
 Here! pen and ink — see what lord Thomas sends:  
 " The Spaniards watch their prey, like sullen cats, }  
 " The French our out-trade spoil, like troops of rats; }  
 " The Scotch our home-trade seize, like swarms of GNATS. } 5.  
 " Welch KNITSTERS curse the weaving company, 10.  
 " Weavers and merchants damn the m — y.  
 " The nation's DRUNK, and virtue's under LOCK, 9, Pr.  
 " And rich and poor, and wise and fool, will all at length to  
 " Bedlam flock" 1. W.

All the Enigmas answer'd by Mr. Caleb Holebrook.

One evening in the summer time,  
 Philander took his way,  
 When flinging GNATS were in their prime, 5.  
 And meadows spread with HAY. 2.  
 Close

Close by a RIVER in a grove,	7.
Under a WALNUT tree,	3.
Intoxicated with wine and love,	9.
And void of HOPE was he.	1.
He took his seat, and sigh'd, and said,	
Oh! Phillis, Phillis gay,	Pr.
My heart is LOCK'D to you, and stray'd	6.
From fair PECUNIA.	10.
Come K N I T the knot to que'l my doubt,	
Dear Phillis, now I crave,	8.
Or SNUFF my short-liv'd taper out,	4.
And send me to my GRAVE.	

*The Enigmas answer'd by Mr. John Doubt.*

Since cruel death's rapacious hands	
Hath snatch'd away my love,	
And LOCK'D her in the silent GRAVE,	Pr. 4.
I mourn like turtle dove.	
Ah, when my mind doth oft revolve	
The pleasure and delight,	
That did accrue, when that I read,	
She K N I T, then SNUFF'D the light.	10, 8.
Alas! like wand'ring GNATS I rove,	5.
As one half DRUNK I reel:	9.
Like to a bee, I buzz about,	
And can no comfort feel.	
My gold and MONEY all are vain,	6.
Like withering HAY do pine;	7.
My drooping spirits are not cheer'd	
By NUTS or racy wine.	3.
But though no prospe&t here presents,	
To ease me of my grief;	
HOPE to ascend the starry orbs,	8.
And there to find relief.	

In the same manner they are answer'd by Mr. *Richard Green*, Mrs. *Sally Styleman*, Mr. *William Hippax*, Mr. *Robert Kestall*, Mr. *Henry Humphrey*, Mr. *Henry Smith*, Mr. *Christopher Mason*, Mr. *W. England*, Mr. *Thomas Peat*, *Annabella Dryope*, *Juvenis*, Mrs. *Wright*, Mr. *Henry Waller*, Mr. *Isaac Terrat*, and *Aminadab Stiffrump*, and many more in prose.

On Candlemas-day the lot of 12 diaries fell to Mrs. *Frances Wait*, and that of 8 diaries to *Damon*.

## New Enigmas.

## I. Enigma 183, by Mr. William Johnson.

When this terrestrial orb was made,  
 And with its beauteous vestments spread,  
 Whilst man, of nature's affluent store,  
 Enjoy'd his fill, and sought no more,  
 I dormant lay; for luxury  
 Discover'd, form'd, and fashion'd me.  
 Altho' from such habitual sin  
 I really had my origin,  
 It is by me the living thrive,  
 The dead and dying both revive,  
 With such peculiar virtues grac'd,  
 On a resplendent carr I'm plac'd:  
 Then to my care, to be improv'd,  
 My master leaves his best belov'd;  
 The task I faithfully perform,  
 And strictly guard my charge from harm;  
 His parts tho' gross, I soon refine,  
 So brisk he smiles, so gaily shines;  
 And is with such attractions bles'd,  
 By all he's tenderly caref'd,  
 And deem'd a gen'rous welcome guest.  
 To courts preferr'd by fav'rite hands,  
 High there in royal favour stands,  
 And with imperial sway commands.

Tho' o'er this earthly spot supreme,  
 The papal fire boasts his reign;  
 He kindly to my pupil bows,  
 And his pre-eminence a-lows;  
 To such a tutor what's not due,  
 So great, so faithful, just and true!  
 Fair ladies, I appeal to you:  
 For I by man for service past  
 Am trampled on, despis'd at last,  
 Cashier'd, displac'd, nay wounded sore,  
 And, vagrant-like, turn'd out of door.  
 My rise and fall thus being shwon,  
 My pupil's virtue and my own;  
 What more remains I beg next year  
 May in your annual works appear.

But should this metaphoric dress,  
 Without more light, obstruct your gues;  
 I'll further help you; know I am  
 By mother's side an Indian.

II. Enigm

II. *Enigma 184, by Thomas a Thumber.*

Before the sun assum'd his radiant light,  
 Or the pale moon began to rule the night ;  
 Long before Adam and his Eve were made,  
 Or the foundation of the world was laid,  
 I had a being, and shall ever be,  
 Beyond the age of man's posterity.  
 By strict command, I plumb the briny deep,  
 And up the sides of craggy rocks I creep :  
 For here and there, and as the vulgar say  
 Of vagabonds, I never miss my way :  
 From Dan to Beersheba I've travell'd o'er,  
 And view'd each dwelling of the blackamoor.  
 In Europe, Afia, Africa I've been,  
 But in America was never seen.  
 Ladies, if you my pedigree can trace,  
 Or tell me how I propagate my race,  
 Or when or where I first began to be,  
 Magnus Apollo you shall be to me.

III. *Enigma 185, by Lilliputia Dapperwit.*

From foreign parts, a short time here to dwell,  
 A stranger's come ; pray use a stranger well :  
 I said, or you may imagine I wou'd say,  
 Had I known how to speak the English way :  
 But that I've not yet learn'd, but shall as soon  
 As any of my countrymen have done,  
 For without boasting I may say, all own  
 Me and my fellow-travellers to be  
 As smart, sharp youth's, as ever cross'd the sea.  
 But tho' their kinder usage I bespeak,  
 Hear what hard treatment I am forc'd to take.  
 They speak me fair enough, but what are words ?  
 They beat me, pinch me, roll me on the boards,  
 And tumble me about till I'm as sore  
 As I can be, and sweat at ev'ry pore.  
 They cut me, bite me, get me between two,  
 Then thrust with all their might, and press me so  
 That I can't breath ; but they urge on till I  
 Saving your presence, p—Is most plenteously.  
 This tickles 'em, and so they keep me up  
 In p—ssing, till I've drain'd out the last drop.  
 But what I can't account for is, they watch  
 My waters still I find, and catch

All that comes from me, with the greatest care,  
 As if it some nice precious liquor were.  
 And what d'ye gues? they do with't? Would you think it?  
 Mix'd with some other things, I'faith they drink it;  
 Drink it with eager pleasure! What can be  
 The meaning of such barb'rous luxury!  
 Is the brave Englishman turn'd canibal?  
 Or has my p—ss some virtue med'cinal?  
 'Tis certain doctors do themselves approve it,  
 And doctors too as well as patients love it.  
 Don't find me out too soon, else I shall say  
 Troth I believe you love't as well as they.

IV. *Enigma 186, by Mr. Christ. Mason.*

I humbly crave the fair ones to reveal,  
 What they sometimes, and I wou'd now conceal:  
 Yet strange to say that I shou'd be so vain  
 To strive to hide, what thousands strive to gain.

A richer jewel never was brought o'er,  
 From either Ophir or the Indian shore.  
 No worse for wear, nor old for ages past,  
 From infinite to infinite 'twill last.  
 As other gems, this has its counterfeit,  
 With which the juggling crew the ignorant do cheat.

The learn'd adeptists still from age to age,  
 To find this gem, their choicest hours engage:  
 Some thro' the dark mansions of dame nature's store,  
 Have grop'd their way, to find this radiant ore.  
 And some like dunghill cock, absurd and vain,  
 Reject the diamond, and pick up the grain.  
 'Thi'o' the whole round of being it doth run,  
 And oft'ner is eclips'd than is the glorious sun.  
 If once an atheist rightly it apply,  
 His innate thought must give his tongue the lye,  
 And 'gainst his will convince him there's a deity.

If thing with thing you nicely do compare,  
 'Twill plainly shew how they related are.  
 Affirm, or yet deny it, it will be there,  
 Compound, or yet divide, 'twill interfere.

In riddling lines its worth cannot be writ,  
 Gues right, or wrong, speak as you think you hit.

V. *Enigma 187, by Titurator Seneca.*

'Tis many hundred years since man propos'd  
 A secret thought, which, to the world disclos'd,  
 Was well approv'd by all; especially those,  
 Who on the seas their merchandise expose.

This

This advantageous thought, so great, so noble,  
To keep men still in safety (free from trouble)  
Pleas'd all the sages in those ancient times;  
Was by good luck brought to the British climes.

By their example, a society here  
Have made a project great as theirs were,  
Which still increaseth more and more each year.  
By this occasion I do claim my birth,  
Rais'd first from the dark caverns of the earth;  
And by the friendly care of these am come,  
To represent the great and glorious sun.

Vast numbers of my race are daily sent  
(For safety of this British continent)  
To city, town, and country village too;  
And ev'ry number diff'rent ends pursue.  
So excellent philosopher, well skill'd  
In noble sciences, with wisdom fill'd,  
Had study'd sev'ral months and years to find.  
A proper simile t' explain his mind:  
To shew his scholars the phænomenon,  
How royal Sol about his axe mov'd on:  
But to no purpose; till one day by chance,  
He saw his maid a trundling-mop advance.  
The surprizing motion (so exactly shewn,  
What he had study'd long to be made known)  
Was here by accident, when least expected,  
By fortune, sure, so happily directed;  
That ev'ry pupil might have equal share  
Of the philosopher's paternal care.

#### VI. *Enigma 188, by Monsieur Anonymus.*

I am a messenger from far,  
Like herald I proclaim a war:  
Yet am no gentleman of note  
That boasts of him, or his ancient coat:  
Nor am I yet a member chose,  
State diff'rences to compose;  
Yet stop a prater in dispute,  
And make him fit as fish is mute;  
For where I live, I've great resort,  
And sometimes gentlemen from court.  
But I t' avoid such great profuse,  
A summer and winter-house I use.  
I seldom in the summer die,  
But in the winter commonly;  
And at my death such noise do bring,  
As makes the hills and dales to ring.

And lightning doth attend the same,  
 As if it from mount Ætna came.  
 Obscure's my birth; few know from whence,  
 By accident I come, or providence.  
 And there's no emperor, king, or lord,  
 But I 'fore them take place at board:  
 Like quality I'm nurs'd abroad,  
 Yet speak no French, de a la mode.  
 Pray pardon my rumbustie stuff,  
 To find my name, I've said enough.

### VII. *Enigma 189, by Tripulo John.*

I was both small and tender too, when I began to grow,  
 But when I came to age mature, my nature it was so,  
 That I was firm as solid oak, and cou'd endure the weather,  
 Like brazil, cypres, box or yew, each one and altogether.  
 My tender age my father fed, and kept as choice as gold,  
 And I was clad in velvet o'er, to keep me from the cold:  
 Instead of milk my father's blood was what I liv'd upon,  
 I suck'd ten weeks, and thought it good; for mother I had none:  
 Then strutted, being puff'd with pride, nor fearing wind nor weather,  
 But being ag'd I slipt aside, to place a younger brother.

### VIII. *Enigma 190, by Blowsabella.*

1. If innocence demands your care,  
   Or matchless beauty claims regard,  
   Attend on us, ye rival fair,  
   Our virtue from oblivion guard;  
   We the night-walking harlot shew,  
   Discover of her stol'n embrace,  
   Detect the lurking villain too,  
   And all his subtle ways, and secret footsteps trace.
2. Our body dense and pond'rous is,  
   But yet extreamly light and clear,  
   Transparent as the finest glas,  
   And rides on the least breath of air:  
   Throughout the vast expanse we fly,  
   And dance and hover round your head,  
   Dissolving, on your bosom lie,  
   Or prostrate at your foot, can fall, and chuse an humbler bed.
3. Tho' arm'd with swords and lancets keen,  
   'Tis strange we blunt and dull shou'd feel;  
   Tho' soft as down of swans we seem,  
   We're truly hard as temper'd steel.

But by the pleasing youth imprest,  
His grateful image we retain;  
Nurse the kind present on our breast,  
Till scorch'd with too much heat, or overcharg'd with rain.

4. Our numbers none pretend to know,  
At first all regularly clad;  
But in our waftage to and fro,  
Some lose the beauteous form they had.  
The merchant thus his country left,  
Thro' different climates tos'd;  
Returns oft-times of limbs bereft,  
His native beauty all decay'd, and his complexion lost.

*The Prize Enigma, by Terpsichilus.*

With a sting in my tail, and a ring in my nose,  
And my body all hairy, I take my repose,  
Like an adder encircled in folds round and round,  
When she darts by reflection, fresh rays from the ground.

My stature, like mighty Goliah's, is tall;  
Yet it's like your fine ladyships, slender withall:  
For, shewn to advantage, I stretch to the right,  
Disdain to lose ev'n an inch of my height,  
And appear like the chrystal, transparently bright.

Perhaps (by mistake) you'll suppose I've profess'd  
Some sect of religion, persuasion, at least;  
'Cause like the old Hebrews, I seldom remove  
My tents, till inspir'd by kind sigas from above.  
But, the truth to confess, my devotion's so small,  
I obey the soft voice of a heavenly call,  
Without any sense of religion at all.

Tho' to silent assemblies I often repair,  
(Where their critical minutes I nick to a hair)  
Yet I own, like a rake, no intent brings me thither,  
But to mingle diversion and profit together:  
While I charm by quaint doctrines, sauc'd up to each taste,  
Now and then a bright proselyte out from the rest:  
For where numbers resort, I make sure to intrude,  
As a pick-pocket finds the best sport in a crowd.  
Yet in quest of fresh pleasure, I rove here and there,  
As the woodcocks change climes with the change of the year.

But, fair ladies, if more of my nature you'd know,  
You'll approach me the nearer the deeper you go,  
For my business lies much in the regions below.  
Where if I shou'd inform you what hazards I run,  
For another's advantage, and not for my own,  
You wou'd pity my fate, when you see me undone;  
Nor admire, when you hear what fatigues I have past,  
If I meet with a broke constitution at last.

1733.

## I. An Enigma, in which the last year's are answer'd.

**N**ON plagas marfus teretes aper, non  
Corniger Cervus timuit catellos,

Lineam pisces tremulamve curvo  
Iæsus ab hamo;

7.

Vix minax sparsit Boreas ab axe

8.

Agmen hyberno Nivis atque diræ  
Grandinis, Limonia mala ramos

3.

vix decorabant;

6.

Vix adhuc transisset imago lunæ

6.

Signa per ter Zodiaci sereni,

Cum dedit vitam mihi terra læta

6.

Sole tepenti.

6.

Est domus, si non ratione structa,

184

Talis haud qualis valet ars virorum

185

Mentis aut vis condere fit licet non

186

Indice certa

5.

Æris; hanc, cum nudat hyems nemus, tum

Linquo; sub radicibus atque memet

Subter aut terram glacie gelatam

pono quietè.

5.

Non ibi flammam timeo flagrantem,

Nec timores incutit imber undans,

Et licet cœlum tonat omne, carpunt

membra quietem.

5.

Irruat sic omne repente cœlum,

Haud tremiscentem ferient ruinæ

Integrum vitæ. Magis & pruinis

uritur arvum

5.

Quò malignis, memet eo beatum

In quietem volvo magis, magisque

Vere formosus redeunte lucem

viso serenam.

5.

Inter Umbrosus animum relaxo

Ramulos; malisque cutis pilosa

Sit licet, splendore micat corusco

sole nitente

Nov.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.

Non libet qua dicere pascor, esca  
Quod minus Verum comedo ciborum  
Sunt eo pinguedine crassiores

Corporis artus,  
Et nihil cum intrat in ora nostra  
Pabuli res plena stuporis ! ecce  
Maxime tum pingue meum videtur  
corpus obesum.

*Gul. Wilcockson.*

### II. *Enigma, per T. Hare.*

Dic mihi, quæ patriam patrio linquebat amore  
Nata, patris jussu & deseret ipsa patrem ?

### III. *Enigma, per idem.*

Denique dic, ex quâ, primo speramus in anno  
Quo seritur, fruges, arbore ? Phœbus eris.

### *Enigmas answered.*

183. A CORK.

184. DARKNESS.

185. A LEMMON.

186. TRUTH.

187. SUN-FIRE-OFFICE Insurance.

188. A WOODCOCK.

189. A STAG'S HORN.

190. SNOW.

Prize. A FISHING-LINE.

### *Terpsiphilus's answer to the Enigmas.*

Fair ladies, by the homely dress  
My muse at present wears, you'll guess  
I've read your di'ry ; and mus'd a while  
These contraries to reconcile :  
But all my skill can't make a story  
Tally to all th' enigmas for you.

Light as a CORK, tos'd to and fro,  
My WOODCOCK brains still giddier grow ;  
Fatigu'd with wand'ring here and there,  
And harrass'd like a hunted DEER :  
Now forc'd thro' DARKsome shades to gaze  
On the hot SUN's resurgent blaze ;  
Now lost in tracts of chilling SNOW,  
Now scorch'd in climes where LEMMONS grow.

1.  
6.  
7.  
2.  
5.  
8.  
3.  
4.

I've

I've spent (you see) some time and pain  
 To please the fair; but all in vain!  
 And yet there's TRUTH in every LINE,  
 If so, by chance, the prize is mine.

4, Pr.

*All the Enigmas answer'd by Mr. Isaac Tarratt.*

In matchless Chloe I can trace  
 All nature in disguise :  
 Like PHOEBUS in's meridian race,  
 Appears her kindred eyes.  
 Fair as the face of blooming May,  
 Or lilly's SNOWY breast :  
 Sweeter than coasts of Malaga,  
 Or is the phoenix nest.  
 She's more than painting can express,  
 Or diary LINES display ;  
 A light to the DARK universe,  
 Where TRUTH and reason sway.  
 For her all day I sigh, I grieve,  
 All night I take no rest ;  
 The HARTS-HORN VIAL don't relieve,  
 Nor LEMMONS cool my breast.  
 'Tis Chloe must my peace restore,  
 She's all I wish or pray ;  
 Till stretch'd aloft my soul shall soar,  
 And wing her liquid way.

*Answer'd by Dorinda.*

How blest was man in his first innocence,  
 When free from grief and care, as from offence.  
 Then sacred TRUTH his words did always guide,  
 And bounteous nature all his wants supply'd.  
 On herbs and fruits cou'd plentifully dine,  
 The WOODCOCK fear'd no gin, nor fish the LINE. 6, Pr.  
 And whilst he drank pure water from the stream,  
 Bottles and CORKS both useless were to him.  
 His charming lovely seat, adorn'd with all  
 Which we do pleasant or delightful call ;  
 The fragrant myrtle with the LEMMON join ;  
 Roses and jeff'min with the clus'ring vine.  
 DARKNESS to him no horror brings, nor no  
 Inclement weather dreads, nor rain nor SNOW ;  
 From all ill accidents he dwelt secure,  
 NO OFFICE needs his goods for to SECURE :

5

Th

The Stag, who o'er the forest bears the sway,  
To him his HORNs\* does bend, his power obey:  
Thus lord suprem, o'er all the globe he reign'd,  
Till base ingratitude his virtue stain'd.

*The Enigmas answer'd by Phylander.*

A doating old fool had a mind for to wed,  
And he took a gay wanton young lass to his bed:  
She marry'd the man for the sake of the pelf,  
In hopes of a spark and a house to herself.  
When DARKNESS was fled, he wou'd angle till noon:  
But once broke his LINE, and returning too soon,  
He surpriz'd the young couple,—when madam began,  
Why so sullen, my dear? — look up like a man;  
The 'squire has brought me the LEMMONS you see;  
Do but get me some CORKS, and the liquor's for thee:  
This will warm you within, if it fregzes or SNOWS,  
And your house is infur'd, as the POLICY shows:  
Of a TRUTH you've no need to bemoan your bad luck,  
He has sent us besides the best part of a buck.

2.  
Pr.  
3.  
4.  
3.  
2.  
4.  
1.  
8.  
5.  
4.

I am no such WOODCOCK — the husband replies,  
I know that your conduct my fortune supplies;  
But yet tho' this bounty my table adorns,  
Whilst I eat of the buck, I shall think of the horns.

7.

In the same manner they were answer'd by Mr. *Sawn Petit*, Mr. *Philip Taskes*, Mr. *Richard Dunthorne*, *John upon Trent*, Mr. *Caleb Holbrooke*, Mr. *William Mountain*, *Peg at a Venture*, *Thomas a Becket*, *Discipulus*, *Abigail Longbanks*, *Eleonora*, *Philos*, *Redivivus*, *Annabella*, Mr. *John Doubt*, Mr. *Nicholas Oats*, Mr. *Robert Kestall*, Mr. *Edward Fisher*, *Mariamne*, and others.

On Candlemas-day the lot of 12 diaries fell to *Mally North*,  
and that of 8 diaries to Mr. *R. Bishop*.

*New Enigmas.*

I. *Enigma 191, by Mr. Isaac Tarratt.*

Walking alone near the approach of night,  
Whilst verdant beauties entertain my sight,  
And clouds aloft with golden edgings bound,  
The linnets fill'd the woods with tuneful sound;  
A monster strange did fancy here present,  
A brainless tool, yet truly eloquent;

Yea

Yea Mercury herself she may defy,  
For languages, in such variety.  
At church, at mass, at courts, at balls, at plays,  
This emissary lurks to steal their phrase,  
And what she hears she does relate always.  
(Perhaps you'll think she's deaf, but I aver,  
She's got more ears than months i'th' kalendar)  
Ye condescending is this Proteus,  
Where cannons war she's all magnanimous;  
When sweet Lucinda sings, reviv'd is she,  
And joins the consort in a matchless key :  
When with the learn'd her elocution flows,  
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows ;  
In grief she kindly bears an equal share,  
When with deep sighs we mourn the absent fair.  
But ah ! base jilt, some times she will depose,  
Uncertainties of which she nothing knows ;  
And, to be short, if once you aggravate,  
She'll never leave, but still sustain debate,  
Not to be conquer'd by a Billingsgate.  
Yet gives consent to all you say or do :  
O ! wondrous strange, but yet as really true.  
She roves around the globe with ev'ry blast,  
And past its dissolution she will last.  
From which, fair ladies, please to let me hear  
This monster's name, in the ensuing year,  
And I your charms for ever shall revere.

## II. *Enigma 392, by Ishmael Bibby.*

Long time I labour'd ('tis well known to all)  
With what the doctors an ascites call ;  
My bloated belly swell'd to that degree,  
'Twas judg'd expedient that I tapp'd shou'd be.  
And tho' no perfect cure for my disease,  
This never fail'd to give me present ease.  
The gathering water oft renew'd my pain,  
Yet still the pipe discharg'd them all again.

In this alternate state of health was I,  
Till my distemper to a tympany  
At length was turn'd. And now the rumbling wind,  
Which by no means a natural vent can find,  
Threat'ned a rupture; wherefore all around  
With a convenient bandage I was bound.

Twas then my utmost misery took place,  
(Sure mortal never was in such a case !)  
My shape was made the pastime of the town,  
And I became the sport of every clown;

Us'd like a dog; at strife they seem'd to be,  
Who shou'd discharge the most contempt on me.  
Whilst I not one poor moment's ease cou'd know,  
But never-ceasing tossings to and fro.  
In no place cou'd I rest, no posture lie,  
My life was one continued agony;  
With grievous pangs I dearly bought my death,  
And in a groan spent my departing breath.

Now see the fickle nature of the rude,  
Compassionate, hard-hearted multitude!  
The people all lamented sore my fate,  
And shew'd me pity when it was too late:  
But chiefly those, who still above the rest,  
The greatest instances of scorn express'd.  
Thus of my life and death the tale I've told;  
And let dear Blowse the mystery unfold.

### III. *Enigma 193, by Mr. William Whinfield.*

I am a white-staff officer,  
On course, let in, within the bar;  
When dark debates o'er cast the court,  
All turn to me their last resort.  
Then standing up to set them right,  
I catch the sweating sickness by't.  
Like that in one, none, none and seven,  
The very newest reading given  
Of James, by Gaymond, to king Henry;  
A chaplain cur'd by Mr. Penry.

While judges in their square  
Caps, that may kill me being bare;  
Safest with neck in hempen noose,  
And night-cap pull'd down o'er my brows, }  
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.  
Or else self-evident, I die  
The drearest death in destiny;  
For while the smoke-jack plies, beneath  
At once I roast, and boil to death.

May Jove, thy cow, and ram of Jason,  
With sevenfold coat that has no lace on;  
Shield me their posthumous, and blind,  
Of either sex, of either kind.

In swathes, I pay more capitulation,  
Than any family i'th' nation;  
The livelier when they poll my head,  
Which sent strong Sampson to the dead.

My glaring eyes discover more  
Than twelve men do with twenty-four;

I wou'd say eyes, I have but one;  
 Tho' most affirm it I have none.  
 I'm in all hands about the board,  
 Yet never see or say a word.  
 Run down I lose at ev'ry game,  
 Like Polly (what d'y' call him) — pheue :  
 He with a push of pike was slain,  
 I with a puff revive again.  
 My periodic fits i'th' morn  
 Go off, and with each night return.  
 Worse fate ne'er bilk'd a mortal wight,  
 Than stand all day, and fall all night :  
 Strange luck ! to all, both fools and wise,  
 To fall an ev'ning sacrifice.  
 Set my Umbrella; Chloe, near thy bed,  
 Contract, invert, or crown a maidenhead :  
 Divinely dight I'll tend thy laying-in,  
 My penance, lovely, shall atone the sin.

IV. *Enigma 194, by Blowsabella.*

Ye guardian angels of this happy isle,  
 Descend with speedy care, our fears beguile,  
 Ye beauteous females summon all your charms,  
 And save two faithful slaves from foreign arms.  
 Never did servants more deserve redress,  
 Never was industry rewarded less.  
 Think for your sakes what vast exploits we've done,  
 Contemn'd the torrid and the frigid zone ;  
 Innur'd to hardships, ev'ry climate try'd,  
 Arabia's heat, and Greenland's cold defy'd.  
 Sometimes you'd swear the place wherein we dwell  
 Was Aetna's summit, or the mouth of hell ;  
 And we th' infernal furies lodg'd beneath,  
 With vengeful fire-brands flaming 'twixt our teeth.  
 Anon we're cold, despis'd, devoid of care,  
 Expos'd to all th' inclemencies of air :  
 'Tho' treated thus, like servile sons of earth,  
 We to a reverend prelate owe our birth :  
 And cloath the naked, and the hungry feed,  
 Relieve the needy, and support their breed.  
 So generous, thousands yearly we maintain ;  
 So honest, all collusion we disdain.  
 Tho' chief directors of a wondrous trade,  
 We ne'er our neighbours' properties invade ;  
 Nor plunder sharers, nor our friends forestall,  
 Nor aggrandize ourselves by others' fall.  
 Unus'd to ill, not knowing to offend,  
 Only with matchless innocence contend.

V. *Enigma*

V. *Enigma 195, by Terpsiphilus.*

We are fresh, young, and fair, and twins, you may swear;  
 For never did sisters agree,  
 Since the world did begin, in shape, size, and mien,  
 In features and fortunes as we.  
 And to give us our due, we've been constant and true,  
 Thro' all chances, and changes of weather:  
 Many dangers we've pass'd, tho' now parted at last  
 To maintain no more commerce together.  
 Both alike to be seen, with our backs dress'd in green,  
 On two opposite plains we abide,  
 As close pris'ners confin'd, while the feathered kind  
 Fly round us on every side.  
 As they sing thro' the air, by the mirth they make there,  
 You'd suppose they no mischief could mean us:  
 But, to our great surprize, they all peck at our eyes,  
 And we have but one couple between us.  
 Tho' for these we've a guard, yet our fate is so hard,  
 That our beauty can make no resistance:  
 For the wounds they leave there, in our faces appear,  
 Like spots in the moon at a distance.  
 Thus what we can't cure, we with patience endure;—  
 But we'll keep you no more in the dark:  
 For by this borrow'd light, you'll take your aim right;  
 And, fair ladies, you can't miss your mark.

VI. *Enigma 196, by Piscatrix.*

"Twas late in the year ere the solstice began,  
 Or the hyemnal sun into capricorn ran;  
 For the general use of mankind I was made,  
 Nor my brethren's property thought to invade.  
 For my mother had numerous issue before,  
 And I was the youngest at least of a score.  
 Some thick as they're long, smart, squat, dapper fellows,  
 Look as if they'd continuallly quaff'd at an ale-house:  
 Others meagre and thin, pockfretten and callow,  
 Like green-sickness girls, with complexion of tallow:  
 Some sleek, smooth, and fine, of a delicate mould,  
 With paint and pomatum set off to be sold.  
 But, like some modern hypocrites, cloathed with sin,  
 Themselves are all foul, false, and faulty within.  
 Want of beauty or shape are to me no disaster,  
 So I've hidden perfections to pleasure my master.

D d 2

And

And of all this large family, this I can boast,  
The first-born and I am esteemed the most.  
"Tis plain matter of fact, I am slighted by some;  
But, to make me amends, there's an hundred for one,  
Have hugg'd, squeez'd, carest me, and miss me when gone. }

VII. *Enigma 197, by Terpsophilus Belinda.*

When the fair sacred fruit ungathered hung,  
And all things as immortal seem'd as young;  
So I was 'fore Adam made, and began  
To prophesy in this terraqueous van.  
On some primordial tree I chose a seat;  
Thus highly mounted, I appear compleat.  
Mirrour of wonder! In Noah's ark was I,  
And saw fierce teaming streams this world destroy;  
Alive and brisk when Christ was crucify'd,  
Rebuked him who had the truth deny'd.

To make the enigma plain, propitious fair,  
I will describe my features, habit which I wear.  
A bloody crown is plac'd upon my head,  
Yet never reign'd; to school was never bred;  
Not made with hands, more like to an angel's dress,  
A velvet hue, bedeck'd with gold-artsas  
My doublet is; a red broad beard springs from my chin;  
No teeth I have, a beak, tho' longer, thin.  
Belov'd am I by th' king and quality,  
And often ruin those of mean degree,  
By my engagements, bloody harmony. }

Bold, valiant, stout, carry my arms; nay, more,  
The stoutest soldier ne'er bore such before.

In pulpits often by the clergymen,  
My pretty name is brought to question then:  
I never meddle with the state affairs,  
Unmindful of religion, and such cares.  
Some think I am inclin'd to popery,  
In lent do fast, drink water, and eat rye;  
Foretell what's past, what's present, what's to come;  
Bid worldlings prepare 'gainst the day of doom.  
I love the male kind well; but female best;  
Thus much you see I freely have confess'd;  
These revenues and wonders from me spring,  
Yet never known to do an evil thing.  
A prophet am I. (Fair ladies) discover,  
And you'll highly oblige your affectionate lover.

VIII. *Enigma*

VIII. *Enigma* 198.

I have not to boast of much humour or wit;  
 The thing that I'm priz'd for, is mostly a flit.  
 I'm black at the bottom; but if you look higher,  
 I'm as white and as smooth as a man can desire.  
 To the lover's soft passion I often give ease,  
 Who wriggle me up and down just as they please.  
 By turns I every man's humour can suit,  
 The king, lords, and commons, and bishops to boot, }  
 Who finger me stoutly whene'er they come to't.  
 At first tho' perhaps for one's use I was made;  
 Yet if more should try me, they'd find me no jade.  
 I cut a great figure throughout the whole nation,  
 And give all your hearts, in their turns, palpitation.

*The Prize Enigma, by Mr. R. Fearnside.*

How long shall I, ye fair, remain  
 Unknown to the diarian train,  
 While trivial things have been, we find,  
 So long perplexing to the mind !

My stature, tho' of monstrous size,  
 Has something to attract the eyes ; }  
 A party-colour'd garb I wear,  
 Tho' Indian-like, I all the year }  
 The most part naked do appear.  
 With pleasure all behold my motion,  
 But of its cause few have a notion.

Once, what if odd, methinks, you'll say,  
 A suppliant to me would pray ;  
 To me would offer up his plaint,  
 And call me oft his guardian saint.

But I, relentless to his cry,  
 Soon made the cringing zealot fly.

The kindest nurse to me you'll find,  
 To male as well as female kind.

But what is strange, tho' true, you'll see  
 I feed the man who first feeds me.

A genius good and bad, they say,  
 Attends on man by night and day ;  
 So I, unseen by mortal eyes,  
 Have one, to whom I owe my rise :

Without him useless I should be,  
 And sink into non-entity.

Life to man would be a pain,  
 And chaos soon return again.

Now, ladies, 'tis for you to shew  
 My name, since I resemble \_\_\_\_.  
 When various whims by turns succeed,  
 A common proverb did succeed,  
 That you had got me in your head. }

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1734.

*Enig. per Terpsichorium.*

**G**uttura sum largo, longa cervice, patenti  
 Podice, ventre capax, & patulo ore bibax.  
 At mihi, frigus inest; astusque extremus; eodem  
 Incommixta manet vis utriusque cavo.  
 Nec Sol astivis minuit mea frigora flammis;  
 Undique dum nostro quisque calore rubet.

*Enigmas answered.*

- 191. An ECHO
- 192. A BLADDER.
- 193. A CANDLE.
- 194. JERSEY COMBS.
- 195. A pair of BUTTS.
- 196. Eddish CHEESE.

- 197. A COCK.
- 198. A PEN.
- Prize. A WIND-MILL.
- 1. Lat. A Dormouse
- 2. Myrra.
- 3. A Wife.

Damon Dimetiensis' answer to the Enigmas.

The COCK proclaim'd the day was near,  
 When Strephon, wak'd by love sick care,  
 Starts up in haste, his CANDLE lights,  
 And thus a Billet-doux indites :  
 • Chloe ! thou cause of all my wo,  
 • Still wilt thou slight my passion so?  
 • My PEN might of thy cruelty  
 • Compose a copious Diary. or Cheese  
 • Shot at like BUTTS, the time I wait,  
 • Whole nights I've lain and wail'd my fate.  
 • My cherry checks, once plump and full,  
 • Look pale and lank as COMBED WOOL.

2 Lat

8

or Cheese

Tw

- Twixt hope and fear, like FOOT-BALL toss'd, 2.
- I'm pin'd (like ECHO) to a ghost. 3.
- My head is turn'd by thy disdain, 4.
- I fancy WIND-MILLS in my brain. Pr.
- In pity soon, my griefs compose, 5.
- Or kill me quite, and end my woes. 6.

*All the Enigmas answered by Mrs. Anne Nixon.*

While Philander, like ECHO, would answer my call, 1.  
 I ne'er wanted PENS, for he still made 'em all : 8.  
 By his early SHOOTING, he always wou'd send 5.  
 Me COCKS in the winter, to pleasure my friend : 7.  
 The fruits of the JERSEY COMBS I in return, 4.  
 Knit by my own fingers, and CHEESE made i'th' morn, 6.  
 Still presented him with : Thought his favour secure,  
 Tho' by fortune like FOOT-BALL I'm kick'd out of door : 2.  
 Like a CANDLE am toss'd to and fro in the dark, 3.  
 So farewell to ev'ry such WIND-MILL spark. Pr.

*Seven of the Enigmas answer'd by Mr. W. Mountain.*

Tom Trotter last Christmas most bitterly swore  
 That he wou'd be marry'd by May or before ;  
 I told him no woman of sense wou'd c'er have him,  
 (For he cuts an extraordinary figure, God save him)  
 However a wager was laid on't, in fine,  
 Of two Turkey COCKS and a bottle of wine. 7.  
 A fortnight ago I chanc'd to see Tom ;  
 I ask'd him if marry'd, he sigh'd with a hum :  
 What Tom is it so ? I find then I've lost.  
 Aye ! faintly, says he, and I've won to my cost ;  
 A terrible shrew of a wife I've to handle ;  
 It was but last night in my face went the CANDLE. 3.  
 She's a-scolding for ever, no PEN can express, 8.  
 She makes the room ECHO, like FOOT-BALL no peace ; 1, 2.  
 Now and then, nay 'tis often my head she will COMB, 4.  
 In a terrible manner : Thus suffers poor Tom :  
 She all company keeps, goes out when she will,  
 Unconstant and giddy as Collins's MILL. Pr.  
 She'll be out of the way, come and see me to-morrow :  
 I wish I had lost : I have won to my sorrow.

Terpsiphilus in December sent me this letter, and afterwards the following answer to the Enigmas.

S I R,

I Don't serve you now as I serv'd you before;  
For I've sent you the prize, but have sent you no more.  
Why so hasty, dear Terpsy?—You'll guess, sir, for what—  
I've a longing, in short, for a Candlemas lot.  
But assure you, if you've but the patience to stay, sir,  
You shall have the remainder in April or May, sir,  
And if this curs'd WIND-MILL will let my brains do't,  
Some enigmas I'll send, and some latin to boot.

Mean while, pray my blessing, dear sir, to my \* son,  
I'd have sent it before, if I'd known I'd had one.  
And as for Belinda †— be quick with an answer;  
As she fancies the name, can she fancy the man, sir?  
I suppose she's not marry'd — pray tell her from me,  
I'm in want of a spouse, — if we can but agree!  
And to shew what devotion I'll pay to her fair phiz,  
She shall find her own ‡ riddle dish'd up for her service.

*The Enigmas answer'd by Terpsiphilus.*

When fam'd Ulysses plow'd Sicilia's deep,  
Grim Æolus hush'd his winds to sleep;  
Till not a breath was found,  
To waft ev'n the sails of a WIND-MILL around.  
At last the solemn silence broke,  
And thus the hoary tyrant spoke,  
While hoarse Charybdis ECHO'd back the sound.  
Return great hero of the Trojan war!  
Neglected Ithaca demands thy care.  
Thy plants, thy Edish CHEESE, and golden fruit  
Are trampled under foot.  
Vain are the hopes the flatt'ring DORMICE bring,  
Insects deflow'r the beauties of the spring.  
Each border mourns its former glories lost,  
Nor scarce a grain of MUSTARD seed can boast.  
While ruffian lords in every room carouse,  
And, bold in lust, attempt thy royal spouse.  
But still thy royal spouse, with pious cheats,  
Their wanton purposes defeats;

Already see! The well-comb'd JERSEY's spun;  
The tedious web's begun;

\* Terpsiphilus junior. † Terpsiphilus Belinda.

‡ The 7th enigma last year on a Cock.

Th' industrious queen hangs pensive o'er her loom ;  
 Sends with each trembling Quill a sigh to fetch thee home, 8.  
 And grows impatient of thy stay :  
 Then ravelles her diurnal work by night,  
 Keeping her wakeful CANDLES light.  
 Till the shrill COCK proclaims th' approach of day. 7.  
 These injuries claim redress — Haste ! fly ! be gone !  
 Fast as the wind can drive thy Vessel on. 2 Lat.  
 But first I recommend this magic BALL : 2.  
 Thy blust'ring foes are lodg'd within ;  
 MARK my instructions, and be wise ! 5.  
 Keep the fell prisoners close, and then  
 A fit for all the storms that rise  
 To make thy noble courage fall :  
 This one arcanum guards against 'em all.

*The Enigmas answer'd by Mr. W. Wilcockson.*

As beauteous Phillis with her DORMOUSE play'd, 1 Lat.  
 Strephon the young approach'd the lovely maid.  
 With am'rous tongue, and all the wiles of love, 4.  
 He begg'd she wou'd be kind, and constant prove.  
 Your sex, detracting scandal oft has said,  
 Is like a weather-cock and WIND-MILL made 7, Pr.  
 To veer, and change and turn with ev'ry wind ;  
 Empty as BLADDERs, fickle, and unkind. 2.  
 If I move this, my glas will soon be run ;  
 Like dying CANDLES or the setting sun. 3.  
 This world I leave. — But here the lovely maid  
 With pleasing words and smiling glances said,  
 When the moon, my love, shall be made of CHEESE, 6.  
 When PENS shall please no more, and ECHO cease, 8, 1.  
 Then I'll prove false and fickle as the wind,  
 And imitate the rest of womankind.

*Answer'd by Mr. Rob. Dymond.*

Damon farewell, fantastic ape,  
 Inconstant swain adieu :  
 No more shall charm your matchless shape ;  
 No more I'll doat on you.  
 Empty as BLADDER is your pate, 2.  
 And WIND-MILLS seize your brain ; Pr.  
 Hard and unhappy was my fate,  
 To love so false a swain.  
 No more I'll PEN, by CANDLE-light, 8, 3.  
 A Billet-doux, nor sigh ; 3 Lat.  
 Nor ECHO shall to wish'd delight  
 With mimic sounds reply. 1.  
 I'll

I'll milk my cows, and make my CHEESE,  
Since you inconstant prove;  
I'll feed my COCKS, my hens, and geese,  
And think no more of love.  
I'll wash my GLASSES, rub my TONGS,  
My chambers cleanly sweep,  
With sister Chloe sing new songs,  
And like a DORMOUSE sleep.

In like manner they were answer'd by Mr. Holford, Mrs. Salbury, Mr. Bulley, Philofainigma, J. H. M. Mandrago, Lyb. Stronglove, Tom of Lincoln, Puelia, L. Littleworth, J. Moxon, T. Bouden, H. Humphrey, S. Lee, Crazy Batt, Parthanissa, Mr. Whillock, Tho. a Becket, J. Doubt, Bess of Bedlam, Saum Petit, Han. Buck, Chrif. Mason, Michael Eling, John Shortland, Henry Waller, Phil. Forte, N. Percival, W. Watchorn, Ri. Smart, and several others.

### New Enigmas.

#### I. Enigma 199, by Cantabrigiensis.

When from prolific nature's bosom rose,  
The various beings which the whole compose,  
I follow'd soon; a bliss each being shares;  
Prop of their life, and solace of their cares.  
So great's my power, so wide m' imperial sway,  
That all things breathing do my power obey.  
Depriv'd of me, man's life a burden proves,  
Nor can he ought enjoy of all he loves;  
'Midst plenty's store, and grandeur's ample field,  
Invok'd to give the ease they cannot yield:  
And when my friendly help implor'd deny,  
The mind leave sunk in pain and deep anxiety.  
Some acts I do, you'd almost think a joke;  
And some, the fair's admirers wou'd provoke.  
Like the fly thief, who to his plunder steals,  
I've oft laid Eugene on his back, and tripp'd up Marlbro's heel.  
A while I silence Mariamne's song,  
And stop the music of Utrecia's tongue;  
Bid Blowza cease to charm: and have the lovely three  
In pleasing chains fast held, and sweet captivity.  
Exert my force o'er the whole rhyming band,  
And shake o'er Grub-street bards my magic wand:  
Stiff-rump ne'er writes, but I direct his hand.  
The muses' chiefs no less, for mine I claim,  
And the same tribute from the sons of fame.  
In ancient times I Homer had at will,  
Bear the same rule o'er Pope and Tickell still.

734  
10. 31.  
And yet this power despotic that I have,  
Like that of heaven, is only us'd to save.  
Many th' rich blessings from above design'd,  
To succour daily, and relieve mankind.  
5, 4  
My comfort's such, that saints in me are bless'd,  
And in my lap emphatically rest.  
La  
Salu  
strong  
Bou  
tilloc  
Buc  
Ph  
ers.  
Ye fair, whose every grace I daily warm,  
Each feature gild, and brighten every charm;  
Resolve next year what I with art conceal,  
And to the list'ning swains my name reveal.

## II. *Enigma 200, by Mr. Hen. Woodbridge.*

Before th' eternal mind, who dwells on high,  
Hung up the spangled curtains of the sky,  
With wond'rous skill earth's firm foundations laid,  
Or scoop'd the wat'ry deep's capacious bed;  
Before their towering heads the mountains rear'd,  
Or shady woods and open lawns appear'd;  
Ere bubbling springs or fountains had begun  
Thro' painted meads in chrystal streams to run:  
Ere cheerful verdure cloath'd the naked field,  
Or barren vales did blooming odours yield.  
I then with uncreated splendor shone,  
And spread my beams around th' Almighty's throne;  
Joyous before the sov'reign prescience play'd,  
Who with delight immense my heav'nly form survey'd!  
And when this universe, with perfect art,  
He rais'd and cast in order ev'ry part;  
The spheres that roll their steady course above,  
Prepar'd and taught the planets where to move:  
When laws he to the swelling ocean gave,  
And bound in ropes of sand the raging wave:  
To wand'ring clouds their airy flight assign'd,  
And whence to blow inform'd the sweepy wind:  
I then suprem did o'er the whole preside,  
And in his awful work the sacred founder guide.  
Whate'er of good or excellent is found,  
Within the compass of this spacious round,  
Compar'd with me, they no regard can claim;  
With me compar'd, can scarce deserve a name.  
Not half so beauteous is the dawning light;  
Nor half so fair the stars that gild the night.  
In vain the gems of Ophir's favour'd coast,  
Their dazzling luster in my presence boast:  
Gay orient pearls and gold in vain display  
Their vanquish'd glories in my brighter day.  
Before me, brilliant di'monds dimly shine,  
And blushing rubies own my worth divine.

Artists by me their subtle works devise :  
 'Tis I with counsel sage instruct the wise :  
 'Tis I who teach the princes to command  
 By wholesome laws, and guide the scepter'd hand.

III. *Enigma 201, by a Gentleman, done extempore.*

Long neck'd, with gullet large, a thirsty soul  
 I am, with sluttish paunch, and wider a—se-hole.  
 My temper such, I in my belly hold  
 At once unmix'd, th' extremes of heat and cold.  
 My chilling cold no summer sun disarms,  
 While my fierce subtile heat all round me warms.

IV. *Enigma 202, by Mr. W. Wilcockson.*

My shape's not the finest, I needs must confess ;  
 But what matter features, good humour, or dress ?  
 So you have but riches, fair ladies, in store,  
 Your charms and your humour each one will adore.

The first and the chiefest in riches I'm seen,  
 I ne'er am in velvet, tho' always in green.  
 'Tis very well known I've a right to a crown,  
 And, without usurpation, am set in a throne :  
 When Marlbro' renown'd f' arms at Blenheim fought  
 With force undaunted, and the victory got,  
 I ne'er forsook his sword nor conquering spear :  
 Tho' he was stout I always was in fear.  
 Whene'er the smiling bowl old Homer quaff'd,  
 When Dryden, Congreve, Rowe, or Prior laugh'd,  
 I present was ; with every virgin am.  
 From these few hints you soon will know my name.  
 But one thing more before I close my tale,  
 To give you clearer light I will reveal ;  
 My size is sometimes small, and sometimes great,  
 And tho' I'm crook'd, I ne'er deplore my fate.

V. *Enigma 203, by Mr. Chris. Mason.*

Some say my empire 'fore the world began,  
 Others, co-eval with the race of man :  
 But be that as it will, this I can say,  
 Thro' the whole universe by turns I sway.

No region, nor religion, me confines ;  
 I'm all, and ev'ry where, as fate consigns.  
 For ev'ry sect, or sex, my absence mourn,  
 And joys to see me make a quick return.

But without art I'm rural and uncouth,  
And often ruin many a hopeful youth;  
The beauteous fair my favours often court,  
When that's deny'd, and I with beasts resort;  
When they're abroad, or when they are at home,  
They gladden still whene'er they see me come.  
Of pleasure I'm profuse, and ever gay,  
And still add luster to the brightest day.  
By land, or sea, respect I always find;  
Nay — I'm a favourite with the feather'd kind.  
Princes and priests shou'd ne'er their love reveal;  
Who love me most, do most their love conceal.

The languid pris'ner and the longing maid,  
With silent wishes crave my powerful aid.  
When parties do for power or wealth contend,  
I'm made a bug-bear, for to serve their end.  
When princes strive for arbitrary sway,  
I'm made their tool, then banish'd hence away:  
For tyrants, turn-coats, and time-serving tools,  
Statemen corrupt, court fav'rites and fools,  
Vile fycophants, projectors of excise,  
For private ends my public worth despise.  
Strange! such a seraph e'er shou'd be abus'd;  
That's always good, but when I am misus'd.  
Ye Britons brave, who value me or fame,  
My wrongs redress, declare my wonted name.

#### VI. *Enigma 205, by Mr. R. Fearnside.*

Say, by what harmful turn of mind,  
Of late you've been to me so kind;  
Say, ladies, what cou'd you excite,  
In me to take so much delight,  
That seem'd by nature first design'd  
To help the impotent and blind!  
But now by ev'ry fop and clown,  
Monopoliz'd almost am grown;  
The fop's concomitant I'm chose,  
To guard him wheresoe'er he goes.  
Tho' I, like him, in wisdom's stead,  
Have front of bras, and beams of lead,  
The simple peasant I protect,  
And in a trice his foes correct.  
When Sylvia walks to take the air,  
My bus'ness is to go with her:  
All other times neglected lay,  
Nor see the sun, nor rising day.  
In diff'rent faces I appear,  
A dog, a monkey, or a bear.

E e

A human

An human form I oft assume,  
 In wither'd age, or youth of bloom.  
 In short, wou'd you my virtues trace,  
 In sacred writ I've gain'd a place.  
 With Isr'el's champion there you'll view,  
 When he the great Goliah slew,  
 Me, with th' undaunted hero stand,  
 Obedient to his strict command.  
 But hold — shou'd I at length repeat  
 Each virtue, each peculiar feat,  
 Recorded in the lists of fame,  
 The fair too soon wou'd know my name.

VII. *Enigma 206, by Blowfabella.*

I've many diaries turn'd o'er, to see  
 If e'er enigmatist had thought on me :  
 But, disappointed, thrust thee 'midst the crowd,  
 To tell thy favours, and thy plaints aloud.

Both rich and poor, both men and women-kind,  
 In me a busy, bold familiar find.  
 By these, with careless air at random thrown,  
 Or on the common glebe of nature sown ;  
 By those, with decent care and due respect,  
 I'm carefully preserv'd, and neatly deckt.

So prodigals despise the beauteous oar,  
 Which misers hoard, and zealously adore.  
 Blush not, ye fair, shou'd I presume to tell  
 Your favours ; you have always us'd me well :  
 Whether in linen, silk, or cotton drest,  
 You kindly entertain the wanton guest.  
 Squeez'd by your hand, insensibly I move,  
 Around your lips, those balmy brinks of love.  
 But lest my boldnes shou'd your shame betray,  
 Just steal a kiss, and vanish clean away.

So fav'rite swains, who private favours share,  
 Are hugg'd the closer for their prudent care.  
 In a well fortify'd neat citadel,  
 For safety and convenience form'd, I dwell ;  
 On ev'ry soul, without distinction, wait,  
 Assist the vulgar, and oblige the great ;  
 Run on their errands when occasion calls,  
 Or can contented stay withinia my walls ;  
 Tho' haughty foreigners are rivals made,  
 Tho' haughty foreigners my rights invade.  
 By these so easy emblems that appear,  
 Can you not guess the fly deceivers near.

*The Prize Enigma, by Mr. Whinfield of Shapp. Whoever answers it before Candlemas-day has a chance by lot to win 12 or 8 diaries.*

LADIES,

Once to repay, Hippomanes thought fit,  
In your own coin, true blue diarian wit.  
Stoop, for the prize, and what you gave, you'll find,  
There's something soncy in a willing mind.

When I was form'd, and turn'd upon the green,  
Pallas herself might envy the machine.  
I cut the boldest figure upon earth,  
Fore-doom'd, yet harmless in a guilty birth.

Made for two legs at first, first mov'd on four;  
I go with six sometimes, and sometimes more.  
Sated with joy, or worn with grief, at night  
I'm carry'd home with supplemental eight.  
When in my master's lap compos'd I've lain  
A while, Antæus-like, I rise again:  
All elements pervade; earth, sea, and air,  
There gods meet gods: Brutus, I'll meet thee there.

Or more, or fewer, may be of my name;  
I'm neither less nor more, but still the same;  
The fame into new forms to change my fame.  
Ape, lion, fox, ass, owl, or ivy-tree,  
Saint, soldier, sinner, sailor; what I be,  
Whoever knows himself, mis-knows not me.

Ladies, it is no compliment, that I  
Can't live without you, nor without you die.  
Within the code of fate, 'tis written, how  
Your life is due to me, my death to you.  
Think with what temper then it can be borne,  
Erst kill'd with kindness, now to die with scorn.

With artful breaks, under a chequer'd veil,  
Æneas, thus, Lavinia told his tale.  
Let Trojans true, said he, as ever ran,  
Recruit, and rally for the Isle of Man,  
Thro' the low countries in the ocean.

1735.

Dom.

*Carmina quæ subfunt Enigmata cuncta resolvunt.*

**P**RIMO SOMNUS inest, SAPIENTIA sacra secundo,  
 Tertiò adest ALEMBICUS, ac enigma latinum  
 Hunc etiam sonat. Est quarto R. litera præsto.  
 Quinto LIBERTAS, BACULUM & SUDARIA juxta.  
 Præmia tollit HOMO sors me manet. Ipse secundes.

1, 2.  
3, Lat.  
4.  
5, 7, 8.

Sam. Sutton.

(1.) *Latin Enigma by Terpsiphilus.*

Pyramidis ritu, mihi forma ex crescit ad imum  
 Latior, & tenui cuspide fulget apex :  
 Cætera dissimilis; —— nec enim mihi marmore moles  
 Structa, nec immani pondere lædit humum.  
 More leves calami, minimo sum mobilis iectu  
 Undique, virgineâ vel quatienda manu.  
 Hæc ceti, illa feræ, hæc pars arboris, illa fodinæ  
 Possidet, & fragiles altera vermis opes.  
 Amplexu triplici nunc alba monilia lucem  
 Reddunt, nunc varium flava metalla decus.  
 Me (quæsi bombycem) quæ involvunt exta, tuentur,  
 Et decorant gracilem, quæ tegit ossa, cutem.  
 Surdo audire, pigris vigilare, morantibus alas  
 Do; venit & meritis plurima palma meis.  
 Quódque magis mirum est & gloria; temporis acti  
 Jactura auspiciis est reparanda meis.

(2.) *Enigma per W. Wilcockson.*

Tecta regum murice clara, gemmis.  
 Lucid's splendentia, sape palor;  
 Sæpe reginæ manibus venustis  
 Oscula libo.  
 Terra, me præsente, ministrat alma  
 Plurimos flores; violæ tenellos  
 Erigant crines, & odore grato  
 Aera mulcent.

Ellis

Bellis & narcissus amænus halat ;  
 Dona fœcundæ cereris decorant  
 Rus amœnum, ridet agellus omnis  
 Cespite læto :  
 Sic vicissim munera reddit arvum  
 Pauca cum desum ; violæ cadunt, &  
 Poma, detonsæque cadunt laceris  
 Frigore frondes.  
 Est mihi corpus leve, sumque parvæ  
 Molis, & pennis feror, atque repo ;  
 Nunc necor vi, nunc pereo veneni  
 Tabæ cruentâ.

Not long since in an author I met with the following remarkable epitaph, said to be engraven on a tomb-stone at Arlingcourt near Paris.

Ci gît le fils, ci gît la mere,      }  
 Ci gît la fille, avec le pere,      }  
 Ci gît la feur, ci gît le frere.      }  
 Ci gît la femme, & le Mari,  
 Et n'y a que trois corps icy.

I cou'd not presently conjecture how this cou'd cohere without an incestuous conjunction, as in the case of Cinyras and Myrrha, Oedipus and Jocasta, &c. But while I was in that train of thought, compos'd the following paradox, in which the marriages are lawful, and not prohibited by our church.

Here lie two husbands with their two wives :  
 Here lie two fathers with their two daughters :  
 Here lie two mothers with their two sons :  
 Here lie two grandmothers with their two granddaughters :  
 Here lie two daughters with their two mothers :  
 Here lie two maidens with their two brothers :  
 Yet but six corps in all, lie buried here ;  
 All born legitimate ; from incest clear.

Damon Dime trensis.

### Enigmas answered.

299. SLEEP.  
 300. WISDOM.  
 301. An Ice DECANTER.  
 302. The Letter R.  
 303. LIBERTY.

205. A WALKING-STICK.  
 206. SNOT.  
 Prize. MAN.  
 1 Lat. A Bee.  
 2 Lat. Ice Decanter.

Damon Dimetienfis *answers the Enigmas in Corinna's resolution.*

I think 'tis WISDOM in our sex to keep their LIBERTY, 2, 5.  
 While R begins, the name of rogue I'll never married be; 4.  
 To no man's humour ty'd, the STAFF in my own hand I'll keep, 7.  
 I'll when I please get up i'th' morn, and when I please go SLEEP: 1.  
 Whilt fire does ICE DECANT, I'll ne'er myself enthral. 3, Lat. 8.  
 So bachelors and widowers too, go wipe your noses all. 8.

*All the Enigmas answer'd by Blowsabellæ.*

Ned, friendly here one day — began,  
 Amidst his CUPS to rail at MAN. 8.  
 'Twas N O T thro' envy or ill nature,  
 Nor cause he thought his WISDOM greater } 2.  
 Than any other fellow creature :  
 But from experience well grounded,  
 On daily observation founded. 2.

D'Anvers and Fog in vain, says he,  
 May plead for ancient LIBERTY, 5.  
 And SLEEPING patriots strive to wake,  
 Preach union for their country's sake.  
 If all their care — hir'd to divide  
 Osburne and Walsingham deride,  
 Call their just fears but trifling fictions,  
 Like Isaac BICKERSTAFF's predictions : 7.  
 If prelates dang'rous ERRORS broach,  
 To loll at ease in gilded coach : 4.  
 Forget their articles and canons,  
 And prostitute themselves for mammon ;  
 Condemn those doctrines whilome taught,  
 Religion value not a groat ; 7.  
 Who cou'd forbear, with honest rage,  
 To lash the vices of that age ;  
 Astrea's absence to deplore,  
 When gold's the idol all adore. 7.

This said, 'twixt earnestness and banter,  
 He call'd for t'other COOL DECANTER,  
 Pray'd heav'n wou'd guard from such base crimes,  
 The present age and future times. 3.

Pr.  
8.  
2.

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Spit

*The Enigmas answer'd by Mr. Thomas Dod, in imitation of Horace, book I ode 2. To his friend R. W. Tu ne quasieris, &c.*

R — ne'er enquire what end, 4.  
 The gods for me or thee intend ;  
 How vain the search, that but bestows  
 The knowledge of our future woes ; 2.  
 Thy present years in mirth employ,  
 And consecrate to LIBERTY. 5.  
 Nor yet with SNOTTY girl or wife,  
 Or wizzard idly vex thy life : 8.  
 And if kind fate to thy old score  
 Shall, bounteous, add a winter more,  
 Let no love thoughts prevent thy SLEEP, 1.  
 But close to the DECANTER keep : 3. and Lat.  
 Let Bacchus ever chear thy soul,  
 And have no thoughts beyond the bowl :  
 For lo ! the flying hour is lost,  
 And each MAN's time rides ever post. 5.  
 'Tis wine that makes us sing and laugh :  
 Of drooping life the proper STAFF. 7.

*Answer'd by Terpsichorus.*

I my GLASS to my friend, and my KERCHIEF, commend; 3, 8.  
 And my CANE's at your service, an't please you : 7.  
 Thus my letter, you see, like my humour, is free; 4.  
 'Tis FREEDOM makes WISE MEN SLEEP easy. 5, 2, Pr.

*By an anonymous lady.*

How SLEEP's the WISDOM of your poet, 1, 2.  
 Whose brains of ICE sport with a letter, 3, 4.  
 So FREELY ! My CANE (let him know it) 5, 7.  
 Shall SNUFF him, and make the MAN brighter. 8, Pr.

*Another answer to the Enigmas by Coquettella.*

Listen, ye fair ones, to a maid of sixty ;  
 To one, whose charms, when Anna's reign commenc'd,  
 (When this poor di'ry yet in embryo lay)  
 Attractive shone, and wounded all before them.  
 To bed, my girls, at ten, — precisely ten,  
 Spite of the charms — nay even of dear quadrille,

Let

Let downy SLUMBER seal your eyes till eight :  
 Then, — when the kettle gives the bubbling summons —  
 Arise — fix dishes be your stint — if more —  
 With spirits re-distill'd support your own.  
 Whene'er you walk, with cambric HAND'KERCHIEF,  
 From your poor nose the intruding SNOT repel.  
 'Tis WISDOM too to grasp the useful CANE —  
 Whether to guard your footsteps — or to avert  
 The boist'rous insults of the snaRling race.  
 Thus guard ye tender fair, your ears, your footsteps —  
 But most of all be LIBERTY your care :  
 Ah ! with peculiar resolution guard  
 That poor defenceless flutt'ring thing your heart,  
 Against the rude, impertinent attempts  
 Of that vain, foppish, haughty thing, call'd MAN.

Pr

In like manner they were answer'd by several (tho' the 3d enigma was generally mistaken) here named, which the room I'm confin'd to wou'd not admit their publication : Mr. Ch. Mason, *Parthania*, *Merula*, Mr. W. Wyld, *Mariamne*, Mr. W. Mountaine, *Atropes*, Mr. S. Lee, *Black Bess*, *Abr. Longshanks*, *J. Withnall*, *Terpsichorus*, jun. *Blowsabella*, jun. *John Chorley*, *Jo. Kennerly*, *G. Dowson*, *Myrtilla Bess a Bedlam*, *G. Johnson*, *H. Terman*, *Geronto*, *Col. Dagger*, *Ma Warthal*, *G. Wood*, *Britannicus*, *F. Bruin*, *Sophonepius*, *W. Davis*, *R Smart*, *J. Doubt*, *Jo. Proctor*, *W. Durant*, *Polly Peach*, *N. Percival*, *Hugh Young*.

On Candlemas-day the lot of 12 diaries fell to Mrs. Primrose of Piccadilly, and that of 8 diaries to Coquette of Litchfield.

### New Enigmas.

#### I. Enigma 207, by Eumenes Pamphilus.

Pray ladies ! be not in a rage,  
 If champion-like I mount the stage ;  
 I'm no new upstart I protest,  
 But ev'ry where a well-known guest ;  
 For I my parentage can trace,  
 Beyond Nassau or Bourbon's race ;  
 Yet small's the honour and the fame,  
 That my proverbial worth can claim.  
 In days of-yore, I put to stand  
 The fages of a noted land ;  
 Who full of self-conceit and pride,  
 My doubted being did deride ;  
 But yet I foil'd their boasted skill,  
 And made them own against their will.

By art or chance, I was not driv'n,  
But was a messenger from heav'n;  
In that embassy did not dread  
The presence of a crowned head,  
But boldly stood in freedom's cause,  
And check'd a haughty tyrant's laws.

I'll head a noble gen'ral when  
He heads himself ten thousand men.  
Yet not so proud but I can strole,  
And rove with beggars cheek by jole:  
But hard indeed that some shou'd say,  
That 'tis poor I their debts must pay.  
'Tis I the perjured can see,  
Tho' cover'd with a French toupée.

If you wou'd know my haunts and rest,  
The woods and thickets please me best;  
But ah! the wretched art of man,  
Who with unlucky skill began  
To cut my native thickets down,  
And plant some others in their room:  
Yet like curs'd trees they never grow,  
But only serve for pomp and show.

Hither I rove, and sometimes thither,  
Between the zenith and the nadir;  
Sometimes together in a clan,  
We'll pitch our camps in th' Isle of Man.

If after all these hints you doubt,  
And cannot find the urchin out,  
Perhaps you'll find me if you grope,  
Busy in dancing the slack rope:  
Or else pray beat the thickets well,  
For it is there I love to dwell.  
I've us'd such freedom that I fear  
You'd break my bones if I was near.

## II. Enigma 209, by Mr. John Stewart.

Fair ladies give ear to one that is come,  
From parts far remote, thro' climates does run.  
'Tis air gives me strength, and rags give me birth,  
Ay and nurs'd like a babe, I spring from the earth.  
Decreed 'twas at first, and my humours do show,  
I shoot like an arrow, that glides from a bow.  
Excluded from wisdom; all homage I pay,  
To the rich and the poor; to th' beaut'ous, I say.  
Wings as a dove; I fly like a lark,  
In mounting the skies, and return like a dart.  
My eyes are transparent, my body's the same,  
In stature six feet, the muses proclaim;

My nature thus monstrous, annex'd I've a tail,  
 When at rest round my shoulders I twine like an eel.  
 If mov'd by soft passion, or touch'd by the wind,  
 To ascend in the air, in short I'm inclin'd.  
 What really's more strange, when this progress I make,  
 A light I can borrow, and the same with me take.  
 So by night or by day, this pleasure I have,  
 That if dark'ned by clouds, a light thus I crave,  
 My temper so taking, no creature me minds,  
 I humbly confess; nay fate me confines,  
 That my master's commands I'm oblig'd to obey,  
 When I please him by night, and him humour by day.  
 Nay, further than this; 'twould expose some to laughter,  
 I to one renounce him, and he's my deserter;  
 This seeming is strange, yet true I protest,  
 Like a coward in battle, who thinks himself blest  
 When free from his friend, and got at some distance,  
 Then by words and by threats, he makes his resistance:  
 So 'tis by me, when my master's far off,  
 He obstreperously threats, at my nature will scoff.  
 I've publish'd thus far, I can say no more,  
 Your aid for the rest I humbly implore:  
 Plac'd in this book, that's recorded for fame,  
 Or fix'd in the Diary, I ask you my name?

### III. *Enigma 210, by Terpsichorus.*

Tho' an odd kind of fowl; when you hit on my name,  
 Fair ladies, you'll own me a bird of the game.

All my wings are well poiz'd, which in number are four,  
 Tho' a few of my brethren are furnish'd with more:  
 They're as white as a swan's: but the wonder's the greater,  
 When my wings must be clipp'd—to make me fly better.  
 And it's strange, since my body so small and so light is,  
 That the longer my wings are, the flower my flight is;  
 For to tell you the truth (which must needs raise your laughter)  
 My body flies first, and draws my wings after;  
 And it's easy to prove that I'm right in my notion,  
 Since the heavier my bulk is, the swifter's my motion.  
 Yet observe, and you'll find, that my wings when I rise,  
 Are before; but I turn 'em behind in a trice.  
 Tho' my body's in substance as small as a wren's,  
 Yet I toil and I spin, for the good of my friends.  
 But when once my skill fails me I meet with hard measure,  
 For I'm scorn'd, and rejected, and tramp'l'd at pleasure;  
 Tho', what cou'd their fiercest resentments do more?  
 For they toss'd me, and thump'd me, and box'd me before!

But it's strange, as the life of a silk-worm my trade is,  
 That I am not, like that, more in vogue with the ladies ;  
 Unless they suspect us for common deceivers,  
 Cause, as spinsters, we borrow our name from the weavers.

IV. *Enigma 211, by Damon Dimetienfis.*

Offspring of an illustrious sire,  
 A swarthy negro I appear :  
 As soon as born I post away,  
 For people curse me if I stay ;  
 A more unwelcome guest there's none ;  
 Stout men shed tears unless I'm gone :  
 Why don't they kill me ? Then you'll ask,  
 No that's too difficult a task.  
 But they my nature's frailty know,  
 Leave me to work my overthrow.  
 Such is my constitution, I  
 (Like modern libertines) soon die,  
 By a full swing of liberty.  
 So men are oft at no small charge,  
 To humour me to rove at large.

When once got clear, in wanton pride,  
 I (like the beggar mounted) ride,  
 And vary shapes as Proteus did,  
 Yet can I in no form lie hid :  
 My dusky hue, which ne'er does change,  
 Betrays me wheresoe'er I range,  
 E'en till my death ; which now draws nigh,  
 For, to speak truth, th' ephem'ron fly  
 Reigns in his sphere as long as I.  
 But 'twixt us yet the difference lies,  
 He falls to the earth ; I mount the skies.

V. *Enigma 212, by Abigail Longshank.*

Ye mistresses of arts and science,  
 I boldly bid you all defiance.  
 Twin-born into the world I come,  
 Tho' not apparent from the womb ;  
 I mostly am produc'd in pairs,  
 Which male as well as female bears :  
 If single without fault in nature,  
 I then denominate a creature.

I first of all defend my parents  
 From noisy mobs, and their adherents ;  
 But when I boldly fight and wound,  
 I'm destitute of voice and sound.

Oft

Oft, as my parents I survive,  
I wondrous use from art derive ;  
I then am plainly heard from far,  
Loud as an instrument of war,  
Oft I am in the public station  
Of general negotiation :  
By me all matters circulate,  
Of city, country, church, and state.

I in my travels bear great sway,  
Scarce any dare obstruct my way.  
To my persuasion numbers yield,  
And at my summons take the field ;  
Where chear'd by me they best sustain  
The toils and dangers of the plain :  
This done, I silent service give,  
And troops, fatigu'd, thro' me revive,  
When I refreshment kind impart,  
And with long draughts regale the heart.

When sinking Phœbus yields to night,  
And stars diffuse their feeble light,  
I then transmit a borrow'd ray,  
And kindle darkness into day.

Sometimes I cover the foundation  
Of all the learning of the nation.

All I shall add is, ladies, ye  
Contribute to the making me.

#### VI. *Enigma 213, by Corinna.*

I'll not sing of kings, or politic things,  
Nor the whigs nor the tories abuse ;  
But make my remarks on some rambling sparks,  
Design'd for our safety and use ;  
Who, to heighten your wonder are often asunder,  
Tho' each is the other's delight :  
Nor e'er come together, be't hot or cold weather,  
Till they reeling return home at night.  
Then sometimes lie close, but under the rose,  
Like some that unhappily wed ;  
Gues's the reason for why, in a passion they fly,  
And take diff'rent sides of the bed.  
Their colour and size create my surprize ;  
Look well, and their orders you'll find,  
And there's many within are lin'd well with fin,  
Tho' without they seem double refin'd ;  
Some in custody found, some with honour abound,  
Nor fix'd to one climate alone ;  
They oft cross the main, or to France or to Spain,  
And are hugely respected at Rome.

Nassau at that distance, without their assistance,  
 But a whimsical figure had made;  
 And I'll venture my life, had ne'er laid with his wife,  
 Had not some of them lent him their aid.  
 Now, ladies, pray tell where these rakes chiefly dwell;  
 Then advise where such subtilty reigns?  
 And, by all that is good, when that's understood,  
 You shall two of them have for your pains.

VII. *Enigma 214, by Mr. Isaac Tarratt, in which the enigmas last year are answered.*

I sing a prophet's deeds. Read it who list,  
 Statesman, divine, or fair enigmatist;  
 D'anvers and Fogg, and all the sturdy crew,  
 Tory and whig, or unbelieving jew!  
 Immortal Pope, and Swift for comic tale,  
 Poet laureat, or the exalted FLAIL.  
 Like you, fair ladies, juvenile and gay,  
 I dance and sing the fleeting hours away.  
 Array'd in green, and when I first appear,  
 It indicates that summer draweth near:  
 A happy landlord, yet without estate;  
 Profusely fed, yet never cultivate;  
 Void of all care, of busines, or of strife,  
 I lead an humble, harmless, country life.  
 Sweet solitude, and sweeter pleasing sleep,  
 In quiet here their sacred mansions keep.  
 Here dwell the swains, who with reverted eye  
 At sordid bribes do it, like SNOT, defy,  
 And wisely guard the goddess LIBERTY.  
 Whose rival late did threaten flames within,  
 Fatal as those in bellowing Aetna seen.  
 But to return.—The fav'rites of MAN-kind  
 Know that I am of quadrupedal kind:  
 Of stature small; and thus distinguished,  
 In summer living, but in winter dead.  
 Learn, mortal, learn, and minutest shew  
 The strange vicissitude of things below:  
 In town nor city never known to be;  
 Yet oft in both I'm hang'd in effigy.  
 To you, fair ladies, first submis I kneel;  
 Then to the rest in order I appeal,  
 To tell my name; and for a work so dear,  
 I wish you joy of the commencing year.

*The Prize Enigma, by Blowsabella.*

## I.

Tho' we our beings owe to art,  
Life to our parents, nature did impart,  
Who may with Niobe for issue boast,  
Some noble sprung from royal blood,  
Attain to riper years.  
Others are nipt just in the bud,  
Ere taint or blemish in their life appears;  
Gay, sanguine, young, but in a moment lost.

## II.

For slav'ry their willingness  
Others of meaner race express;  
And some are stout and crabbed too,  
Cross-grain'd as knotted oak, stubborn as sturdy yew;  
Each diff'rent temper, age, and size,  
To shew wou'd but enhance surprize,  
Or look like thrusting on you lyes.

And to be tedious to relate,  
Since all in gen'ral share one common fate,  
Imperious death directs the ebon lance,  
People's great Henry's tomb, and leads up Holben's dance.

## III.

Our num'rous progeny's dispers'd abroad,  
Its use to all well understood,  
Created for the public good,  
As such you'll judge, we never lose our road;  
But like the jews, of constitution found,  
In ev'ry quarter of this globe are found;  
Where we can ravage or afford relief,  
Emblems of joy, and messengers of grief.  
This, for their honour, I can safely swear,  
Thousands without their aid cou'd scarce subsist e'en here.

## IV.

Maugre their boast we partial seem,  
Only consering our esteem,  
And, good or bad, alike our fav'rites deem. }  
Nor's this the worst—for in our freaks  
Sin and religion too our merc'less veng'ance wreaks.  
The harmless youth, the tender maid,  
Sometimes our fury have allay'd,  
Nor wife nor widow has escap'd our rage,  
The female's greatest scourge in this degen'rate age.

## V.

In vain our foes ill usage try,  
Or think by cruelty to hasten fate.  
Like Hydra's heads we multiply,  
And all Herculean rage defy,  
Gaining fresh strength and vigour from their hate.

## VI.

Stand not agast, ye fair; but curb surprize,  
Should we yet stranger feats relate:  
Our likeness is this moment 'tore your eyes;  
Nay, do not start, — but be sedate,  
And wishly look on't whilst you may.  
'Twill scarce another moment stay,  
But like such fancied spctres does appear,  
Sometimes on ev'ry night, sometimes absconds a year.

1736.

## Two Latin Enigmas.

## (1.) Latin Enigma, per Gul. Wilcockson.

EST mihi corpus rude, sumaque moles  
Absque formâ cum genetricis atq[ue]  
Exeo primum; radiis repente  
Arte magistri  
Fulgeo; vestigia nec vetustæ  
Amplius frons retinet ulla formæ.  
Mira quæ non polleat ars sagax &  
Mentis acumen?  
Quis mei possit meritas referre  
Præmii palmas? Comes atque servus  
Sum vigil; gemmas tueor nitentes,  
Dulcia quæque.  
Impetus quod non valeat citata,  
Robur aut vix Herculeum; puella  
Perfecit motu facili manū me  
Auxiliante.  
Detegit caligine res opacâ  
Involutas, luminibusque vestris,  
Quæ placent cordi, effigies amica  
Ars mea pandit.  
Et statim rursus rapit has ocellis,  
Abdit & densis tenetbris; dapes sic

Auerunt Stymphalia monstra Tucris  
Ungue rapaci.

Jupiter, si me tenuit, decoram

Ocyus turri Danaen ahenâ

Advolaret, vi placida potentis

Pulsus amoris.

(2.) *Latin Enigma, by Terpsiphilus.*

Est mihi notus eques genitor : sed mater, in umbris  
Horrida, perpetuo carcere vincita jacet.

Quis pudor ? — Invasit materno ignobilis ortu  
Servius insigni sceptrâ regenda manu.

Quem refero, nec honore minor, nec viribus impar;  
Cum mihi tot vigiles succubuere duces.

Spuma decus capitî est : fluit inde superbia formæ;  
Altera dum videor sic Venus orta mari.

Præcipiti saltu de vertice matris in auras  
Nitor, ut e' gravidâ fronte Minerva Jovis.

Dat Lucina graves paritûs nulla dolores,  
Nascenti nullas dira sepulchra moras.

Hinc vita exequias patior florente — Carendum est  
Funere, contigerint si mihi fata prius.

Pars ibi pura mei, excelsos velut ignis ad orbes,  
Emicat, & summa possidet arce locum :

Altera, terrestri reparatâ sede, per umbras  
Labitur, in patrium mox redditura solum.

*The Paradox answered.*

Suppose two young widows (no kin to each other) to be left with each a son, and to continue in that state till the boys were grown up; then these young men to marry each the other's mother, and to have by them each a daughter, it would answer the epitaph in each particular.

*Enigmas answered.*

207. A LOUSE.

209. A PAPER KITE.

210. A SHUTTLE-COCK.

211. SMOAK.

212. HORNS.

213. A PAIR OF GARTERS.

214. A GRASSHOPPER.

Prize. A FAGGOT.

1 Lat. A WHIP.

2 Lat. A FLY.

*All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Tho. Wilks.*

Penfive and sad poor LOVSY Jockey fate,  
Cursing the stars, and his unlucky fate,  
Whilom the pride and envy of the swains,  
But now in mournful ditties thus complains.

By

## No. 33. ENIGMAS ANSWERED.

329

By fortune (like a SHUTTLE-COCK) I'm toss'd in air, 3.  
 Or PAPER KITE, which brings me to despair. 2.  
 Music no more delights, nor the shrill throat  
 Of GRASSHOPPER, or Philomela's note. 7.  
 If after her I FLY, then strait her FAN 2, 1 Lat.  
 An envious twirl she gives, and shuns the man  
 Who loves her most; ' So have you often seen  
 ' A full'en FAGGOT SMOAKING wet and green, Prize, 4.  
 ' How coyly it receives the heat; so even she  
 Disdains my love, nor deigns to pity me.  
 Howe'er I'll rise, once more my GARTERS tie, } 6.  
 And boldly dare the magic of her eye, }  
 Or else HOR'N mad, shall unlamented die. } 5.

*The Enigmas answered by Damon-Dimetiensis.*

One morning in the month of May,  
 GRASSHOPPER sang, the fields look'd gay. 7.  
 So bright, serene, and calm the sky,  
 That not a PAPER KITE could fly; 2.  
 But boys at SHUTTLE-COCK instead, 3.  
 Might almost in the field have play'd.  
 While some to ride to take the air,  
 Their WHIRLS and palfreys did prepare; 1 Lat.  
 I, GARTER'D up, a foot path chuse, 6.  
 To walk t'avoid the FLIES and dews; 2 Lat.  
 With a FAGGOT stick in my hand; Prize.  
 To look thereon I made a stand;  
 Tom Spendthrift from an alehouse come,  
 Accosts me, stagg'ring that way home;  
 And ask'd me (having kiss'd my hands)  
 If I for him had then commands.—  
 Commands, said I, I've none — Suppose  
 A question to thee I propose;  
 If for thy sins it cou'd atone,  
 Which of these plagues woud'st pitch upon?  
 — A SMOAKY houle; A LOVSY bed; 4, 1.  
 — Or wife with HORNS to deck thy head? 5.  
 He hickup'd — I — have got a curse —  
 Worse than all these, — an empty purse.

*The Enigmas answered by V. H. E. Somerset.*

The man is bleſſ'd who hath a wife  
 That will not plant him HORNS,  
 Who 'bout his legs ne'er feels the gout,  
 Or on his toes the corns.

Who

Who with a bottle and a friend,  
Sits free from SMOAKY house, 4.  
And what the great ones do intend,  
He values not a LOUSE. 1.  
Well pleas'd to see his children strive,  
With main and eke with might, 3.  
Sometimes the SHUTTLE-COCK to drive,  
Sometimes to fly the KITE. 2.  
Or like the GRASSHOPPER to fit  
In sunshine, play, and sing,  
Or verse indite, as full of wit,  
As laureats to the king. 7.

*Coll. Dagger's answer, under the title of The Rover  
nick'd at last, or The Rambler rightly serv'd.*

Amorata in fear, for twenty long year,  
His heart like a SHUTTLE-COCK tos'd : 3.  
"Twixt Betty and Dolly, with Jenny and Polly,  
Befides twenty more that he had lost :  
What magnets, he cries, are in Barbara's eyes,  
What wit and good humour in Nancy !  
Then swear for his mate he world have FLYING KATE, 2 Lat. 2.  
Next moment Sue tickl'd his fancy.  
The fine mole that quarters so near to the GARTERS 6.  
Of Sally, he'd oft tune in metre :  
Yet wou'd own that the bliss which he found in a kiss  
Of Amelia, had still something sweeter.  
To Peggy this day he wou'd strait WHIP away, 3 Lat.  
Protefting that she was his dear :  
Then to Nelly's sweet lip, like a GRASSHOPPER skip, 7.  
Till Frank drew him back with a hair :  
Without land and house, he'd not care a LOUSE, 1.  
For the fairest that ever was caught ;  
Then Prue's worth and fame FAGGOT verse shall proclaim, 7.  
Tho' said to be not worth a groat.  
Poor Lucy had charms, tho' no coat of arms,  
However she SMOAK'd him at last, 4.  
For the very next morn she produc'd him a HORN, 5.  
Won't that serve — my dear — for a crest ?

*All the Enigmas answered by Dolabella.*

As school-boys long for playthings, their delight,  
Such as the SHUTTLE-COCK and PAPER KITE, 2, 3.  
As Lousy beggars long an alms to get, 4.  
Knights for a GARTER or a coronet, 5.  
So longs your friend — with you to spend his days  
Where GRASSY insects sing, and HORNED cattle graze ; 7, 8.  
Where neither noise nor SMOAK offend, but cleanly FAG-  
GOTS blaze. 4, P.

*An answer to all the last year's Enigmas, in a letter from London to the author, by Miss Anna Maria Button.*

SIR, I have stars and GARTERS seen 6.  
 In SMOAKING chariots cross the park ; 4.  
 With huge globe LANTHORNS held between, 5.  
 Shining like meteors thro' the dark :  
 The royal mart too I've admir'd, 7.  
 O'er which the GRASSHOPPER presides,  
 With love of trade and business fir'd, 2.  
 Which the whole universe divides ;  
 I've seen boys PAPER ENGINES raise, 3.  
 Others with SHUTTLE-COCKS at play,  
 And mighty piles of FAGGOTS blaze, 1.  
 On an illustrious holiday.  
 I've seen a well look'd rascal beg,  
 In LOUSY tatter'd dress disguis'd,  
 With looks demure and ty'd up leg,  
 Impose on some, by some despis'd.  
 I've seen the playhouse, tower, and crown,  
 And now you'll own, I make no doubt,  
 I've seen the wonders of the town,  
 And found all your enigmas out.

Prize.

*The author of the diary to Terpsichorus.*

Tie your GARTERS for shame ! conceal all your blame, 6.  
 The post-boy (to tell you my mind, sir !)  
 Much better that morn with his WHIP and his HORN, 1 Lat. 5.  
 Had left your dull paper behind, sir.  
 For your brain by its work, is as light as a CORK, 3.  
 That whimsical bird of the game, sir ;  
 Not the worth of a LOUSE, nor the SMOAK of my house, 1, 4.  
 Nor the simplest thing I can name, sir ;  
 Not a GRASSHOPPER's thigh, nor the leg of a FLY, 7, 2 Lat.  
 And you'll thank me next year for the hint, sir.  
 So the stuff that you write, shall e'en feather my KITE ; 2.  
 For your FAGGOT shall ne'er be in print, sir. Prize.

The prize of 12 diaries fell to the lot of *Anna Maria Button*, and that of 8 diaries to *Ld. Brushwood*.

New

## New Enigmas.

I. *Enigma 215, by Eumenes Pamphilus.*

Since I've your diary seen and heard,  
 Some years are past I freely own,  
 Tho' for my sake alone it first appear'd,  
 And thro' my bounteous aid resplendent shone.  
 I beg you'll use a stranger well,  
 Civility is but my right,  
 And I my noble parentage will tell.  
 My heavenly father rules the realms of light ;  
 By birth a Roman, I'm indeed,  
 And sometimes bear a Roman name.  
 I in my num'rous progeny exceed  
 The noted number of the Holland dame ;  
 And what is wonderful and true,  
 If favour had not right bore down,  
 That if my brethren had their proper due,  
 A child call'd mine is but one-fourth my own.  
 Bacchus from Jove's thigh took his birth,  
 Bright Venus from the foaming main,  
 The warlike giants from the buxom earth,  
 Pallas from Jove's, and I from Cæsar's brain.

II. *Enigma 216, by Abigail Longbanks.*

Of twice five brethren in Arabia born,  
 I am the youngest and the most forlorn ;  
 To fortunes more or less the rest were sped,  
 Poor I alone was disinherited ;  
 Yet tho' not worth a farthing of my own,  
 I keep the wealthiest company in town ;  
 Their needy neighbour they are proud to set,  
 And boast the benefit they have from me.  
 The upper seat I constantly decline,  
 But, that excepted, any place is mine :  
 More I am lik'd the backwarder I come,  
 And most respected in the lowest room ;  
 Equally welcome there to great and small,  
 I in the same proportion please them all ;  
 Raise each one higher than he was before,  
 Improve his value and increase his store.  
 Far otherwise I treat the low in purse,  
 Advance my own, and leave their station worse ;

For

For when with broken merchants I resort,  
I oft strut foremost with majestic port;  
And as behind-hand in the world they are,  
I make them ten times poorer than they were.

III. *Enigma 217, by Phebe.*

I'm long and I'm short, and of different sort,  
But useful I am with a tail,  
And sometimes a tongue, that's very well hung,  
And seldom 'tis these ever fail.  
I merit the thanks of men of all ranks,  
Who all my good services know,  
So famed for beauty, as well as for duty,  
Some gentlemen call'd me a beau.  
Tho' bound I'm by force, I sometimes get loose,  
And privately freedom obtain,  
But if not neglected, I soon am detected,  
And brought to my business again :  
So once I in sport had rambled at court,  
Provok'd by some good recreation :  
But I could not hide me, his majesty spy'd me,  
And took me to examination.  
I pleas'd him so well, he, with joy let me tell ye,  
Receiv'd me into his good grace,  
And finding me true, without more ado,  
He presently gave me a place.  
My pictures are drawn, and publicly known,  
And honour'd wherever they be ;  
But do not mistake, I'm true English make,  
Tho' Spanish my language you see.  
Me ladies approve, and very well love  
That I should go handsome and tight,  
But, as if they're ashamed, or I to be blam'd,  
They banish me out of their sight.  
Yet still I am kind, and seldom behind,  
In doing the thing they would have me :  
I keep my due distance, and make no resistance,  
Whenever they offer to leave me.  
If Cloe but please, her lover to easé,  
And is to her marriage bed going.  
I do not confine her, but freely reign her,  
Contented, tho' 'tis my undoing.  
'Twas once on a play-day I serv'd a fair lady,  
And while she was dancing bethought me  
To make an escape ; but 'twas my mishap  
She presently found it, and caught me ;

She

She took me aside, and sorely did chide,  
 And grumble, and blush, and make faces;  
 She pull'd me and rugg'd me, and by the hair lugg'd me,  
 I thought she'd have torn me to pieces:  
 'Twas so bad I swear it, that I cou'd not bear it,  
 So great discontent I was in:  
 But forc'd to resent it, I made her repent it,  
 By leaving my marks in her skin.  
 Now, ladies discerning, I beg you take warning,  
 For service I want no reward,  
 If you'd have me please ye, pray let me be easy,  
 And never more use me so hard.

IV. *Enigma 218, by Terpsichorus.*

My motion's brisk, my size is small,  
 My stature is but low;  
 Yet I attract the eyes of all,  
 Which way so e'er I go.  
 My brethren are a num'rous throng,  
 They all attend on me,  
 Tho' I'm the very least among  
 The whole fraternity.  
 As oft as I my station change,  
 (So wild am I and vain!)  
 Perhaps a thousand times I range  
 And come not there again.  
 To me th' adventurous, small and great,  
 By proxy make address;  
 And, doubting, at a distance wait  
 The news of their success.  
 I never did disdain a king,  
 Nor monarchy disown'd;  
 And yet their glitt'ring crowns I bring,  
 And scepters to the ground.  
 What rev'rence must the vulgar owe,  
 What homage pay to me?  
 When in my presence nobles bow,  
 And princes bend the knee.  
 Mean while, officious angels fly  
 My worth to recommend.  
 Thus honour'd — like eternity,  
 I have, I know no end.

V. *Enigma*

V. *Enigma 219, by Mr. Wilcockson.*

To you, fair ladies, we appeal,  
 And your protection claim,  
 Tho' we in mystic lines conceal,  
 And screen from you our name,  
 Three servants see expos'd to view;  
 Is this to be endur'd?  
 Obedient, punctual, just, and true,  
 To slavery inur'd.  
 We've each a diff'rent post assign'd,  
 And in a circle move,  
 In which we no cessation find,  
 But constant round it rove.  
 Compell'd by secret hidden force,  
 We things to come declare;  
 What was, what is, without remorse,  
 Or grief, or anxious care.  
 In magic circles thus confin'd,  
 Familiaz spirits stand;  
 Nor e'er can pass the bounds assign'd  
 By the enchanter's wand.  
 Those hidden things which he requires,  
 They willingly declare;  
 And answ're all his wish'd desires,  
 They so obsequious are.  
 Tho' our design and end's the same,  
 Apparent to your eyes;  
 We disagree, tho' not in names,  
 In motion, shape, and size.  
 There's no proportion in our pace;  
 The leaft outstrips us far;  
 And oft begins and ends his chace,  
 Tho' we no truants are.  
 The next ensuing year declare  
 Our names, reveal'd, we pray:  
 Then, ladies, with our utmost care  
 We'll serve you night and day.

VI. *Enigma 220, by Mr. Ra. Hulfe.*

I am, ye fair, an ornament to life,  
 And crown the virgin, and adorn the wife;  
 From my blest treasure of contentment flow  
 All those sweet blessings ye enjoy below!

\* Those

' Those sweet delights which in my bosom dwell,  
 ' In springs rise up ; nay, into rivers swell :  
 ' Knowing no ebb, nor stream ; but free from noise,  
 ' Flow calmly in a constant tide of joys.  
 ' I give contentment to the meanest birth,  
 ' And give 'em taste of heaven here on earth :  
 ' From whence, as in a glass, you plainly see  
 ' A happy prospect of eternity.  
 ' When pride has dress'd her wanton daughter's head  
 ' In loose attire, and airy modes display'd ;  
 ' Complexion heighten'd, and improv'd by paint,  
 ' And all the arts that they cou'd e'er invent :  
 ' Yet I in plain coif, innocently gay,  
 ' And home-spun garb, shine brighter far than they !  
 ' As precious gems of which the Indies boast,  
 ' The plainer set, the greater lustre cast :  
 ' So I, like beauty, want no study'd smile,  
 ' But of myself shine clear without a foil.  
 ' Wou'd the corrupted universe but taste  
 ' Those ravish'd joys which lewd excesses blast,  
 ' Their vicious actions they'd repeat no more,  
 ' Their counterfeited pleasures soon give o'er,  
 ' And trace my footsteps, and me e'er adore ! }  
 Therefore, ye fair, be pleas'd to let me know  
 What is this emblem which is prized so ?

*The Prize Enigma, by Blowfabella.*

*Blowfabella's farewell.*

*Enigma obscuris tecta est sententia verbis.*

Blowza, worn out with grief, with wrongs opprest,  
 In melancholy mood, lies down to rest ;  
 Hangs by the lute, which no more pleasure yields,  
 And to her younger \* sister quits the fields ;  
 Till some kind gale brings to the port design'd,  
 Or cruel Eleanora change her mind.  
 But e'er the sacred quire she quite forsakes,  
 To the fair-sex this farewell-offering makes.  
 That sex whose utmost rage so well she knows,  
 The first and final cause of all her woes.  
 Thus has the thing that's here disguis'd, been us'd,  
 Caref's'd, whilst rising ; but when sunk, abus'd ;  
 Ungrateful age ! Forgetful of the best,  
 But careful to remember all the rest.

*Blowfabella Junior.*

Behold

Behold this flower in its full glory blow,  
Spreading all o'er the meaner soil below.  
And lest some noxious elements annoy,  
Or wand'ring atoms shou'd its form destroy,  
See in its slate to loftier rooms convey'd,  
For its defence and greater safety made.  
There rest secure with ease and plenty crown'd,  
Like rolling snow-balls gathering wealth around,  
And tho' each day some trifling storms appear,  
No sorrow seems to know, nor danger fear.  
The willing females, diligent to save  
Their beauteous change from every pil'ring knave.  
Senseless security ! how blind to fate !  
How indolent ! and how unfortunate !  
Ere ten short fleeting days are left behind,  
The capias comes, and the dead warrant's sign'd.  
Hurried away, it's in some dungeon thrown,  
There beat, confin'd, and tumbled up and down,  
And rudely robb'd of all its boasted stores.  
Thus poor and helpless too, turn'd out of doors,  
There lies till feeble nature sinks away,  
Or's made to ravenous beasts an easy prey.  
What's worse, — Pretended friends its rights invade,  
And oft its executioners are made.  
Oh wretched state ! Oh melancholy case !  
Such fate's intai'd on all this short-liv'd race.  
Nor will their generous actions ought avail,  
Tho' thousands at their cost each morn regale.  
Can such barbarity proceed from you ?  
Henceforth, too lovely cruel fair, adieu.

---

1737.

(1.) *Latin Enigma by Eumen. Pamphilus.*

**I**ndiæ gazis potior superbis  
Æstimor, vel quâ radiante Gemmâ;  
Nec potest Laudes meritas referre  
Carmine vates.

Omnibus ni sum comes & sodalis,  
Dona Fortunæ pretiosa fordan,  
Nec voluptatem sine me ministrant

Carmina vestra.

G g

Desero

Desero justos homines frequenter,  
Antequam letho pereant rapaci;  
Ad Crucem crebro comitor Latrones,

Atque Homicidas.

Quando secedo, rapio jocosum  
Gaudium mecum; redeoque quando,  
Gratiis omnes repleo bepignis

Lætitiaque.

Usque Tutores mihi sunt frequentes,  
Perfugam qui me revocare spondent;  
Nunc sed usurpant Vetusæ peritæ

Munus eorum.

Augeo formam, roseamque reddo  
Virginis castæ; precor atque tandem  
Ut meo longum potiatur omnis

Nympha favore.

(2.) *Quæstio Enigmatica Mathematica quæ nonnullis questionibus Enigmaticis priore anno editis responsum suggerit.*

Pars alicujus, ego sum aliquis cum pluribus addor;

Nescio quid solus sum, nisi forte NIHIL.

Sic nil sola valet fracti pars quarta diei:

Sed quater adde, novus provenit inde dies.

Non sunt æquales nostrum, bis quatuor uni,

Sic sentit populus, sum tamen unus ego.

Sum divisor ego, sed nunquam divisor ipse,

Sæpe aliis aliquid subtraho, nemo mihi.

Non sine me STELLATUS eques mihi jura dat, is qui

CERVISIAM genuit, quis fuit alter eques.

Fractio, nec numerus, nec sum speciosa potestas:

Newtonides, quid sum dicite, quidve vocor.

Jac. Fallstaff.

(3.) *Enigma per Gu. Wilcockson.*

Cum falo Sol Aurius extulet se,

Hic & illuc sunt mea segregata

Juncta resurgent.

Membra; formosè, medio die, sed

Plurimum sic forma placet decora;

Sericum prænobile vel coloris

Purpuræ vel Graminis Ætherisve

Corpus adernat.

Sit licet vultus nivei coloris;

Sunt mihi formæ variæ novato

Nomine pulchra.

Forma mutatur mea semper ecce,

Fatulis lætis resonante Circu

Mille tutor præsidio fideli;

Est mihi fælix ditio & serena

nostra potestas.

Sorbi

Sortis humanae levis est, & anceps  
 Casus, & mutat variatq; semper:  
 Auferunt sic fata meos honoros,  
 Nox enim quando rutilans ab ortu  
 Surgit, expellor, soror & solemane  
 Occupat jus imperii, tenetque  
 Fama sic est Cygnigenos Gemellos  
 (Quid diserta non simulant poetae?)  
 Mutuam in regnare vicem, exulare  
 dantq; sorori.  
 Regna quieta;  
 atq; vicissim.

### Enigmas answered.

215. BISSEXTILE, or Leap Year.  
 216. A CYPHER, or 0.  
 217. A GARTER of St. George.  
 218. A JACK at Bowls.  
 219. A CLOCK.

220. VIRTUE.  
 Prize. CREAM.  
 1 Lat. A Key.  
 2 Lat. Strong Beer.

### All the Enigmas answered by Eumenes Pamphilus.

Let ladies their CREAM, tea, and sugar go brew, Prize.  
 Let gamesters the JACK and the bowls still pursue : 4-  
 Come Tom, John, and Will, let's sit down and regale  
 With a pipe of Virginia, and a glass of good ALE. 2 Lat.  
 Here free from the envy, and troubled repose,  
 That fortune on stars and on GARTERS bestows. 3.  
 In moist'ning our clay moderation shall guide,  
 And VIRTUE shall over our glasses preside. 6.  
 Relying on her, we have NOTHING to fear, 2.  
 Tho' the CLOCK's hands move swiftly to drive on the YEAR, 5, 2.  
 She gives peace in hand, and will certainly prove  
 The KEY to the bless'd habitations above. 1 Lat.

### The Enigmas answered by Black Bess, in the Country Courtship.

As Roger walk'd the fields one day, he met with Susan by the way,  
 And thus he did accost her: (Kate  
 Dear Sue, you're alter'd much of late, you're no more like your sister  
 Than aple's like an oyster.  
 ' Roger, if what you say be true, I must affirm the same of you;  
 ' You look so pale and wan, (geer,  
 ' That you to me this hour appear, more like, for all your Sunday's  
 ' A CYPHER than a man. 2.  
 ' Ah! Sue 'tis now my turn to speak, you stole my heart at Barly-  
 ' Pray let it have good quarters. (break;  
 ' Adzooks (quoth Sue) a mighty prize, go hang yourself, if ye are  
 ' This moment in your GARTERS. 3. (wife,  
 ' Ah

' Ah Roger! this is full old **STYLE**, but you shall ne'er my heart  
 ' While yours so oft doth change : 1. (beguile  
 ' Now here, now there, it takes its turns, for Cisly, Kate, or Margaret  
 ' And like a **JACK** doth range. (burns,  
 ' Remember how you Nancy press'd, i'th **CREAM** of all the fashion  
 ' And hugg'd her in your arms; Pr. (drest,  
 ' And think you, I can tamely see a rival fit upon your knee,  
 ' When I've as many charms?  
 ' Dear Susan, that I once did rove, I can't deny—but you I love;  
 ' Your **VIRTUE** 'tis alone 6.  
 ' Has fix'd my heart firm as a rock, and may the **HANDS** in our great  
 ' Ne'er move till we are one. 5. (CLOCK

*An answer to all the Enigmas by Terpsichilus.*

What a **CYPHER** was I, when I read your reply 2.  
 To poor Terpsy? For shame tie your **GARTER**! 3.  
 Did he treat you with **BEER**, as his **INNOCENCE** clear, 2 Lat. 6.  
 To make your keen satyr the smarter?  
 Tho' he was in the dark, and by chance miss'd the **MARK**, 4.  
 Is he banter'd for doing his best, sir?  
 But he'll **WATCH** you this **YEAR**, with a **KEY** (I dare swear) 5, 1, 1 L.  
 Will unriddle the **CREAM** of the jest, sir. Pr.

*Answered by Mr. Ralph Hulce.*

A young airy lady having lost her dear spouse,  
 And rav'd like a mad thing all over the house,  
 She embrac'd his dead carcase, and scarce would compound,  
 To suffer poor Strephon to be **LOCK'D** under ground. 1 Lat.  
 Being forc'd to comply—When the storm was quite over,  
 Her father propos'd her another new lover,  
 He said, her spark was both **VIRTUOUS** and witty, 6.  
 Cou'd hit his **MARK** bravely—and would change her ditty. 4.  
 A month had scarce pass'd in your **diary**, I say,  
 But madam's affections began to decay—  
 For why? She was willing to be counted fair,  
 Since it happen'd to be in the **BISSEXTILE YEAR**: 1.  
 So she rises by eight o' the **CLOCK** I profess— 5.  
 Having **GARTER'D** her stockings;—she alters her dress;  
 Drinks possets of **ALE**—to the masque she must go, 2 Lat.  
 And hear a sonata or two, from a beau.  
 In short—she was much to a husband inclin'd,  
 And thus her dear father did of it remind—  
 Where, sir, is the spark that you said look'd so gay?  
 I'll not like a **CYPHER** go myself to the play. 2.

*An answer to the Enigmas, in which a new one is proposed, by Mr. W. Wilcockson.*

LEAP YEARS have pass'd, and many days, 2.

Since I in vogue appear'd;

Britannia's sons declare my praise;

By them I'm much rever'd.

In that bles'd happy fav'rite isle

With usage kind I meet;

There VIRTUE and religion smile,

And find a safe retreat.

Tho' not so soft, I'm smooth as silk,

With monstrous head and tail;

I'm white as driv'n snow, or MILK,

And like your sex am frail.

PP.

To many I can give content,

And pleasure to their life;

Tho' quarrels often I foment,

And vex the blooming wife:

More than the wealth of Peru priz'd,

Or all Arabia's spice;

Yet like a catchpole I'm despis'd,

Or rats, or pilfering mice.

My brains I use and gladly spend,

Tho' oft I catch a fever,

To pleasure and delight my friend,

And shew him my behaviour.

I've one comrade adorn'd in green,

Of various shape and size,

Which yields more joy than e'er was seen.

At BOWLS, at cards, or dice.

Where e'er he points, or turns his FACE,

I turn myself that way:

Thus you at stars and GARTERS gaz'd,

At coffee or bohea.

I'm sometimes under lock and KEY,

There like a CYPRUS lie;

But when I get loose I'm blithe and gay.

Scarce live a month, but die.

Thus meteor-like a while I live,

Then quickly meet my end;

But what is strange, tho' dead, I give

Some pleasure to my friend.

Lat.

2.

3.

4.

5.

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12.

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16.

17.

18.

19.

20.

## New Enigmas.

### I. Enigma 220, by Eumenes Pamphilus.

In foreign countries, from the fruitful earth,  
By some auspicious hand I first took birth ;  
Since which I've travell'd round the spacious sphere ;  
And by a knight was nat'r alized here.  
With ev'ry peasant now familiar grown,  
And much esteem'd in country and in town.  
With wond'rous ease I, in my tender youth,  
Receive the bent of Error or of truth :  
'Twas then that I went thro' as hot a coast,  
As any the terraqueous globe can boast ;  
The scorching clime wrought strange effects in me,  
And beautify'd me to a great degree.

Statesmen, when dark debates o'er spread the court,  
To me, their sure asylum, straight resort ;  
And, by my aid, dispatch in half an hour  
What puzzled all the house for twenty-four.  
The poet owns my worth, implores my aid,  
While supperless he plies the gingling trade :  
Through me inspiring emanations flow,  
That make his numbers soft as falling snow.  
Those noble virtues which through me accrue,  
Virgil and mighty Homer never knew.  
With me pragmatic cits adjust the scale  
Of peace and war, when other statesmen fail.  
The patriot, lawyer, chimney-sweeper, gown,  
Merchant, and porter, will my service own.  
I'm justly valu'd for my doing good,  
The poor and hungry I supply with food ;  
And oft afford relief to men when ill,  
Sometimes beyond the ablest doctor's pill.  
My constitution is but weak, tho' sound,  
But, by kind usage will be lasting found.  
I, lady-like, can shew a beauteous skin,  
Yet gat terer-like, not always so within.  
By you I'm always treated with a slight,  
Since I'm no friend to love or soft delight.

### II. Enigma 221, by Mr. Ja. Meredith.

In vain have men their utmost art employ'd,  
And all their subtle stratagem essay'd ;  
Vain are the study'd efforts of their skill,  
Which various shelves of learned volumes fill,

To chace me hence; I shall maintain my sway  
Long as bright Sol illuminates the day.

In ev'ry quarter of the globe I reign,  
And potent realms in mazy fitters chain.  
The cause of Rome I mightily support,  
And fix the grandeur of the papal court:  
Nor am I undistinguish'd for the same;  
They with great honour dignify my name.  
In gloomy darkness I have ever dwelt,  
More palpable than that which Egypt felt.  
I nat'rally abhor the face of light,  
Which annihilates and destroys me quite.  
And yet in open day I oft appear,  
Stupidly bold, and unappall'd with fear.  
Now if you please, ye mistresses of art,  
My name next year unto the world impart.

III. *Enigma 222, by Mr. Rich. Lycett.*

Various my shape, my names are two,  
I charm by various ways,  
At once I'm helpful and undo,  
At once displease and please.  
A foe to all mankind declar'd,  
(Sure friend to all the fair)  
From liberty by me debarr'd,  
Sole causer of their care.  
Like hydra's, when o'ercome, so I  
(Increase by others hate,  
When most destroy'd, I multiply,  
And so prolong my fate.  
I'm always faithful to my trust,  
Deceive I always do,  
Nor to myself or you unjust,  
At once both false and true.  
I'm married to a charming youth,  
Once wand'ring wild and gay;  
But now sincere and fix'd as truth,  
And bright as April-day.  
My husband wrapt in times unknown,  
Fate's mazes can explore,  
Declare what is, and what to come,  
Thou great prophetic power!  
Ye gods! propitious to my pray'r,  
This one great blessing send,  
Grant that my husband, all my care,  
Like you may never end.

Then

Then I exist from him alone,  
I live immortally,  
When once he's banish'd, lost, or flown,  
I languish, pine, and die.

IV. *Enigma 223, by Juvenis.*

Attend, ye fair, to what I mention;  
For sure I may demand attention,  
Since I can ease the statesman's breast,  
Deep fraught with schemes, with cares oppress;  
Can gravity to gingers give,  
And make the sleepy soul alive:  
Since too I hearts of flint can move,  
And melt a Timon into love.  
Nay, ev'n yourselves can captive carry,  
Tho' that is most before you marry.

I say, since I am such a mighty man,  
Listen a while, then guess me if you can.

My body's large, and neatly made,  
A pretty well-proportion'd blade:  
My trunk, I say, so finely made is,  
I seldom fail to please the ladies.  
And, like all gallants in the land,  
Am pleas'd to have 'em by the hand.  
If teeth are any rec'mendation,  
I challenge all the beaux i'th' nation.

Your classic scholars, ever bold,  
Say, I am like the horse of old,  
That held at one time (as they tell ye)  
Some hundred arm'd men in his belly.  
Whether I'm like this horse, or no,  
I have some red coats in a row,  
That, if you do but touch their master,  
Rise, and proclaim the dire disaster.

Tho' I live, breathe, and speak by air,  
You seldom — never find me there.  
But I am generally found  
About three feet above the ground.  
Without or edge, or point, my teeth  
Are sharp, and very sweet my breath.  
I chatter most (O wond'rous truth!)  
When busy hands are in my mouth.  
Some legs I have, but never walk;  
Without a tongue, I loudly talk.

Lastly, ye fair, I'm; without jeering,  
Nor fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring.

V. *Enigma*

V. *Enigma 224, by Mr. William Acton.*

Ladies, it is my cruel fate to be  
 A slave to one that wears my livery ;  
 A person of vile character ; in brief,  
 A noted sabbath breaker, and a thief.  
 In saucy manner I have heard it said,  
 He once did entertain a crowned head.  
 No wonder then, you hear me oft complain,  
 Whilst I'm at work the rascal to maintain ;  
 He walks about indeed, or lolls at ease,  
 But takes due care my labour shall not cease.  
 With endless tasks he keeps me still employ'd,  
 As if my strength could never be destroy'd.

But toils extreme inward disorders breed,  
 And wear my constitution out with speed.  
 My bowels (sure prognostic of decay !)  
 With wind or water rumble night and day.  
 My thirst is sometimes so intense, that I,  
 You'd almost swear, would drink a river dry.  
 And, what is most remarkable, is this,  
 As often as I drink, so oft I piss.  
 Yet I can make large meals ; I'm seldom sick  
 At stomach, my discharges are so quick.  
 Then what is my disease, perhaps you'll quere,  
 A diabetes, or a lienberry ?  
 Alas ! I fear, 'tis both in complication ;  
 My drink runs thro' me without alteration,  
 And what I eat, it does me little good :  
 For why ? My excrements are perfect food ;  
 And therefore 'tis become a common rule,  
 To watch me well whene'er I go to stool.  
 For if my guts a signal make, take care,  
 Or you may chance to go without your share.  
 But if within my distance you presume,  
 You will be powder'd with no sweet perfume.

*The Prize Enigma, by Terpsichorius.*

To be drest in the fashion, our taylor must join  
 The emblems of York and the Lancaster line.  
 From our titles, dear ladies, you will judge of our worth,  
 As you like our descent, and the place of our birth.  
 But you needs must indulge us the honours we claim,  
 From the scarlet we wear in his majesty's name :  
 While we stand rank and file, brave, gallant, and gay,  
 Like tall grenadiers, in battle array ;

With

With our helmets as bright as the heroes that shine  
On the banks of the Sare, the Moselle, and the Rhine.  
Not the British dragoons, nor the hectors of France,  
Nor the troops of Eugene, in such order advance.

Tho' to own the plain truth, we are sharpers confess,  
And a race but of brazen-fac'd upstarts at best :  
Yet engag'd in your cause, on punctilioes we stand,  
As much as the haughtiest lord in the land :  
When arrested, we're dragg'd by the head to our duty,  
And are doom'd to be slaves to the charms of a beauty.  
We act as trustees in behalf of the fair ;  
Their cambrics, and silks, and brocades are our care.  
And, ladies, so earnest our zeal for our trust is,  
That we hazard our necks in doing you justice :  
For you seldom complain of your hopes disappointed,  
Till our heads are lopp'd off, or our bodies disjointed ;  
Then like drones without wings, we're regarded no more  
Than the wretched estate of unhappy Jane Shore.

At your glass and your toilet we wait on you still,  
At the church, park, and play-house, tea, dice, and quadrille ;  
We sleep on your lap, and we lean on your arm ;  
We recline on your bosom, and keep your breast warm.  
If we chance to displease you, we miss of our aim :  
For it is not our fault, but yourselves are to blame.  
To be plainer, and make all your trouble amends,  
We were, ladies, this morning at your fair fingers' ends,  
And (perhaps) kiss'd your lips too — to shew we're your friends. }

1738.

*A Latin Enigma, by Terpiphilus.*

**F**ertur ut incertam variare Chamæleo pelleat  
Uaque vicino ducit ab ore decus ;  
Sic mea contiguos mentiri forma colores  
Dicit, obitque vitri more, propinqua, vices.  
Hinc morbum admoneo pallore, rubore salutem ;  
Nec mihi lætitia est illa, nec ille dolor.  
Græcia me gemmis, & viætrix Roma ; metallis  
Annumerare solet Nympha Britannia suis.  
Cambria me, quoties voluit natura jocari  
Prodiga, Phœbei pectinis instar habet.  
Imbuit ingenuas quæcumque scientia mentes,  
Dignatur summo nomine honore meum :

Sum

Sum digito brevior, sum marmore levior; idem  
 Cassis & hasta, togæ militæque decus.  
 Hæc reges populique gerunt, hæc arma pueræ,  
 Hæc anus, hæc juvenes, hæc pueri atque senes.  
 Quadruplici tueor bis denos ordine fratres,  
 Vix tamen officio, forte, & honore pares.  
 Sæpe tumet nitidam lœsura superbia formam;  
 Tum nigrum ancipiti plectitur ense caput.  
 Nec queror abscessu capiti, velut Hydra superstes  
 Nitor, ut ex damno barba decora magis.  
 Vos, lepidi juvenes, vos mollia corda pueræ,  
 Vos mihi nascenti vulnera plura datis.  
 Hinc Veneris pugiles, hinc turba molesta procorum  
 Virgineis queritur prælia mista minis.  
 Vivus ad huc veteres amplector morte sodales,  
 Nec meritum expediunt ipsa sepulchra rudem:  
 Nostrum adeò est extrema pati: jam prodimur! ævi  
 Talia quis nescit quæ brevis esse solent?

### Enigmas answered.

220. A TOBACCO PIPE.

221. IGNORANCE.

222. A LOOKING-GLASS.

223. A HARPSICHORD.

224. A CORN MILL.

Prize. A SHEET OF PINS.

1 Lat. *Health*. 2 Lat. *A Taylor*. 3 Lat. *Light*, a *Glow-worm*, *Rainbow*, or the *Moon*. Mr. *Wilcockson's*, a *Head-dress*, or *Drinking-Glass*. Some of them are variously taken, and for want of the author's own answer, which has always been desired to be sent with the enigmas, they sometimes prove indeterminable, or very dubious.

*The Enigmas answered in Geronto's complaint to his mistress, concealing her late disorder, by Mr. Dod.*

Why, beauteous MIRROUR of the age, say why

3.

Was I alone to be kept IGNORANT?

2.

When Pluto's harbinger approach'd so nigh,

And rudely dar'd to pluck so fair a plant?

Thy HEALTH safe to preserve has been my care,

1. Lat.

To which I daily drinck a chearful GLASS;

Wilco.

And oft my tuneful PIPE to please thy ear,

1.

Or my SPINET thy grateful music was.

4.

Couldst thou forget how carefully I PIN'd

Pr.

Thy flutt'ring HEADRESS when the clouds were black,

3. Lat.

Guarding thy tender breast from th' cutting wind,

5.

Close by the river, as the MILL went clack?

Nay,

Nay, when th' ophthalmia seiz'd thy sparkling eye,  
 Which well nigh had Sol's brightest beams remov'd,  
 And wanting oculist, thou know'st 'twas I  
 Who then to thee a Doctor TAYLOR prov'd. 2 Lat.

*All answer'd by Mr. Randle Dod's Lamentation for  
 Blowisabella's farewell.*

And will dear Blowza then forsake us quite,  
 Nor with her pen her servants more delight ?  
 What tho' I broke her GLASS merely by chance, 3 & Wilc.  
 Sure she'll excuse what's done thro' IGNORANCE : 2.  
 Her HEALTH to guard was then my chiefest care, 1 Lat.  
 Covering her HEAD against inclement air : 3 Lat.  
 Tell her e'en yet I would her shadow be,  
 And follow her as close as that to thee.  
 Henceforward will my funking PIPE forbear, 1.  
 Or MILL her chocolate, or PIN her hair; 5, Pr.  
 Play her each tune upon her lov'd SPINET, 4.  
 Nor in one POINT her orders once forget ; }  
 But fetch the TAYLOR to adjust her gown, } 2 Lat.  
 Wou'd she once more her humble servant own.

*Mr. Will. Prosser answers them thus :*

Pardon a muse unskill'd in tuneful lays,  
 (As ambitious too, to gain the bayes.)  
 The sallies which a morning PIPE inspires,  
 Raleigh's herb, pregnant with domestic fires ;  
 With no rich pensions, or high places blest'd,  
 I lie unrivall'd, with each joy possess'd ; }  
 Fear'd by my foes, and by my friends caress'd :  
 Around my easy chair my servants wait,  
 Receive instructions, and forget debate ;  
 Clear their accounts at night, by day my soil,  
 And witness ev'ry article with toil :  
 Honest themselves, they imitate my faith,  
 And guard their souls from SUPERSTITIOUS path : 2.  
 In marriage bless'd (tho' wedded in my youth)  
 By mixing wedlock with religious truth :  
 Nor yet so strict in piety, or fear,  
 But that, to charm my mind from earthly care,  
 I can, my weary'd senses to recruit,  
 Derive soft lessons from SPINET or flute : 4.  
 Or any others when the evening's still :  
 But in the day I can't enjoy my will, }  
 Stunn'd by the grumb'ling of a negh'bring MILL. } 5.  
 Wou'd some rough gale lay't level with the ground,  
 Or break the PIN on which it travels round. Prize.

An

*An Answer to the Enigmas by Terpsichorus.*

While topers o'er their PIPE and bottle fit,  
Where WindMILL brains vent IGNORANCE for wit;  
And wantons, lost to HEALTH and fame, forget  
Their PINS, POINT, HEAD-DRESS, MIRROUR, } PR, 2, 3 LAT. 3.  
and SPINET, } 4.  
We for the honour of your Diary sweat.

The prize of 12 diaries fell to the lot of Mrs. Elizabeth Curray,  
and that of 8 diaries to Mr. T. Sanders.

*New Enigmas.*I. *Enigma 225, by Palamede.*

Listen a while, sweet ladies, and give ear  
To one who never speaks, but you'd fain hear.  
Inconstant fair, how is't by you I'm priz'd  
Whene'er I speak, at other times despis'd;  
How can such contraries you'll say be true?  
Yet certain 'tis I'm lov'd and scorn'd by you.

I'm one of note, from happy climes convey'd,  
And to less pleasant regions am betray'd;  
Yet, like my country, I with joy abound,  
No joy is wanting wherefoe'er I'm found;  
A merrier blade than me was ne'er yet known,  
To please the country, and divert the town.  
With fresh delight I entertain the gay,  
And from the afflicted drive dull cares away:  
Thus entertaining, who'd not strive to gain  
My friendship; many strive, but strive in vain:  
Sometimes a country clown, with course address,  
My favour seeks, but seldom with success;  
For I am very curious in my friend,  
A worthless fellow will not serve my end;  
His baseness makes me scorn'd, and he by me  
Becomes the scorn of ev'ry company:  
When once I've got a master to my mind,  
I'm counted then most perfect of my kind;  
I first take place, who dares dispute with me,  
My master only claims equality:  
No slave like me so ready to his hand,  
He makes me tremble at his first command;  
Yet when he's poor he seeks to me for aid,  
Tho' oft in debt, by me his debts are paid.

H h

My

My master therefore me preserves with care,  
 My ruin's constantly his greatest fear.  
 The frailty of my nature he well knows,  
 I'm therefore safely kept from foreign foes ;  
 Inclos'd and guarded round on ev'ry side,  
 He's like a husband jealous of his bride.  
 Thus lov'd, thus cherish'd, tell me, fair ones, why,  
 By you alone I'm cast neglected by ?

II. *Enigma 226, by Eumenes Pamphilus.*

Dear ladies ! I with submission crave,  
 You'll give attention to an humble slave,  
 Who has the honour to attend you still,  
 At church, at playhouse, and at dear quadrille :  
 Who strives by merit to procure your love,  
 And spend my strength your beauties to improve.  
 Perhaps you'll query then, from whence I came,  
 Since I'm obliged to conceal my name ?  
 Know then, that I as great a parent boast,  
 As ever landed on the British coast ;  
 I've cross'd th' equator, and have plow'd the main,  
 Where cold Bootes drives his frozen wain ;  
 The pole much nearer I've approached to,  
 Than Drake or Dampier ever dar'd to go.

Not Pallas, Venus, nor the God of Wine,  
 Cou'd ever boast a stranger birth than mine ;  
 For I, like florid eloquence, in truth  
 Had first existence in my parent's mouth ;  
 With him my youthful days I did engage,  
 But came to spend with you declining age.  
 'Tis I, dear ladies, feel your pulses move,  
 And when your hearts beat fast with fervent love,  
 And oft exert my utmost strength to please,  
 Yet mirth oppresses, but your sighs gives ease.  
 No small regard from you is due to me,  
 Since I'm the emblem of true modesty ;  
 For if without me you should walk the street,  
 You're scarce thought modest by the folks you meet.  
 Tho' always constant to you when you wed,  
 I never meddle with the marriage bed.

Not only to the fair I service lend,  
 But likewise oft the other sex befriend.  
 I'll add no more, enough is said ; no doubt  
 But you, dear ladies, soon will find me out.

III. *Enigma*

III. *Enigma 227, by Mr. Will. Prosser.*

Ladies, to you I must address my tale,  
 My suff'rings may on your soft sex prevail ;  
 To extend some pity, or at least t'expound  
 What 'tis, in all this giddy spacious round,  
 Which lies obscure for years in nature's womb ;  
 And, if unsearch'd for, makes the same its tomb.  
 The sons of men, thro' avarice misled,  
 Tear me unformed from my mother's bed ;  
 And as their wanton fancies each inspire,  
 Form me for use, or bury me in fire.  
 By misers treated often with neglect.  
 But those whose want of genius does direct,  
 To mould me in the shape I'd have ye tell,  
 Improve their talents, and in art excel ;  
 — No cunning lawyers, no superior court,  
 Whose vending profligates for cash resort,  
 Can bind so strong, or with such durance tye,  
 E'en strength and might itself so firm as I.  
 In churches, palaces, in cots and cells,  
 In parlours, kitchens, chimneys, sinks, and wells,  
 In ev'ry house am I, on every coast,  
 Nay in each libel on old Pasquin's post.  
 Some I devour, others I sustain ;  
 Some devour me ! and all for human gain.  
 In short, 'twas I did more for Israel's sons,  
 Than all their mighty army join'd had done :  
 In combination link'd with female art,  
 I slew their terror ; — bid their hosts depart ;  
 This holy writ records — but to be fair,  
 Look round about you wheresoe'er you are,  
 And if you see me not — believe me just,  
 I'll guard your bones (when dead) till they are dust.

IV. *Enigma 228, by Mr. W. Chaple.*

A noble creature (ladies) once was I,  
 And splendid shone in bright resplendency ;  
 (If you'll some authors credit) not confin'd  
 To earth alone ; in th' air my glory shin'd :  
 On radiant pinions I with ease cou'd fly,  
 And soar aloft within the azure sky :  
 But I this glory did not long enjoy,  
 For one foul crime my grandeur did destroy ;  
 For which I soon was brought to great disgrace,  
 And now alas ! what creature is more base ?

My master therefore me preserves with care,  
 My ruin's constantly his greatest fear.  
 The frailty of my nature he well knows,  
 I'm therefore safely kept from foreign foes ;  
 Inclos'd and guarded round on ev'ry side,  
 He's like a husband jealous of his bride.  
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 In ev'ry house am I, on every coast,  
 Nay in each libel on old Pasquin's post.  
 Some I devour, others I sustain;  
 Some devour me! and all for human gain.  
 In short, 'twas I did more for Israel's sons,  
 Than all their mighty army join'd had done:  
 In combination link'd with female art,  
 I slew their terror; — bid their hosts depart;  
 This holy writ records — but to be fair,  
 Look round about you wheresoe'er you are,  
 And if you see me not — believe me just,  
 I'll guard your bones (when dead) till they are dust.

IV. *Enigma 228, by Mr. W. Chaple.*

A noble creature (ladies) once was I,  
 And splendid shone in bright resplendency;  
 (If you'll some authors credit) not confin'd  
 To earth alone; in th' air my glory shin'd:  
 On radiant pinions I with ease cou'd fly,  
 And soar aloft within the azure sky:  
 But I this glory did not long enjoy,  
 For one foul crime my grandeur did destroy;  
 For which I soon was brought to great disgrace,  
 And now alas! what creature is more base?

Tho' first I in such splendid glory shin'd,  
 My aspect now is odious to mankind :  
 The earth my habitation, nor can fly  
 In open air as in my infancy ;  
 But sculk in holes and caverns of the earth,  
 From whence (tho' noble then) I took my birth.  
 But yet I'm in a manner innocent  
 O'th' crime for which I have this punishment,  
 For I was not the cause, but instrument. }  
 I dread man's presence, man dreads mine as much,  
 The antipathy 'twixt man and I is such,  
 (You'd almost swear that I a Lexus were) }  
 But if disrob'd and naked he appear,  
 More dreadful seems, increasing more my fear. }  
 There's ne'er a battle 'twixt my foe and me ;  
 But when by chance we meet, each other see,  
 And unawares I kill, or killed be ; }  
 Mortal my wounds : but tho' I vict'ry gain,  
 I ever after must disarm'd remain. }  
 My species num'rous are (ye wond'ring fair)  
 And tho' a cursed creature faithful are.  
 But if I any more myself explain,  
 You then too easily my name would gain.

V. *Enigma 229, by Mr. Ben. Beddome.*

From dirty form, and filthy dress set free,  
 At length I enjoy a pleasing liberty :  
 From spots refin'd, and every blemish clear,  
 Ladies, like you, I'm innocent and fair.  
 I, quaker-like, am neat and plainly drest,  
 Yet oft in me the beauish fop's exprest.  
 Sometimes in black my mournful body's bound,  
 With costly gold sometimes I'm edg'd around.  
 No monstrous form, no horrid shape I bear,  
 Unarm'd I go, yet oft when I appear,  
 The stoutest souls are seiz'd with panic fear. }  
 Th' insolvent debtor often I surprize,  
 Nor mind the wife's complaint, or children's cries.  
 With unrelenting force I seize the prey,  
 And to a gaol the lawful prize convey.  
 To vagabonds, whores, and such-like paltry stuff,  
 To pilfering knaves and rogues I'm always rough,  
 But unprovok'd, I'm peaceable enough. }  
 The jarring feuds of friends I oft compose,  
 And settle peace between the greatest foes.  
 Love is my natural product ; I inspire  
 An amorous warmth, and kindle mutual fire.

Like

Like wide-mouth'd fame, thro' distant realms I fly,  
Sometimes I tell the truth, and sometimes lye.

All this I do, but still my chiefest care  
Is to oblige and please the charming fair.  
Ladies, on you submissive I attend,  
Your faithful servant, and your bosom friend.  
In bulk I'm small, of all your slaves the least;  
Yet trusted most, and still esteem'd the best.  
Let servile fools at humble distance stand,  
My office is to wait at your right hand.  
There I attend from every drudgery free,  
And even my mistress often stoops to me.  
Whilst fortune smiles and crowns me with success,  
I'm honour'd with each female's fond caress;  
But if she frown, and I successless prove,  
At once I lose both their respect and love.  
Then all the marks of fem'nine rage I bear,  
My tender sides they mangle, bruise, and tear,  
And cast my scatter'd limbs to rot i'th' open air.  
Ye cruel dames, your utmost efforts try,  
To name the thing you deal so coarsely by.

VI. *Enigma 230, by Pauporythmus.*

Ye doughty physicians, attend to my lure,  
For I am grown famous for many a cure,  
And in reason and justice deserve more regard,  
Than the greatest performance of Taylor or Ward.  
I'm as bold a prescription as any upon earth,  
And Solomon often does speak of my worth.  
And still I continue with the greatest success,  
If with skill and discretion I'm us'd, you'll confess.  
I'm known for dispelling the fumes in the head,  
For correcting the humours and sweet'ning the blood;  
For refining the intellects; clearing the brain;  
With a long roll of maladies all in a train.  
I'm an excellent cure, and a remedy try'd;  
But observe, I must always be outwardly apply'd.  
I sometimes by sweating my virtues impart,  
But bleeding's the top and the chief of my art.  
Nay once on a time, I have bled a great prince,  
And he, I much thank him, has remember'd me since.  
I cou'd name you a doctor—in peace may he rest,  
Stands famous on record, for service confess;  
Who by my assistance, more good did, I know,  
Than all the physicians for ages ago:  
Whose skill in his art was never disputed,  
And neither a quack nor an upstart reputed.

There are constitutions and tempers I own,  
 That are to be modell'd or mended by none.  
 Those soon I give over; because 'tis in vain  
 To strive, where the care will not answer the pain.  
 But to make all your labours to prosper and thrive,  
 Apply me betimes, is the caution I give;  
 And then, in all likelihood, you'll find some relief,  
 Against the most stubborn and obstinate grief.

*The Prize Enigma, by Terpsichorus.*

We have long been employ'd, and rich favours enjoy'd,  
 Of titles, atchievements, and honours;  
 Tho' what time we began, no heralds explain,  
 Or who the first generous donors.  
 Some in gold are dress'd fine, some in adamant shine,  
 Some are arm'd with a brass constitution;  
 Some in silver or steel fit enshrin'd, and ne'er feel  
 Thro' ages the least diminution.  
 Yet our size is so small, you may venture to call,  
 The whole race Lilliputians by nature:  
 But what is more strange, the creation we range,  
 And challenge the form of each creature.  
 Now a lamb we appear, now a wolf, or a bear;  
 Now a vulture, a hawk, or a dove:  
 Not irrational things, but gods, heroes, and kings;  
 A Cæsar, a George, or a Jove.  
 Much time, skill, and care, makes us what we are;  
 But our sons, with incredible quickness,  
 In a moment aspire to the bulk of their sire,  
 And father themselves by their likeness.  
 With a touch they rise forth, strait mature from their birth,  
 And appear, in an instant, on duty;  
 As Minerva (they feign) did from Jupiter's brain,  
 Or from Ocean the goddess of beauty.  
 These, a numerous store, serve the rich and the poor,  
 And maintain the just rights of mankind;  
 Add a sanction to law, to keep subjects in awe,  
 And their tyrants in fetters confin'd.  
 But we ought not to boast, when for us, to our cost,  
 We're afraid a worse fortune remains:  
 For, if truth must be own'd, many thousands are found,  
 Of our worthies still hanging in chains.

1739.

*A Latin Enigma, by Terpsichorus.*

**F**ORMA, licet procera, parum sibi poscit honoris;  
 Nec pes, nec manus est, unum crus, unus oculus  
 Officio duplex; idem alter & alter, utrinque  
 Prospicit; hinc mcritam colui per secula famam:  
 Pauperis & locupletis amor, juvenumque senumque;  
 Gloria virginibus, studium, dolor atque voluptas,  
 Luxuriaeque comes, dubia commune salutis  
 Præsidium, formæque decus, cui summa pudoris  
 Cura datur, miserisque fero solatia rebus.  
 Vulnera plura dedi quam Pelias hasta, vel horæ  
 Momento; reficitque idem, qui vulnerat, ictus.

Quacunque expatior, vestigia grata relinquo;  
 Lapsa per angustos aditus, per opaca locorum,  
 A tergo speciosa trahens miracula rerum,  
 Res, loca, personas, affectus, tempora, gesta.  
 Quicquid Apollineo finxit runt carmine vates;  
 Quicquid in Orpheo Rhodope spectasse theatro  
 Dicitur, aut Romana fides, aut ' Græcia mendax  
 ' Audet in historiâ; quod habet domus infera ditis,  
 Terraque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum;  
 Quas nescit natura, novo discrimine, formas  
 Accumulare meum est. ' Pictoribus atque poëtis  
 Quidlibet audendi mihi contigit aqua potestas:  
 At nullos, nostri fuerant quæ conscientia partus,  
 Secula, pictores, nullos aluere poëtas.  
 Humanæ generis primi dicere parentes  
 Quo fuerim pretio, tempusque per omne nepotes  
 Edicti excoluere sovendas gentibus artes.

Junior exul ahest frater, quem decolor Indus  
 Artem navalem docuit; ratis inde magister  
 Mutat humum ' pelago, ventis vellisque secutus  
 Fortunam: regit ille fretum, me terra fatetur  
 Artificem; mecum pariter sic dividit orbem.  
 ' Quarite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam.

*An Enigma containing Answers to all the Enigmas last Year, by Mr. Will. Howell.*

Corpus ipsum albo est similis **PAPYRO**  
Dulcis & præ me, **FIDIS** ipsa sorbet;  
Atque amat **THORACE** suo magis me  
Nympha Britannæ

Nymphæ  
Nam nitor gemmis, simulatque spector  
Moltis & levis, faciemque pictus,  
Atque fuco sum maculatus, & sum

## Glabrior ANGUE:

Pars nitet nostrum potiens honore  
Regio, SEPTROQU E superba; sed pars  
Altera est instructa dolis, ad UNGUEM

Fraude perita  
Reliqua est plebs pars, tamen hinc & inde  
Gutta (ceu CLAVUS) rutila aut nigella  
Signat; atque unum ex minimis SIGILLO  
Sæpe notatur.

### *Enigmas answered.*

225. A CREMONA FIDDLE.	229. PAPER.
226. WHALEBONE.	230. A ROD.
227. A NAIL.	Prize. A SEAL.
228. A SERPENT.	Lat. Fingers and Toes.

*All the Enigmas answered by Cottilus.*

Give me, ye gods, a peaceful country life,  
Discharg'd of busines, poverty, and strife;  
Far from the noise and hurry of the town,  
In some cool shady grotto lay me down:  
Unknown to fame in this low distant seat,  
I'll scorn the Rods and scepters of the great.  
No anxious thoughts shall there my hours molest,  
Or vexing cares sit heavy on my breast;  
Calm and serene I'll through the vallies stray,  
Climb the steep hills, and all around survey:  
Or when the season calls, the chace prepare,  
And with stanch hounds pursue the flying hare;  
When hoary winter whitens all below,  
With slaught'ring gun I'd rove thro' fields of snow;  
Sometimes in spring sport with the scaly breed,  
In cooling streams that murmur thro' the mead;

Pray  
Your n  
Pedant  
I love  
This P  
But for

Or lay me down near some cool river's side,  
That SERPENT-like rolls smooth its silver tide; 4.  
Where aged trees a chequer'd scene display,  
Admitting here and there a straggling ray; 1.  
Whose stately trunks in beauteous order rise,  
Streight as a NAIL, and penetrate the skies; 3.  
This way, and that, while rival gales contend,  
As WHALEBONE gentle, the green branches bend, 2.  
Where tuneful warblers their shrill notes repeat,  
More soft than flute, or VIOLIN more sweet. 1.  
In this blest solitude, I'd have a friend,  
PAPER companions too shou'd here attend. 5.  
Thus wou'd I live; thus easy ever keep;  
Till death shall SEAL my eyes with everlasting sleep. Pr.

*Col. Dagger's Answer, in Advice to his Nephew setting out to his Apprenticeship.*

Be wise as a SERPENT, and harmless as a dove; 4.  
Ne'er sign or SEAL PAPER your friends don't approve. Pr. 5.  
When sent of an errand, make no stops or STAYS, 2.  
Lest a ROD shou'd o'ertake you on heedless delays; 6.  
This branch of your trade if it flag, *that you know*  
Must be ply'd the more brisk, drive the NAIL that will go: 3, Lat.  
Deal fairly, be honest, then care not a FIDDLE 1.  
Who smiles or who frowns, since the world is a riddle.

*Miranda's Answer to all the Enigmas.*

Tho' your endeavouring is for to perplex  
With riddles hard our FIDDLE-faddle sex, 1.  
And when you're pleas'd to be IRONICAL, 3.  
On WHALEBONE petticoat your jests must fall. 2.  
Without the wisdom of a SERPENT, I 4.  
Find your enigmas out with half an eye:  
What my thoughts are this PAPER will explain; 5.  
To which I fix my SEAL, and eke my name. Pr.  
If in the paths of error I have trod,  
Instead of prize, I ought to have a ROD. 6.

*Answered by Claudio Tulip.*

Pray tell me no more of your STAYS and your laws, 2.  
Your nails cannot hurt me, nor yet your grimaws. 3.  
Pedant's ROD shall not drive me, nor the SERPENT that flies, 4, 6.  
I love to be merry, so my FIDDLE I'll prize, 1.  
This PAPER I'll SEAL, as if 'twas a token, 5, Pr.  
But for dear Blowfabella my heart's almost broken.

Terp-

Terpsiphilus answers all the Enigmas for 1738, in the Person of a despairing Lover.

Tho' I SEAL you this LETTER, I'm never the better, Pr. 5.  
 If you smile, 'tis with pleasure to hear me complain;  
 While your STAYS fall and rise with a SNAKE in disguise, 2, 4.  
 Like a NAIL thro' my temples to kill me with pain. Lat. 3.  
 But I care not a FIDDLE:—your sex is a riddle; 1.  
 And a ROD be my fate if I trust you again. 6.

In this manner they were answered by Mr. Tho. Bambrey, Mr. W. Hobbs, Mr. Tho. Waine, Americus, Jaffier, Mr. W. Cottey, Damon, Adolescens, Mr. Slapley Craven, Mr. N. Soulby, Mrs. Anne Pointin, Mr. Tho. Greenwell, Phylogynus, Palamede, Mr. John Palmer, Mr. W. Howell, Mr. Tho. Bird, Mr. John Doubt, Mrs. Fr. Linton, Mr. W. Juman, Geronto, T. Oats, Conundrum, Mr. Browne, Jack-of-the-West, Mr. H. Williams, Mr. R. Heath, W. Inkbottle, Pen. Spinster, Mr. H. Thelivel, and others.

The prize of 12 diaries fell to the lot of Buxome, and that of 8 diaries to Mr. John Badder.

### New Enigmas.

#### I. Enigma 231, by Clericus Parechialis de Bowden.

From creatures wild and tame, from small and great,  
 From trees and bees I my perfection get.  
 To make me more complete, sometimes the dog  
 I crave assistance from, but oft the hog.  
 When me the curious artist takes in hand,  
 I sometimes for a prize remain and stand.  
 My members into liquids first are cast,  
 Before I'm form'd, that better I may last.  
 Tho' Vulcan's instruments do wound my skin,  
 My maker closes, heals the wounds within.  
 Altho' my back and side, and heart he bruise,  
 I suffer that, to make me fit for use.  
 With solid food my belly he did fill,  
 Thereby to shew the world the greater skill.  
 When from my belly he withdrew my food,  
 I afterwards was fed with flesh and blood.  
 I'm white, black, yellow, purple, red, or green;  
 Always at court in bright array am seen.  
 In country often made as black as foot:  
 Unfold the myst'ry now; pray, ladies, do't.

#### II. Enigm

II. *Enigma 232, by Mr. Will. Chaple.*

The ancient bards have strange relations told,  
Of awkward generation : fluid gold,  
Falling on Danae's lap, got her with child ;  
Thus Jove, they say, Acrisius beguile'd.  
Nor yet less strange than this, as poets feign,  
Was Pallas' birth, begot on Jove's own brain ;  
His god-like hand his forehead only kissing ;  
Orion by Neptune, Jove and Hermes' pissing.  
So faithless wives their husbands may persuade,  
That mere imagination forms the babe.

But let us leave these tales, diverting youth,  
And from fictitious stories turn to truth.  
Let boys and cuckolds such strange fables grapple,  
My dad, more strange, begat me on an apple.  
And ever since that inauspicious hour,  
I have continu'd my triumphant power.  
If any, under the Almighty, be  
A king of kings, and lord of lords, 'tis me.  
Princes that kingdoms and whole empires sway,  
'Tis by my leave they reign one fleeting day :  
The potent Alexander, What was he ?  
But a mere cypher, if compar'd with me.  
He's call'd a conqueror of the world, I own,  
But I'm more truly so, it is well known :  
No castles, forts, strong walls, no locks nor keys,  
Deny me entrance; I go where e'er I please ;  
Rambling about, I call at every door,  
Make no distinction 'twixt the rich and poor.  
The valiant Hector's daunted at my sight :  
I conquer all, none dares with me to fight,  
The world I sway, and none contests my right.

Thus far I like a cruel tyrant seem,  
Yet there are some who do me much esteem :  
Some run to meet me, some force me to do  
What others fear, whether I will or no.  
Thus glad are some of my good company,  
Altho' to others I most dreadful be ;  
A dread to rogues, but am the just man's hope :  
Have fainted more than ever did the pope.  
Let quacks, or mountebanks, and such as these,  
Impose upon the world, just as they please ;  
A better doctor never was, I'm sure,  
For whosoe'er I take in hand I cure ;  
Bestow my cures upon both rich and poor,  
When the physicians have quite giv'n 'em o'er :

But

But what's more strange and wond'rous to relate, is,  
When none besides me can do't I do it gratis.  
I turn the wheel of fortune; of their store  
I dispossess the rich, relieve the poor,  
And sometimes give the rich and wealthy more.  
Invisible, yet often seen too plain:  
At once appear in England, France, and Spain;  
At once in twenty diff'rent places reign:  
At once the rich make poor, and poor enrich:  
Yet ne'er accounted conjurer or witch.  
Thus I'm a king, physician, and in brief,  
A cruel tyrant, murderer, and thief.  
And yet, whate'er you think of such a creature,  
There is not really any such in nature.  
Ladies, next year you will not do amiss,  
In shewing what this something — nothing is.

### III. *Enigma 233, by Eliza.*

When Sol thro' Aries drives his brilliant car,  
And hostile bosoms kindle for the war;  
When softer souls the sweeter pleasures move,  
And melt in raptures with idalian love;  
When blooming nature to the eye displays  
Its pleasing pride, a thousand wanton ways;  
Then longing mortals with impatience wait  
For my approach, which is as sure as fate.  
You'll ask from whence this expectation springs,  
Or what the blessings that my presence brings?  
'Tis this —— when I appear they boldly lye,  
And cheat each other with impunity;  
Practise strange frauds, and what you'll scarce believe,  
They're thought the brightest men who most deceive.  
Lo here a hapless wretch! with up-lift eyes,  
Thanks his kind stars, and grasps a tempting prize.  
But oh! what changes on our actions wait,  
What sudden scenes in life's fallacious state!  
Deluded fool, the bait which looks so fair,  
Now turns to filth, or fleets away like air.  
Then streight a lurking crew themselves disclose,  
Mock at his shame, and triumph at his woes.  
But least I seem of the seditious kind,  
Or virtue, vice, or passion of the mind,  
Know I'm the eldest of a num'rous race,  
And, as my birthright, claim the leading place;  
My younger brethren in a train, like geese,  
Pursue, but keep unequal distances:  
And only one can at a time be seen,  
Such an impervious curtain's drawn between.

Alike we are in shape, alike in name,  
 Yet no illustrious acts my brethren claim :  
 But passion rules with such imperious sway,  
 We oft change countenance ten times a day.  
 Sometimes a glitt'ring face with charms appears,  
 Sometimes a low'ring brow, bedew'd with tears.  
 But hold, enough — one cries — nay this be shown,  
 I'm gladly seen by all, yet felt by none.

IV. *Enigma 234, by Blowfabella, jun.*

From the womb of the earth I challenge my birth,  
 From the ladies' fair fingers my frame ;  
 I vary as oft as Luna aloft,  
 Yet always continue the same.  
 In winter I'm hot, in summer I'm not,  
 Yet feel I no great alteration ;  
 I play'd least in sight, as full well I might,  
 In the time of the grand usurpation.  
 I have flesh I must own, without any bone,  
 I've a tongue that ne'er spoke any treason :  
 I bear excellent fruit, without any root,  
 And always am best in my season.  
 Both Indies do pay, by night and by day,  
 Their just tribute into my cavern :  
 In an alehouse I'm poor as a garretted whore,  
 But always am rich in a tavern.  
 When scarce a day old, I am clammy and cold,  
 But when into dungeon am turn'd,  
 I never get sleep, but ever do weep,  
 For fear of my sides being burn'd.  
 As soon as releas'd, I away to a feast,  
 And drink some more wine ere I die ;  
 Then straight disappear, and come no more there ;  
 What a whimsical creature am I.

V. *Enigma 235, by Johander.*

In a small state, not only by their stars,  
 Prone to contend, but doom'd to civil wars,  
 I act a part ; with proper talents blest,  
 A courtier from my infancy confess.  
 Long with unequal fate I fought renown,  
 A slave by turns, to fortune's smile and frown.  
 Here I engag'd with credit, there with shame,  
 Nor hop'd to share above a common fame.  
 What strange effects a slender cause affords,  
 The magic force of sound and pow'r of words !

Few letters, plac'd with art, a title give,  
 From whence I many a privilege receive;  
 Secure of conquest, now I take the field,  
 At my approach the stoutest heart must yield;  
 In vain the great their boasted ensigns plead;  
 Together fall the scepter and the spade.  
 But as no mortal glories are sincere,  
 And clouds obscure our brightest moments here;  
 'Tho' no ill thought e'er harbour'd in my breast,  
 'Tho' to all parties I'm a welcome guest,  
 The just applause my victories proclaim,  
 Yet infamy and scorn attend my name.

VI. *Enigma 236, by Mrs. Agnes Atkinson.*

Ladies, I'm one whom providence hath giv'n,  
 With bounteous hand to all things under heav'n:  
 But rolling years crown my grey hairs with age,  
 And mifl' ere long, 'tis hoped, quit the stage.  
 Yet ere I go, vouchsafe to let my name  
 Be fix'd on record in your book of fame.  
 Thousands implore my aid when I am gone,  
 And, with deep sighs, the los's of me bemoan;  
 Ev'n kings have wish'd for my return in vain;  
 When once misus'd I ne'er return again.  
 I cast oblivion o'er proud heroes dead,  
 By me their acts are from remembrance fled;  
 I'm always just, and helpful to the poor;  
 My chiefest care is to increase their store.  
 In churches oft with mournful pomp I stand,  
 And there grim death attends at my right hand.  
 With glass in hand I shew you my profession,  
 For I'm the greatest drinker in the nation.  
 Various my shapes; stand not agast, ye fair!  
 I'm short, I'm long, I'm oval, round, and square:  
 Nor be surpriz'd hereafter, when you see  
 Ev'n death itself pay homage unto me.  
 But when the period of this orb is come,  
 And all things wait for universal doom;  
 When scorching flames consume great nature's store,  
 And trembling mortals heav'nly aid implore,  
 My fate's decreed, then I shall be no more!  
 Perhaps you'll say, surely this must be something!  
 Mistake me not, for really I am nothing.

### *The Prize Enigma, by Terpsiphilus.*

Room for your slave and engineer, the moor  
That ne'er appear'd in masquerade before.  
You know me well, a little nimble fellow  
You've seen dress'd up in blue, red, brown, or yellow,  
I'm sometimes with, sometimes without a head;  
For, champion-like, from wounds my glories spread.  
Thus mangled, as my body shorter grows,  
My taylor in proportion cuts my cloaths,  
Which, urchin like, hide all, except — my nose. }

Tho' my complexion's blacker than a fœl,  
My mistress has a skin as white as snow : }  
In soft caresses there each charm I trace,  
And mend the native beauties of her face,  
Till a more pow'rful rival fills my place. }  
His province is to crown what I begun ; }  
I then resign the honours I have won,  
Extinguish'd, like a taper in the sun. }  
Thus doom'd to silent shades my labours lie  
Embalm'd and buried in obscurity,  
While o'er the tomb surprizing trophies rise,  
And cheerful nature triumphs in disguise.  
Ev'n thus provok'd, my loyalty's the same,  
Unshaken, if I win or lose the game.  
To quit or gain my point, I ply the oar,  
And revel, like a drunken tar on shore,  
Till by degrees I've lavish'd all my store : }  
Yet sons of art, that own me for their friend,  
Discard me, when they find I've nought to spend : }  
Tho' for their sakes I've toil'd the life of man,  
If, as the Psalmist says, 'tis but a span.

1740.

*A Latin Enigma, by Terpsichilus.*

**L**ubrica aspectu, dominæ sagaci  
Vernula insignis, sine dente Mordax  
Helluo, a naso vel ad umbilicum  
I i 2 Rictibus hisco.

312

### Ritibus hisco.

## Pendulum

Pendulum cernas laqueo, aut Jacentem  
 Nunc crucis, nunc ad gladii figuram;  
 Cruribus totam veluti & lacertis,  
 Corpore nullam.

Palpebris clausis caritura, distant  
 Sæpe majori spatio, levique  
 Invicem se sæpius osculantur  
 Lumina tactu.

Hinc conjunctis, venia magistræ,  
 Admodum simplex videor; remotis,  
 Quinques duplex, eadem jugali  
 Jure binembris.

Sint licet nunquam fera bella cordi,  
 Atamen summis animosus heros  
 Viribus cessit mihi: dux suberbi  
 Fœmina facti.

## II. Latin Enigma, by B. B.

Crescere me latitans Matris vis cogit: in altum  
 Principio parvus, tempore surgo brevi.  
 Squallentes niveo surgunt e vertice Cani:  
 Candidior Cygno est Frons mea; laxe caput.  
 Pingue mihi Collum non est; nec Truncus obesus:  
 Membraque longævum plurima Corpus habet.  
 Me decorat trebri splendens, Auroque corusca  
 Vectis, qua tectum quisque Britannus amat.  
 Sæpe Viris locum magnis me jungo superbus,  
 Qæsis animi fastu (me comitante) tument.  
 Vix mihi fest unquam mortem matura Senectus;  
 Sed solita est Hominum trux jugulare manus.  
 Immeritus solvo pœnas, & Vulnera lœdunt  
 Innocuum; forti Pectore cuncta fero.  
 Sæpe Caput Muli ferro Cervicibus aufert;  
 Proh Pudor; at sœvam Mors mea flere facit.  
 Illa ferox (Vitâ functo me) conscientia facti  
 Sanguinei, lachrymis Ora tigare solet.  
 Ambrosius raro sentit Maestator Odores;  
 Nam citò fætorem mortuus edo gravem.  
 Ne tibi nusac videat pârvo dignandus honore,  
 Suppliciter quondam me coluere Viri.  
 Pontifices donis Aras stravere sacratis,  
 Et mihi sollicitâ voce dedere preces.  
 Quærere, Sagax, Quis sum: Si me repetrere valebis;  
 Cultus apud Veteres en tibi Servus ero.

*Enigmas answered.*

231. A SHOE.	235. The KNAVE OF CLUBS.
232. DEATH.	236. TIME.
233. All Fool's Day, the first of April.	Prize. A BLACKLEAD PENCIL.
234. A MINCE PYE.	1 Lat. A Needle. 2 Lat. Cards.

*All the Enigmas answered by Geronto, in the following  
Anacreontique, humbly addressed to Miss W--t-n-ll of  
Na--w--h.*

CHARMER — let's enjoy the hour,  
Whilst we have it in our pow'r;  
The flower you find in APRIL gay,  
Rarely lives to see out May : 3.  
Or in its bloom yet, some rude KNAVE  
Plucks, and sends to button-hole grave :  
Then, since no flow'r or PENCIL shows  
Half the graces you disclose,  
May no such ever seize the prize,  
Those diamonds sparkling in your eyes :  
Come then — lay the CARDS aside, 5.  
And reap the pleasures of a bride :  
Let me in vain no longer SUE  
And beg for kindness yet from you :  
Love has swifter wings than TIME, Pr.  
And DEATH oft nips us in our prime :  
Then MINCE no longer nor be coy,  
The fleeting pleasure let's enjoy ;  
Since 'tis to you alone my soul  
Points true as NEEDLE to the pole. 6.  
2 Lat.  
2.  
4.  
3 Lat.

*All the Enigmas answered by Mr. W. Chaple.*

Let youthful sparks their precious TIME employ, 6.  
At CARDS or dice, or with the wenches toy, 5, 2 Lat.  
Who all their beauty to the PENCIL owe, Pr.  
And of their NEEDLE very little know : 1 Lat.  
Let the ambitious, honours still pursue,  
And wish'd-for titles at a distance view ;  
Which when obtain'd by flattery and soothng,  
They grasp, like APRIL FOOLS, an empty nothing : Let  
I i 3

Let gluttons with MINCE PIES themselves regale,  
Or drunkards drown their senses in their ale :  
Let misers clad in rags, with fandals SHOD,  
Lock up in chests their gold, their demi-god.

But grant, ye friendly destinies, that I,  
Like the contented man may live and die :  
Who free from anxious cares fits down secure,  
Whom none of all those glitt'ring baits allure.  
His mind's at ease, let fortune smile or frown ;  
Steady, not soon puff'd up, nor soon cast down.  
'Tis he is truly happy, truly wise,  
He envies not the rich, nor doth the poor despise :  
In peace he lives, in peace resigns his breath,  
Not fond of life, nor fearful of his DEATH.

2.

*Answered by Mr. R. Buckley.*

The *a* TAYLOR, *b* SHARPER, *c* COBLER, and the *d* QUACK,  
The *e* PASTRY COOK, the greatest *f* KNAVE i'th' pack,  
Who *g* DRAW designs, and mock unthinking *h* FOOLS,  
Solve all : But grant them TIME — and stuff and tools.

*a* A Needle. *b* Cards. *c* Shoe. *d* Death. *e* Mince Pye. *f* The  
Knaves of Clubs. *g* A Pencil. *h* First of April.

*An Answer to the Enigmas by Scholasticus.*

If Frenchmen go in wooden SHOES,  
What shall we wear, if true the news  
That Spaniards threaten DEATH to all  
Who use the trade they illicit call ?  
Whatever our sad FATES shall be,  
Old TIME must tell; 'tis not for me :  
But if news-writers don't tell lies,  
We're to expect no more MINCE PIES;  
For if to flatt'ry we don't yield,  
BRIB'R Y will ever gain the field.  
I've lost my PENCIL; wrote without,  
Which you will easily find out.

1.

2.

3.

6.

4.

5.

Pr.

*By Mrs. Eliz. Cotterell of Bewdley.*

A schoolmistress I am by occupation,  
But I believe the youngest in the nation;  
NEEDLE in hand I oft improve the fair,  
Sometimes in anger, tell how dull they are.  
No CARDS I suffer, so no KNAVE I fear,  
But with my PENCIL I my lines do steer.

(about 18)

1 Lat.

2 Lat. 5

M

My SHOES are num'rous, not very good,  
MINC'D PYE to me is but superfluous food.  
My girls I teach their precious TIME to prize,  
Lest DEATH shou'd on a sudden seal their eyes.  
In answer to the enigmas this I offer,  
An APRIL FOOL may be allow'd to proffer.

1.  
4.  
6.  
2.  
3.

*Answered by Rusticus, in the Advice of Prudentius to his Son, about to get a Wife.*

Fair let her be, and sprung from generous blood;  
In virtue train'd, and prone to every good.  
Whether in silk she tread, or leathern SHOE,  
If thus adorn'd, the lovely maid pursue.  
In all her dress, let modest nature guide,  
And keep her from the useleſs pomp of pride.  
If she with PENCIL note the actions of the great,  
Or with her NEEDLE work some glorious feat; Pr. Lat.  
Let there in both appear a generous strife,  
To vie with nature, and outdo the life.  
To CARDS averse, and KNAVE with painted coat, Lat. 5.  
Her TIME to useful things she should devote:  
Expert to build in every shape and form,  
The annual PYE, thy table to adorn.  
To such a woman then devote thy love,  
Till DEATH demands thee to the world above;  
And tho' thou married be on APRIL DAY,  
None sure will take thee for a fool in May.

1.  
5.  
6.  
4.  
2.  
3.  
1.

*Answered by Mr. Geo. Trim.*

As I was whistling at my plough,  
Brisk NELL by chance came by;  
I felt myself I knew not how,  
Nor guess'd the reason why.  
My heart cry'd joutl, my blood ran cold,  
I scarce cou'd draw my breath;  
My fingers straight forsook their hold,  
And I turn'd pale as DEATH.  
I've oft a match at foot ball play'd,  
My shins had many rubs;  
Was ne'er of cudgel play afraid,  
Nor any KNAVE of CLUBS.  
What means this trembling then all o'er?  
'Tis plain as A, B, C;  
Such pains I never felt before,  
Are sure for love of thee.

3.  
5.

O pity,

O pity, dearest Nell, I said,  
 Pity a love-sick swain,  
 Who never lov'd another maid,  
 Nor ne'er will love again.  
 Cou'd I the PENCIL handle well,  
 Or skill the painter's art,  
 I'd draw thy picture, lovely Nell,  
 And wear it next my heart.  
 You men have all the arts, she cry'd,  
 And what can women do?  
 You use us when our frailty's try'd,  
 Just like a worn-out SHOE.  
 Then how like APRIL FOOLS we look?  
 Like hot MINCE PYE in May;  
 By every nicer taste forsook,  
 Regardless thrown away.  
 But, Dick, if you in earnest prove,  
 And mean for me to tarry;  
 By constancy first shew your love,  
 'Tis TIME enough to marry.

Pr.

1.

3.

4.

6.

They were answered also by Mr. Hoare, Crispin, Mr. Mobs, Mr. Wilfay, Mr. Stewart, *Insanus*, Mr. J. Watts, Mrs. Dod, Col. Dagger, Mr. Adamson, Mr. Williams, *Juvenis*, *Philogynus*, *Adolescens*, *Blowsabella*, B. B. *Pithecus*, *Old Gentry*, Mr. J. Collier, *Cottilus*, Mr. N. Farrer, Mr. Bird, Mr. J. Curle, Mr. Alcock, Mr. J. Johnson, Mr. T. Clifton, *Vedastus*, *Downright Thump*, *Tom Tickle*, Mr. R. Wearing, *Puzzle*, and many others, which room would not admit in showing a variety of curious verses.

The prize of 12 diaries was won by *Blowsabella*, and that of 8 by Mr. R. Gibbons.

### New Enigmas.

#### I. Enigma 237, by Col. Dagger.

Ye prying fair, who learn'd would be  
 In enigmatic mystery.  
 Attend, a moniter now I sing,  
 A finite uncreated thing;  
 Which will inform in one hour, more  
 Than all you ever heard before,  
 Tho' Chaple preach you lines threescore. }

And shall exalt you to th' degree  
 Of Newton in philosophy:  
 And Hector, at whose triumphs you  
 Have oft been entertain'd a-new.

I ransack every foreign clime,  
 The ocean and the moon sometime:  
 And search the region of the skies,  
 To find your greatest rarities.

I drew

I strew the tables of the kings,  
Regaling each with nicest things ;  
Yet found the greatest thief e'er known,  
In country, city, or in town :  
Stealing from all ; so you will deem  
A common enemy I seem ;  
Yet hope you'll never find me so,  
But otherwise, a friend to you.  
When poets of my labours sing,  
They make me great as any king ;  
'Cause I more ministers employ  
Than Walpole, or the great viceroy.

And if you knew my victories,  
So often hasten'd by your eyes,  
Yourselves my pow'r would soon declare  
Greater than that of emperor.

Yet 'twas indeed your voice and charms  
That furnish'd me at first with arms :  
My throne upon your tongue was founded,  
I never yet but once was wounded,  
By one, since own'd my conqueror,  
Tho' he was slave to me before,  
Whose life in conq'ring me was lost ;  
Small reason sure for him to boast.

My trophies scatter'd all around,  
Augment and still enrich the ground ;  
Bane to the pleasures of the great,  
To some an undisturb'd retreat.

Tyrannic fool ! by what I do  
I hasten my own overthrow ;  
The quicker my destructive pow'r,  
The quicker comes my fatal hour,  
When straight I sleep among the dead,  
Affording joy, removing dread.

## II. Enigma 238, by Mr. Will. Chaple.

Of meek and humble parents I was born,  
To lead a rural life I did not scorn ;  
And while my youthful vigour did remain,  
Was often seen to cross the verdant plain.  
In harmless sports I there did spend my time,  
Until remov'd to a less pleasant clime.  
Maugre those virtues which did me adorn,  
I from my native country soon was torn ;  
And many a change was forc'd to undergo,  
Yet by this change I much more virtuous grow :  
I cloath the naked, and the hungry feed,  
Yea, oft the rich do my assistance need.

Princes

Princes have with me oftentimes convers'd,  
When deep in cares their thoughts have been immers'd.  
As judge between contending parties fit,  
Yet ne'er am brib'd, but, as is right and meet,  
The cheating knave degrade, and innocent I quit. }

The gordian knot I often help to tie,  
And the defects of nuptial love supply :  
The soldier with new courage I inspire,  
And raise his low dejected spirits higher.  
Sometimes I am a lawyer, or musician,  
Now an historian, then a politician.

I constantly have an associate,  
A tender, delicate, and beauteous mate,  
Who more conversant is amongst the fair,  
Of less important business has the care,  
And oftner is employ'd I frankly own ;  
But, my abilities are so well known,  
Weightier affairs are left to me alone. }

Unfit for service now, or nigh my end,  
The short remainder of my life I spend,  
In teaching how your beauty to improve,  
Or how your imperfections to remove,  
By such a dress as gains your par'mour's love. }

Lastly, ~~the~~ rich examine your revenue,  
And the terms on which you do the same continue,  
And if you find me not, I'll say, The —'s in you. }

*III. Enigma 239, by Patrizo.*

Silence, ye slaves, attend your monarch's pow'r,  
Whose bounds extend themselves the kingdom o'er ;  
Nor yet contented with these narrow bounds,  
I'm seen on French, Italian, Spanish grounds :  
Thro' all the kingdoms I extend my sway,  
As free as air. — Yet sometimes ask to pay.

I think, e'er since the good queen Bess's reign,  
The law compels each parish to maintain  
Their poor. — You'll say then I'm a parish brat,  
Since to maintain me great expence they're at ;  
Each summer in their liv'ry I appear,  
Which I have much ado to wear a year,  
And when'tis rent and torn, they mend again with care. }

Perhaps from hence you'll think that I'm a slave ;  
No, I detest the thought : The Romans brave  
My fathers were ; their ancient child I am,  
And, as most children do, from them I take my name.  
Marks of antiquity from them I boast,  
Some traces yet are seen, tho' some are lost,  
Which prove, in me they spar'd no pains or cost. }

Now

Now royal kings my noble guardians are,  
And British members think me worth their care ;  
Scarcely a session passes but they vote,  
Nem. con. and grant me a new coa<sup>t</sup>.

IV. *Enigma 240, by Clericus Parochialis.*

Of purest metals, and of baser, I  
Am often form'd, with great dexterity ;  
And am beholden many times to trees,  
And beasts of various kinds too, such as these ;  
The ox, the sheep, the horse, the goat, the calf,  
And more besides ; for these are not the half ;  
Of diff'rent countries, wild as well as tame,  
That severally yield matter for my frame.  
In most of colours are by nature limn'd,  
I still appear, with art and neatness trimm'd.  
So much my splendor does allure the eye,  
And mortals cause, with curiosity  
Oft, what may be my real worth to pry. }  
For when I'm known, you'll find it to be true,  
That often counterfeited is my hue ;  
To ev'ry age, degree, sect, and profession,  
A slave I am, admir'd most in fashion.  
My service only's slighted by the beau,  
When he delights his gallantry to shew.  
To give my description yet completer,  
Know, that infinitely various in my feature ;  
My owner never wants me for his use,  
But always ready for me has a noose ;  
Which o'er my head he for my good does cast,  
And keeps me all day, as i'th' pillory fast.  
I'm with a num'rous train of brethren seen,  
All rank'd with equal distances between ;  
Of like complexion all, alike in shape,  
And meeting with like treatment, few escape.  
Many of my kindred twin-brethren are,  
Of whom is taken more peculiar care ;  
For, lest they should be lost, or chance to stray,  
They coupled are, like beagles, night and day.  
Ye charming fair, please to reveal my name,  
But, hold — I've myself half done the same.

V. *Enigma*

V. *Enigma 241, by Albusinda.*

Nor form, nor substance, in my being share,  
 I'm neither fire nor water, earth nor air ;  
 From motion's force alone my birth derive,  
 I ne'er can die, for never was alive :  
 And yet with such extensive empire reign,  
 That very few escape my magic chain.  
 Nor time, nor place, my wild excursions bound,  
 I break all order, nature's laws confound :  
 Raise schemes without contrivance, or design,  
 And make apparent contradictions join ;  
 Transfer the Thames, where Ganges waters roll,  
 Unite the equator to the frozen pole :  
 'Midst Zembla's ice, bid blushing roses grow,  
 And British harvest bloom in Scythian snow :  
 Cause trembling flocks to skim the raging main,  
 And scaly fishes grace the verdant plain :  
 Make light descend, and heavenly bodies rise,  
 Stars sink to earth, and earth ascend the skies.  
 If nature lie deform'd in wintry frost,  
 And all the beauties of the spring be lost,  
 Rais'd by my pow'r, new verdure decks the ground,  
 And smiling flowers diffuse their sweets around :  
 The sleeping dead ! I summon from the tomb,  
 And oft anticipate the living's doom :  
 Convey offenders to the fatal tree,  
 When law and stratagem have set them free :  
 Aw'd by no checks, my roving flight can soar,  
 Beyond imagination's active power.  
 I view each country of the spacious earth,  
 Nay, visit realms that never yet had birth :  
 Can trace the pathless regions of the air,  
 And fly with ease beyond the starry sphere.  
 So swift my operation, in an hour  
 I can destroy a town, or build a tower :  
 Play tricks would puzzle all the search of wit,  
 And show whole volumes that were never writ.  
 In sure record's my mystic power's confess'd,  
 Who wrack'd with cares a haughty tyrant's breast ;  
 Charg'd in prophetic emblems to relate  
 Approaching wrath, and his peculiar fate.  
 Oft, to the good, by heaven, in mercy sent,  
 I've arm'd their thoughts against some dire event ;  
 As oft in chains presumptuous villains bind,  
 And haunt with restless fears the guilty mind.

*The Prize Enigma, by Terpsiphilus.*

I'm deck'd in my pride, like a blooming young bride,  
 Fresh and fair as the flowers in May;  
 While a youth in his best, for my bridegroom is dress'd,  
 To crown with our nuptials the day.  
 What heightens our bliss is, my sisters and nieces,  
 As the conjugal frolic's a spreading,  
 With his brothers and cousins, chime in by the dozens,  
 And join in the jovial wedding.  
 From the moment I change my condition, 'tis strange,  
 To be found with my husband in bed;  
 Yet, thanks to the donor, a new name of honour  
 I claim from the spouse that I wed.  
 Thus marry'd for life, like an amorous wife,  
 I hug and embrace him to duty;  
 Tho' our fury to check, he hazards his neck,  
 And I run the risque of my beauty.  
 But as it's our way, to careen all the day,  
 No wonder we grow out of favour;  
 If a flattern I be, and a skeleton he,  
 Thus parted, we're strangers for ever.

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1741.

*Latin Enigma per Gu. Wilkinson.*

EST mihi non magnum Corpus, sed s<sup>æ</sup>pe figuræ  
 Gestæ dissimiles, dissimilemque modum.  
 Os, five ora mihi semper fuit, lingua sed absit;  
 Quamvis nil dicam, reddere verba vocor.  
 Esca meo ventri non congrua; multa liquoris  
 Procula consummo, multa bibendo probor.  
 Curia me recipit, Reges, pauperque colonus,  
 Cunctus eget terrâ, cunctus et ope, mari.  
 Publica, sit pariter privata negotia curio,  
 Et Jura, et Leges viscera pulla ferunt.  
 Haeret in ore meo Stimulus, qui cuncta gubernat;  
 Omnia sub leges qui vocat usque suas:  
 Ille placet digitis, hilarat mentemque puellæ,  
 Virginis intactæ pectora mœsta levat.

K k

Uno

Uno autem, corpus consistit in ordine rectum,  
Errō ac absque ullo per loca multa pede.

Quid sum? quidve vocor? supplex peto, dicite, Nymphæ,  
Nam mea, formosæ, nomina stando traham.

*Vera unicuique Solutio Enigmati, pro Anno 1740, in  
Latino Carmine, per Annualem Amanuensem.*

\* Jam Liber et bicolor positis MEMBRANA Capillis [Pers.] 2.  
\* Credenda est hortis eruta CÆPA meis. [Ovid] 2 Lat.  
Aurea FISSURIS subneicit FIBULA vestem. [Virg.] Pr. 4.  
FORFICIBUS partem Sutor et ipse capit. 1 Lat.  
SEMITA quotidie cunctis fit MORTIS aperta! 3, 1.  
Excutiunt etiam SOMNIA nocte Quiem. 5.

### Enigmas answered.

237. DEATH.  
238. PARCHMENT.  
239. HIGHWAYS.  
240. A BUTTON.

241. A DREAM.  
Prize. A BUTTON-HOLE.  
1 Lat. SCISSARS.  
2 Lat. A LEEK.

*All the Enigmas answered by Cottilus.*

How shall a muse unskill'd in lays,  
Attempt her feeble voice to raise?  
To what soft theme smooth numbers give,  
And make the infant poet live?

First, write a wish in humble lines,  
Then if your genius so inclines,  
Try the mild music of the plains,  
And freely sport in rural strains.  
Or rather make a short essay,  
And first, in th' enigmatic WAY.

What subject then, disguise to put on,  
Suits best? A BUTTON-HOLE and BUTTON, Pr. 4.  
SCISSARS, a LEEK, ten thousand things, 1, 2 Lat.  
PARCHMENT, or ought the fancy brings; 2.  
In apt allusions, proper dress,  
Briefly, yet clear, the whole express,  
And leave the curious fair to guess.

When these low numbers you despise,  
And can on stronger pinions rise,  
By just degrees then take your flight,  
And strive to reach the azure height:

Mark

Mark where fam'd bards have gone before,  
So learn from them aloft to soar;  
Fly this dull earth, swift as the wind,  
Leave DEATH and critics far behind.  
But shall the muse that weakly sings,  
Dare mighty numbers, mighty things?  
These radiant stars profusely shine,  
And blot out such dim lights as mine.  
Hold then, my verse bears no esteem:  
"Tis all an empty idle DREAM.

1.

5.

*Col. Dagger answers the Enigmas in the following Lines  
to his desponding Friend Terfy.*

If a widow you wed, you may 'scape PARCHMENT deed, 3.  
But if for a virgin you try,  
Cog, flatter, and DREAM, make her SCISSARS your theme, 5, 1. L.  
And swear you meet DEATH in her eye. 1.  
Whilst the WAY with the former, is boldly to storm her, 3.  
If she to your measure must stoop;  
For tho' a forc'd tear, thro' a LEEK may appear, 2. Lat.  
To your BUTTON she'll soon find a LOOP. 4, Pr.

*Answers to the Enigmas by Mr. J. Stewart, inviting a  
Friend to take a Bottle. In Imitation of Horace, Lib. I.  
Ode 20.*

*Vile Potabis modicis Sabinum —*

Dear Tom, my honest hearty friend,  
A little of your time I crave,  
To take one glass; pray condescend,  
Altho' but small, the best I have.  
When you the fam'd oration made,  
On DEATH's imperial sway, 2.  
Two noble casks my wine convey'd,  
On that important day.  
On VELLAM some record your fame:  
Fill'd were the public WAYS, 3.  
The VATICAN applauds your name,  
And crowded throngs sound forth your praise.  
Tho' you have got the richest wine  
Which you at pleasure use,  
A different sort you know is mine,  
'Tis wealth has power to be profuse.  
If I your friendship now should gain,  
As 'tis my sole request,  
Of envious sons I shall not DREAM;  
A BUTTON for the rest. 5.  
4, Pr.

All

*All the Enigmas answered by Mr. Rich. Waring.*

As along the HIGHWAY brisk Nelly was going, 3.  
 A doating old lecher began thus his wooing :  
 Sweet Nelly, the glory and pride of the plain,  
 The delight of each eye, and the joy of each swain ;  
 If to love an old man thy heart can incline,  
 My bags of gold, PARCHMENTS, and all shall be thine : 2.  
 Take and try me, my fair one ; as constant and true,  
 As BUTTON to BUTTON-HOLE, I'll be to you. 4, Pr.  
 You DREAMING old sot, said the girl, stand away ; 5.  
 Wou'd frosty December be sporting with May ?  
 Give your wealth to the poor, in prayers spend your breath,  
 Forsake wanton thoughts, and prepare you for DEATH. 1.

In this manner they were all answered by Mrs. Eliz. Cotterell, Devonianus, Phylogynus, Blowabellajun. Tho. Lads, W. Chapple, Rob. Hoare, S. Adamson, Ch. Harvey, Philoarater, Geo. Storey, Mally Rutledge, John Careless, J. Pilgrim, Aseanus, Patrizo, and others.

The prize of 12 diaries was won by Cottilus, and that of 8 by Mat. Bateman.

### *New Enigmas.*

#### I. *Enigma 242, by Cottilus.*

Ladies, you've seen us in an instant rise  
 Perfectly form'd, and of a beaut'ous size ;  
 Our end, you've also in an instant seen,  
 With countenance gay, smiling, and serene :  
 Our hasty birth's to various causes due,  
 And what creates us oft destroys us too ;  
 Yet still with ease the bright successions flow,  
 Where numbers die, maturely numbers grow :  
 Each temp'r'ate clime this generation yields,  
 Thick as fall'n leaves in autumn strow the fields ;  
 Num'rous as insects at the ev'ning hours,  
 Or drops of rain in soft descending show'rs ;  
 Seldom produc'd on the bleak northern coast,  
 Where seas lie bound stiff in eternal frost ;  
 Our tender constitution cannot bear  
 The cold of one continu'd wintry year.  
 From lands far distant, o'er the briny tide,  
 In some tall vessel see us safely ride.  
 Should thunder, storm, and tempest raging round,  
 Now sink the vessel in the vast profound ;

Tho'

Bu  
Mo  
W  
Sc  
Si

Tho' winds and seas and clouds and thunder jar,  
Still we survive the elemental war.  
Now see us round with lively purple glow,  
With all the colours of the painted bow ;  
Now see us rise where gentle zephyrs play,  
And mount resplendent in the face of day.  
But what avail these beauties that we boast,  
These various dyes all in a moment lost !  
Ladies, it's wondrous strange, but surely true,  
That oft we're seen familiarly with you ;  
Tho' unregarded, 'tis by your command,  
We kiss your rosy lips or touch your hand :  
Then say what can these short-liv'd creatures be,  
Which ev'ry day either touch or see ?

II. *Enigma 243, by Proteus.*

What shape or figure I may wear,  
Is not so easy to declare ;  
So often changing, nothing pleases  
Long, I'm plagu'd so with diseases ;  
Which, as in man, can ne'er be breeding,  
Thro' luxury, or too high feeding ;  
Whilst I with the chameleon live,  
And on his airy substance thrive :  
Yet high and lofty I am found  
As well as low, on barren ground ;  
And found and rotten oft appear,  
Just as I'm cultivated there.  
Whilst single I am ever easy,  
Who'd marry ? Double I ne'er please ye ?  
And yet can make, such pow'r is given,  
A heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.  
Ladies, too hard a task for you  
I'm deem'd, and not to be told true ;  
Yet here you'll say I'm e'en too plain,  
And your bright fancy ne'er can strain :  
Then now declare, and you'll excel ;  
Or the first fool you ask will tell.

III. *Enigma 244, by a Schoolmaster in the West.*

We would not interrupt the fair, who suit and service pay us,  
But only beg when this is read, that they wou'd not betray us ;  
Most noble animals on earth our social brethren boast,  
Whom men alone, licentious men, experience to their cost.  
Sculking within our den we lodge, and always wait a prize,  
Since herds and flocks for us are seiz'd, and fall a sacrifice.

In equal order mostly rang'd, we equal tasks pursue ;  
 We ravage more than Etna's mouth e'er from its entrails threw.  
 In equal labour tho' employ'd, 'tis worth our observation,  
 One half is never known to move, and none to change their station.  
 We stand as guards, and keep in awe, by nature's good design,  
 What much indulg'd will public peace, and private undermine.  
 But when our drooping mates, at last, draw nearer to their end,  
 Oft bitter paus their latest hours, as did their first attend.  
 By nature's strong entrenchment fix'd, undauntedly we grow,  
 But pioneers will oft subvert, with pick-axe and with crow.  
 In things inanimate by art, most uncontroll'd we sway,  
 We urge thro' knotty rocks and oaks, thro' massy bars our way.  
 While quick on earth in scenes of mirth, most visible we are,  
 In mirth said I, we are the same, in torture and despair.

IV. *Enigma 245, by Mr. Will. Chapple.*

I owe my being, like the worms that breed  
 In herbs, to coleworts, peas, or burdock's seed ;  
 'To apples, or perhaps rich Indian spice,  
 Or twenty other things of lesser price.  
 'Mongst these I claim a father, if I've any,  
 And as for mothers, I can boast of many.  
 In embryo a longer space remain,  
 Than is the longest life I can attain.  
 No comely shape my body doth adorn,  
 For fairy-like, invisibly I'm born ;  
 Like them, in music, greatly to delight,  
 Like them, am but a goblin or a spright.  
 And yet a body, such as 'tis, I have,  
 But such as after death needs not a grave.  
 After a short and merry life, I die,  
 And after death soon stink and putrify.  
 Now tho' my crimes are few, and those but small,  
 I'm laugh'd at, and cry'd shame upon by all ;  
 My parents too, as if they ne'er had known me,  
 In public company do oft disown me :  
 And tho' I've mention'd no unseemly thing,  
 I've known a lady blush to hear me sing.  
 But tho' I thus am treated with disdain,  
 When sick, I often ease you of your pain.

V. *Enigma 246, by Maximus Tyrius.*

When good old Saturn sway'd the realms of day,  
 And num'rous b'lessings did to earth convey ;  
 In flow'ry fields I dwelt, and meadows green,  
 Doubled each beauty, and improv'd the scene ;

While

While spring maintain'd a never-ending round,  
 And nymphs with innocence and beauty crown'd,  
 My help implor'd to ease their am'rous care,  
 And the lov'd youth in pleasing toils ensnare :  
 Sometimes I punish'd scorn and cold disdain,  
 Or sooth'd with friendly art the lover's pain.  
 But when with impious hand rebellious Jove  
 Expell'd his father from the throne above,  
 By rural nymphs unsought, unknown to fame,  
 To court I went, and took a different name :  
 My credit soon increas'd in ev'ry place,  
 Nor did the gods deny my form to grace ;  
 For all my mystic pow'r to me is giv'n  
 By Hermes, feign'd the messenger of heav'n.  
 I'm frail by nature, and of humble race,  
 Yet spotle's charms adorn my lovely face ;  
 And often naked, or but meanly dress'd,  
 Tho' sometimes glittering in a golden vest.  
 To me the ladies pay the warmest zeal,  
 Who tell their beauties, or their faults reveal ;  
 To me in ev'ry exigence repair,  
 The faithful council of the modish fair.  
 In short, to all my friendly aid I lend,  
 The beau's companion, and the lady's friend.  
 Ye British fair, whose piercing wits excel,  
 Explore my secret name, my powers mysterious tell.

VI. *Enigma 247, by Myrtillo.*

Before great nature spread the seas,  
 Or fashion'd this terrestrial ball,  
 I fill'd the vast extent of space,  
 And reign'd unrivall'd over all.  
 An upstart, proud, malicious foe,  
 Often entrenches on my power,  
 And then the caves and cells below  
 Alone my dreaded life secure.  
 But when a friend of mine succeeds,  
 I throw my mantle round the globe ;  
 And starving slaves, with miti'd heads,  
 Refresh themselves beneath my robe.  
 I've neither legs, nor hands, nor head,  
 And no destructive weapons wear,  
 And yet the hero shakes with dread,  
 And quits the field when I appear.  
 I'm neither matter, mind, or thought,  
 As all that know me must confess,  
 And yet a nation and a court  
 Have felt me for their wickedness.

"Tis

'Tis I that lib'ral, kind, and free,  
 Dress ev'ry slave on Guinea's shore,  
 And he is not oblig'd to me,  
 For one poor rag of cov'ring more.  
 Then virgins try if you can find,  
 While the tea's cooling, what I am ;  
 But first remove me from your mind,  
 Or you will never tell my name.

VII. *Enigma 248, by Tom Thickatrick*:

While women envy and the men admire,  
 My beauty sets ten thousand hearts on fire ;  
 My name is known in ev'ry well-bred place,  
 And I direct the motions of the glafs.

But yet to find my name, the curious must  
 Trace my original from earthly dust,  
 Where laid, I died, then swell'd, and upwards grew,  
 And multiply'd by resurrection new.  
 To Mansfield brought, they quite destroy'd my frame,  
 And from a ruddy hue I pale became :  
 My temper sour'd by this, I swell'd again,  
 In artful cave expos'd to scorching pain ;  
 And yet once more I was delightful found  
 By men of taste, tho' cut, and burnt, and drown'd.  
 Take this hint more, and then the mask is gone :  
 The jolly miller gave me to king John.

*The Prize Enigma, by Patrizo.*

Ye learned fair, whose prying fancies see  
 Through veil of enigmatic mystery ;  
 Who in an hour can easily reveal  
 What costs us more than twenty to conceal ;  
 Say what I am in Diary next year,  
 Who chiefly am devoted to the fair :  
 Not that I want male friends — The fop, the beau,  
 The wise and grave, me constant friendship shew ;  
 My equal favours daily they partake,  
 Some for my own — some for the ladies' sake.

Sometimes from distant foreign realms I come,  
 But England make my residence, and home ;  
 Here the fair nymphs with each becoming grace,  
 And studied art, my varied charms embrace ;  
 Oh ! what wou'd lovers give, cou'd they command  
 So warm a pressure from their fair one's hand !

My taste is foreign — for to speak the truth,  
 No English food e'er comes within my mouth ;

With

With far-fetched dainties I regale the fair,  
 Whom to oblige is my peculiar care,  
 And most I please them, when my food is dear.  
 A numerous offspring fall unto my share,  
 As like mamma as ever children were.  
 'Tis hard to find a dozen brats with food,  
 But harder still to drain their mother's blood.  
 I'll add but one word more, and then no doubt  
 Each lively lass will quickly find me out;  
 Let half a dozen ladies meet, and me  
 'Tis ten to one but presently you see.

## 1742.

## A Latin Enigma.

*Discipulus Terpiphili, alias Gu. Wilkinson.*

**F**orma mihi diversa est, diversa & corpora posco,  
 Nam quid compositum de multis partibus altum  
 Sum; prima in campis vel silvis floruit etas,  
 Atque ope naturæ pariterque erat artis origo;  
 Nunc ex matre meâ, quæ me peperitque, diuque  
 Fovit, ducor ego, ac servus sic utilis adsto  
 Cruribus & pedibus; sum magno ventre paratum,  
 Quemque diem dominus cum cura complet in omnem  
 Brachia cum tergo nunc sunt mihi juncta, manusque  
 Desunt, nunc etiam mihi brachia nulla requiro.  
 Cœlum vix unquam video, nam semper in aulis,  
 Vel locor in domibus, loca me tibi talia malunt.  
 Omnibus in divitium mensis sum verna fidelis,  
 Et regem & proceres amplexibus arceo gratis.  
 Ægrè consilium est, aut conspiratio, cuius  
 Non ego sum socius verax, & testis opertus.  
 Ægris succurro, sic languida sublevo membra,  
 Atque senem & juvenem, vetulam solisque puellam.  
 Nunc corpus nudum est, & nunc velamine tectum,  
 Quod magis & pulchrum, magis acceptabile reddit.  
 Suppedito breviter somnum, cunctisque quietem,  
 Utque procul, gremio caram complector amicam.  
 Jam sedes retinete, precor, pulchræ, nec surgite, nymphæ,  
 Cum me possitis prorsus reperire sedendo.

*Enigmata explicata per Janum pro 1741.*

Lusū PENNA mea obscura enigmata pandit,	Lat.
BULLAS da bellis pueris, bellisque puellis,	1.
Et nugis, variis agitetur mobile pectus.	
MENS divina Cloes semper fit nescia flecti,	2.
Florida, blanda, micet, nullius conscientia culpæ,	
(HERBA liquore diem nec suavi exotica perdat)	3.
Nec nimia SPECULUM studiosa consulat arte,	5.
DENTIBUS ut scopæ speciem dent splenæ formæ.	3.
Nec faciem PASTA fucoque perungat oleni,	7.
Ni amplexus fragiles dum opponimus orbium ora;	
Et sene lascivia pergratior HALITUS ani,	4.
Cujus facta petunt vitæ scelerata TENEBRAS.	6.

*Enigmas answered.*

242. A BUBBLE.	247. DARKNESS.
243. The MIND.	248. A TOAST.
244. The TEETH.	Prize. A China TEA POT.
245. A FART.	Lat. A STANDISH.
246. A LOOKING GLASS.	

*All the Enigmas answered by Coll. Dagger in his Soliloquy on the Loss of his Friend Terpsiphilus.*

Why should I grieve? in DARKNESS why appear;	6.
Or thus express my MIND by trickling tear;	2.
What tho' the MIRROUR of the pen is flown,	5, Lat.
Soft ZEPHYRS waft him where his worth is known:	4.
Nor yet let Daphne mourn her Terpsy lost,	
Daphne, his relishing and only TOAST;	7.
Since frail as CHINA, rack'd with pain and trouble,	Pr.
Is human fabric (life itself a BUBBLE)	1.
In youth a tit-bit for the TEETH of time.	3.
Nor yet in age too tough, or luscious in its prime.	

*Answers to the Enigmas by Mr. J. Stewart to Miss K. B...d..stk.*

— *Ab una discit omnes.*

Say, lovely maid, from whence deriv'd,  
Or how this power was given:  
Of all our hearts you are the pride;  
Was this the will of heaven?

With

With TEETH like ivory, MIND serene,  
And sparkling eyes that roll; 3, 2.  
With smiles at once your slaves redeem,  
And charm th' admiring soul.  
Your panting breasts like BUBBLES rise,  
Increasing still your pow'r, 4.  
And as your voice commands surprize,  
We're still attracted more.  
The radiant SUN compar'd with thee,  
Is scarcely half so bright; 5.  
And DARKNESS so forgets to be,  
When you appear in sight.  
O'er TEA POTS let the puny boast,  
Vouchsafe me once to hear; Pr.  
When I forget your health to TOAST,  
I sink into despair. 7.

*All the Enigmas answered by Blowsabella, jun. in Celia's  
Reply to old Simon's Request.*

Old Simon tho' ag'd full threescore or more,  
Admir'd a gay lady scaree past twenty-four!  
In hopes of a bargain, he steered his coast,  
Having cheer'd his dull spirits with strong ale or TOAST: 7.  
Fine stories he told her — as oblig'd to REVEAL, 2.  
What he in the DARK so close did conceal; 6.  
Thus spoke: — Tho' I'm ancient, yet MIRROUR behold, 5.  
I've land at command! houses, TEA POTS, and gold; Pr.  
Here's STANDISH and paper, — nymph, all shall be thine, Lat.  
Let's gang to the kirk, and in wedlock combine.  
Fairest, what say you? — This answer she gave;  
What, — marry a dotard, with one foot i'th' grave!  
A F—T on such offers: — I never shall wed 4.  
An old TOOTH-less fool, that will prove cold in bed. 3.  
Poor Simon look'd simple, when she thus did exclaim;  
So homeward return'd, as a BUBBLE he came. 1.

In this manner they were answered by Mr. *Rel. Hulfe*, Mr. *Wm. Chapple*, *Constantius*, *Nan Nimblechops*, *Modesty Rutridge*, *Philolucia*, *Alice Woodfire*, Mr. *John Watts*; and all the enigmas except one, in a copy of verses by Mr. *Bamfield*, Mr. *C. Harvey*, Mrs. *Ma. Wright*, *Blechenden*, Mr. *Fred. Franks*, Mrs. *Sarah Prim*, and others.

The prize of 12 diaries was won by *Nangreaviant*, and that of 8 by Mr. *Stewart*.

*New Enigmas.*I. *Enigma 249, by Mr. Prosser.*

Winter retir'd, with its unwelcome train  
 Of chilling hurricanes, and feather'd rain ;  
 From the cold bosom of our fire we rise,  
 With varied charms salute your wond'ring eyes.  
 No art, no labour, propagates our birth,  
 Spontaneous as the verdure of the earth ;  
 Early when Phœbus impotent scarce yields  
 A warmth productive, o'er the teeming fields,  
 To shield us from th' inclement dews we dread,  
 A verdant mantle veils each youthful head ;  
 But soon the summer, with increasing heat,  
 Unfolds our charms, discovers our retreat.  
 'Tis then the nymphs and swains around us smile,  
 And innocence and chat their hours beguile :  
 They court us naked, — view our swelling crest,  
 Whilst we in beauteous blushes stand confis'd ;  
 Yet with a touch we tremble, and declare,  
 How false ! how fading ! outward beauties are.  
 But if not ravish'd by a vulgar hand,  
 In vaulted porticos erect we stand.  
 Uncopy'd even by the rainbow's pride,  
 A Titian's pencil, or all art beside.  
 Globes are our footstools, numerous to sight,  
 As the small orbs which deck a starry night :  
 Yet frail amidst these transient boasted charms.  
 We sink restless into winter's arms,  
 A prey to pharmacy ; — whose minions rove,  
 To search our bodies, through the lonely grove ;  
 When not a print of our once much-lov'd lives,  
 But what they previously left, survives.  
 Snatch'd from our urns they, — the gigantic chuse,  
 Like Tyburn's guests, direct us for their use.  
 Who dares too much, — with youths a common vice !  
 Pays for temerity a painful price ;  
 Nay, more ; the wiley hind, — I do not mock ye,  
 Has learn'd by us to cheat the Yorkshire jockey.

II. *Enigma 250, by Patrizo.*

'Tis decent, by custom, for mourners to show,  
 By their outward attire, the signs of their wo ;  
 And black, of all others, the most gloomy dres,  
 Is fix'd for relations, our grief to express.

Hence

July 1, 1773, was published,  
(Price 2s.)

No. VIII. of  
THE  
Gentleman and Lady's  
MISCELLANY:  
CONSISTING OF  
All the useful and entertaining Parts of  
The Ladies' Diaries,  
ALSO  
A New Mathematical Correspondence.

---

By C H A. HUTTON,  
(Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military  
Academy at Woolwich.)

And other MATHEMATICIANS.

---

London: Printed for J. WILKIE, No. 71, St Paul's  
Churchyard.

\* \* The 9th No. of this Work will be published  
on the 1st of November; and the Correspondents'  
Letters must be sent so as to come to Hand before  
the 20th of September, directed (post paid) to Mr.  
Professor Hutton at Woolwich.

†† Mr. Wildbore's Paper in Answer to Art. 25,  
and the other Papers on the Parallaxes, must be  
deferred till the next Number.

Errat. Miscel. p. 152, l. penult. for *CDO* read *COD*.

l. 46. p. 202, l. 3, for following r. foregoing  
p. 182, l. 5, so in last N. r. to the next.  
61 [Diary] for easier read more easily.

To the Encouragers of the Gentleman and Lady's Miscellany by Cha. Hutton and Others, and of the Darian Repository, by a Society of Mathematicians, alias Sam. Clark, alias Critical Reviewer, &c.

THE circumstances which gave birth to the *Darian Repository* have been already laid before the public on the Cover of the 2d Number of the *Miscellany*, where I noticed some of the disingenuous proceedings and errors of the author of that performance, and intimated that I might possibly be more particular afterwards. Since that time, the inaccuracies and defects of the *Repository* have accumulated so plentifully, that it may, with the greatest truth, be styled the **REPOSITORY OF ERRORS**, by which name I shall beg leave to distinguish it in future, unless I should find reason to alter my opinion of it.

That work having been originally undertaken in opposition to the *Miscellany*, I apprehend it will be considered as a duty no less owing to the purchasers of both performances than to myself, if I lay before them the following list of *Repository Errors*, &c.

In Mr Clark's address to the public, he assures them that a *Repository solution* shall be given (when necessary) agreeable to the latest improvements in the several branches of mathematical learning: The utility of such solutions (which we call by the name of **REPOSITORY, because given by the EDITORS THEMSELVES**) is extremely obvious, as many of those published in the *Diaries* refer only to the bare numbers which satisfy the conditions of the question, without any sort of investigation whatsoever; not to mention many more to which false and absurd solutions have been printed. It shall therefore be our greatest care to supply those defects by rendering the questions perfectly clear, and their subsequent answers as easy to be understood as the nature of the subject will admit. With what degree of propriety or modesty Mr Clark could hazard such a promise, every one will determine who examines the following list; and if that gentleman be capable of feeling the force of any obligation, he will acknowledge the weight of that I now lay him under, by thus voluntarily rendering his *Repository* a somewhat less imposition on the public. Of Errors there is a very rich crop; and of Defects, the Prize Question for 1741 affords a most remarkable instance; for notwithstanding the Compiler, after the solution of it, heartily begs the favour of Merit that he would ~~look a little further to exemplify some part of his solution, (which was never afterwards done)~~ yet Mr Clark passed it over without a word, tho' he had so fair an opportunity of shewing his skill in the subject, and discharging his duty as an Editor, as well as his promise to the public, by inserting a *Repository solution* of the Editors themselves. But he is here caught in a trap he was not aware of.

Besides the columns which appear in the following list, I at first inserted a column for *Improvements*, but struck it out again as a superfluous one, meeting with little or nothing to put in it. Indeed I have found several *Repository solutions* which were much worse than the original ones, and might be denominated

Hence 'tis that I'm always seen in this hue,  
And rarely in colours, as yellow, or blue.  
Tho' my parents were poor, and had nothing to leave,  
But their coats on their backs, when they went to their grave;  
I soon got them dy'd; and as spruce as an heir,  
Who mourns for the loss of his father, appear.

My fortune is various: — Sometimes I am poor;  
At others, of silver and gold I have store.

I dress like the ladies. — A girdle my waste  
Surrounds, that my shape mayn't be farther increas'd;  
What the fair on their bosom wear often for pride,  
To come pretty near them, — I wear on my side:  
The ladies are fond too of flow'rs on their cloaths;  
I can shew them full blown, ev'n in winter, a rose.

Sometimes I'm inactive, sometimes I'm in motion,  
When I shew you how much I am at your devotion.

Now, ladies, pray feel me within and without,  
And a loop-hole you'll find big enough to creep out,

### III. *Enigma 251, by Mr. William Chapple.*

Ye females polite, who in riddles delight,  
Your regard and attention I crave;  
From my own native clime, I'm exil'd for no crime,  
And by infidels sold as a slave.  
Like your sex I am frail, yet to give a detail  
Of my virtues and uses were endless;  
I assist two kind brothers, among many others,  
Who without my protection are friendless.  
By youth I'm despis'd, by the aged I'm priz'd,  
Yet befriend both the young and the old;  
As in Spain they well know, and publicly show,  
That they value me next to their gold.  
Like a careful physician, whose patient's condition  
Requires his assistance with speed;  
So I ride to relieve you, yet always deceive you,  
When you most of my help stand in need.  
But if I should straddle too wide on my saddle,  
I hazard the being dismounted;  
And if hurt by my fall, tho' the wound be but small,  
I am afterwards worthless accounted.  
Exalted when most, I'm more firm to my post;  
Then say not, that I am ungrateful;  
I am faithful and just, and true to my trust,  
Yet at the same time am deceitful.  
Tho' I kindle that fire which doth friendship inspire,  
And doth oft conversation improve;  
The amorous wight doth my services slight,  
As a foe both to beauty and love.

In pulpit and pew, I appear in your view,  
 With gravity suiting the place;  
 To parliament too with's lordship I go,  
 And trip it to court with his grace.  
 As all ranks and degrees of mankind thus I please,  
 You sure must have heard of my fame;  
 Then fair ones, adieu; I leave it to you  
 To tell to the world what's my name.

IV. *Enigma 252, by Mr. Wilkinson.*

At home and abroad, ye ladies, afford  
 Me a place, as a new-welcome guest;  
 And am most in favour, as usual, whenever  
 I yield to my mistress, to rest.  
 My service in town and country is known,  
 Am always confin'd to my station;  
 For if but a little, I chance to prove fickle,  
 I'm hal'd to my former condition.  
 The judge and divine to my motions incline,  
 The rich, and the wise, and the beau;  
 But out of the door, I'm shut by the poor,  
 Who on me no favours bestow.  
 Tho' by nature I'm soft, constrain'd I am oft,  
 To succour the halt and the lame;  
 Both ease to the sound I give, and am found  
 A relief to the labouring dame.  
 Such colours I have, both gaudy and grave,  
 As Iris herself hath not more;  
 In silk and in gold you oft me behold,  
 Dressed both behind and before.  
 At church and at ball my attendance you-call,  
 I readily wait on you there;  
 But most then I please, when you sit at your ease,  
 Displaying your charms in your chair.

V. *Enigma 253, by Eumenes Pamphilus.*

Ladies, perhaps you may falsely suppose,  
 We from the witch of Endor's ashes rose,  
 Since heroes, who have many years been dead,  
 Are oft oblig'd by us to shew their head.  
 We ransack sun and moon, the sea and land,  
 And stars and angels are at our command;  
 That hospitable oak, with leaves o'erspread,  
 In which king Charles did hide his anxious head;  
 The serpent likewise which you may believe,  
 With subtily first tempted mother Eve:

And

And greater curiosities can shew,  
Than e'er Sir Hans or Gresham's children knew:  
These virtuosos only can explore  
The uncommon mysteries of nature's store:  
But we the narrow bounds of nature slight,  
And what was ne'er created bring to light.  
We, Orpheus like, the lion's nature tame,  
And make him harmless as the tender lamb.  
Circe is said by spells to cause the moon  
To leave its orb, and at her call come down;  
Just so can we, and by our mystic pow'r  
Have often split it into halves before.  
Tho' haughty man extends despotic sway  
O'er earthly creatures which his pow'r obey;  
And often boasts of noble blood and birth,  
Yet we're above the greatest man on earth.  
Ladies, if you should take the country air,  
And meet a brother of our lineage there,  
You'll kindly be receiv'd whene'er you come,  
And made as welcome as you are at home.

VI. *Enigma 254, by Terpsichorus, jun.*

My head and tail are of one size and form,  
This is the cause, that shatter'd in a storm  
If my skull suffers, my officious bum  
To higher orbs advanc'd supplies its room.

Round is my shape, my bulk as broad as long,  
Firm is my ballis, and my nerves are strong;  
Sound are my lungs, my voice is heard from far,  
Quick is my pulse, my mouth still gapes for air;  
That's like a burning fever in the blood,  
And this, camelion-like, is all my food.

With double breast and buttons round my waist,  
With hoops and loops, and stays and laces grac'd:  
Nor must my bridle be forgot, in fashion,  
Amongst the ladies of our British nation.

The colours, titles, and the arms I bear,  
Blazon my face, and speak my character:  
Ten thousand vassals at my levee stand,  
Come when I call, and move at my command.

By me inspir'd, men keep or break the peace,  
I fire their rage, and make their fury cease:  
Myself obnoxious to a tyrant's will,  
Who wreaks unpity'd vengeance on me still.  
Racking my limbs, he turns me o'er and o'er,  
He lugs my ears and thumps me till I roar.  
Hence dire convulsions strike thro' ev'ry vein,  
And make my life a boist'rous tempest seem:

Nor is it strange thro' such a scene of wo,  
If as I shrink and rise to ev'ry blow,  
My rumbling entrails sympathize below.

At last like noble Berwick, fam'd in story,  
My head I forfeit for my country's glory.

*The following was occasioned by some sarcastical Verses in the Gentleman's Magazine, against Enigmatists, signed S. S. By Blowfabella.*

D——n the dull editor —— from borrow'd plumes  
And spurious labours, saucy airs assumes :  
'Tis hard to tell, so much the song surpasses,  
If poet or his patron —— greater ass is.  
See how they fret and foam, with envy swell,  
Long for the kernel, cou'd they crack the shell :  
But hold —— resentment sifte, curb thy rage,  
From wiser B——n claim the vacant page.  
His nobler scheme be thy peculiar care,  
Form'd to divert, and to improve the fair.

*The Prize Enigma, by Blowfabella.*

*Ecce iterum Crispinus adeſt !*

While I try to conceal what is so much in sight,  
You will think I am washing the Ethiop white ;  
But, perhaps, it may not prove so easy a task,  
'To discover my being hid under the mask ;  
Yet, to help your conjecture, ere farther you go,  
From what kind of parents I spring, you shall know.

They are lively and useful, when decently dress'd,  
Are companies agreeable deem'd for the best ;  
With princes and peers have their bed and their board,  
And to both either pleasure or profit afford ;  
But their lives are so short, — from the hour they began  
To the end — may be literally counted a span.  
If a week they continue, 'tis half spent in sleep ;  
When awake they are disorder'd, consumptive, and weep.

Still harder my fate — from such weak parents born,  
Over-night, I scarce ever hold out till next morn ;  
So nice are my organs, a strong favour'd breath  
Or a blow on the foot, brings immediate death ;  
And some of my brethren more tender than I,  
In less than a moment, are alive, born, and die.

Tho' so trifling our time, not so trifling our pow'r,  
We can many wild notions disperse in an hour.

In our presence unusual convulsions abound,  
And horror or joy run alternately round.  
Mira flatter'd with hope, is in extasy toss'd,  
Chloe frozen with fear, is insensibly lost;  
Stella smiles — while Alexis, to comfort his dear,  
Endeavours to move there is no danger near;  
And to tell you the truth, we can only surprize  
The females,— for men say our oracle lies.

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1743.

*A Latin Enigma.*

*Terpsiphili Discipulus.*

NONOS duo laude sumus pares, & honore forores;  
Est eadem species, & color atque decus.  
Sed quamvis eadem species existat utrumque,  
Quod tamen effingit nos, variare sole.  
Tempora mutantur, sic nos mutamur in illis;  
Nunc cultus tristis, nunc quoque laetus erit:  
Mors nos saepe facit comites, & lectus acerbus,  
Sic sibi nos pariter jungit honestus Hymen.  
In festis nitidam faciem ac albedine tintam  
Induimus, nigram fumeribusque senem.  
Munera cumque diem restant peragenda per omnem,  
Cernimur, oppositis dividimurque locis.  
Attamen officiis cum nos solvamus amicis,  
Tunc simul in requie corpora nostra jacent:  
Corpora juncta manent, raro ac secernimur, actus  
Dum dominus foras ad sua facta vocet.  
Gressibus, & spatiis tristis, rebusque placemus  
Exquis, dominæ latitiamque damus.  
Frigore, nostrâ omnes curâ auxilioque fruuntur,  
Omnibus, atque æstu, tegmen & umbra sumus.  
En! pulchræ a vobis laudamur nocte puellæ,  
Si magis appareat forma vel alba cutis.  
Quæ nunc sit statio, vel nomina vera rogamus,  
Cùm fuerit nostrâ factus ab arte decor.

## Enigmas answered.

249. CUCKPIT, Aaron. Lords and Ladies, Wake Robin	253. A SIGN.
250. A HAT.	254. A DRUM.
251. SPECTACLES.	Prize. A STRANGER, or Messenger in a Candle.
252. A CUSHION.	Lat. A CHAIR.

Col. Dagger answers all the Riddles in the following Song, or Delia's Reproach to Drowsy Robin, on the present calling Juncture: To the Tune of, The Hounds are all out, &c.

Wake Robin my dear, leave thy CUSHION and CHAIR, 4, 2, Lat.  
Hark how the DRUM beats fresh alarms! 6.  
See, see how they die, and such SPECTACLES lie, 3.  
Take thy HAT and fly quick then to arms, 2.  
My brave boy, &c.  
For a THIEF in the light of the CANDLE last night, Pr.  
Thou know'st I was shewing thee plain;  
Then stop his career, let him never come here,  
If thou think'st my affections to gain: My brave, &c.  
Oh dastardly SIGN! thus to whimper and whine, 5.  
When thy Delia's charms lie at stake:  
For surely, she cries, he will rifle my thighs,  
And then what amends canst thou make? My brave, &c.

An Answer to all the Enigmas by Mr. J. H. in a Soliloquy occasioned by his being forced to leave charming S—ly.

How can I live a STRANGER to the place  
Where dwells in peace my charming S—ly's race! Pr.  
Or, when in haste I'm call'd to distant parts,  
What can express the SIGNS of bleeding hearts?  
What else, but sighs and softest looks can prove  
The happy symptoms of a mutual love?  
What can I do? how easie my tortur'd mind?  
Thus caught by melting charms, by love confin'd:  
In vain I'd lull my thoughts in ELBOW CHAIR,  
Whilst fancy paints in view the lovely fair.  
In vain a CUSHION's plac'd some ease to give,  
Whilst from the beauteous maid I'm forc'd to live. 4.  
Again,

Again, to ease my breast I mount my steed :  
But oh ! does this avail ? I always bleed.  
For once I'll try the cunning jockey's cheat,  
And swiftness give by art to Dapple's feet :  
CUCKOW PR<sup>T</sup> I'm told will horses' courage move : 1.  
If so, with speed I'll ride away from love.  
This tried in vain, the DRUM shall call me far, 6.  
To right my country's wrongs in glorious war ;  
To fight the Spanish Dons, I'll change my cloaths,  
And wear cockade in HAT, instead of rose : 2.  
Then dare my fate ; when I perhaps may be  
A dismal SPECTACLE of gallantry. 3.  
But if propitious stars should guide my feet  
With charming S——ly once again to meet ;  
In joy complete, then I will crown my bliss  
With peaceful love, and one eternal kiss.

*The Enigmas answered by a Friend advising Osia to relieve her dying Lover, by T. B.*

Dear Osia, regard the near expiring swain,  
Oh let the dismal SPECTACLE thy pitying eye detain. 3.  
Him prostrate on the ground, green herbage for his bed,  
And for a CUSHION see his hand uprears his mournful head. 4.  
Of love too plain a SIGN to cause the least of doubt ; 5.  
No CANDLE needs there then to find the dear triumpher out. Pr.  
As HAT upon the head of LOR<sup>D</sup> or LADY fair, 2, 1.  
So plain it is as only thou art causer of his care.  
Sighs louder than a DRUM invade th' attentive ear, 6.  
Dear Osia, in mournful sounds, reverberates i'th' air.  
Oh pity, charming maid ! nor hasten on his fate,  
Quick let the heav'nly accents out, else else 'twill be too late.

*Answered by Mr. J. W—s, in Imitation of Anacreon,  
Ode 18.*

Καλλίτεχναί μοι τορευτοί.

Happy artist, now prepare  
A bowl, that's like the season fair ;  
On't engrave the blushing rose,  
A sprig of flow'rs let it disclose.  
Make it deep, and all around  
Draw't with love and beauty crown'd.  
Round its spacious brim let twine  
Curling wreaths o'th' generous vine ;  
There let no STRANGER's whims be read  
Of DRUMS, or arms, or heroes dead,

Pr.  
6.  
Og

Of HATS of steel, or MYOPS EYES;  
(Those things so trifling, I despise,) But next draw Jove's enchanting SIGN,  
Jovial Bacchus, god of wine;  
Then Venus, in a mossy CHAIR,  
With FLOW'RY CUSHION, grace the fair,  
And round her let the lovely boy,  
And smiling graces, dance for joy.

2, 3.

5.

Lat.

3, 4.

In this manner they were answered by Mr. Stewart, Mrs. Arab. Atkinson, Palamede, Mr. S. Bamfield, Harry Longbanks, Ens Rationale, Mr. S. Cook, and most of them by several others.

The prize of 8 diaries was won by Job. Chadwick.

### New Enigmas.

#### I. Enigma 255, by Silviana.

In May, the pleasant' st month in all the year,  
When birds in tuneful comfort first appear,  
And beauteous prospects tell the summer's near;  
When meadows are in blooming verdure seen,  
The trees and hedges newly cloath'd in green;  
When nature's pride adorns the enamell'd fields,  
Which to the industrious Bee a harvest yields;  
Then are the beauteous nymphs and cheerful swains,  
With rural sports rejoicing o'er the plains;  
Before the rip'ning corn employs the day,  
Or the more pleasant harvest of the hay;  
Their chief diversion is by me supplied,  
By force they tear me from my parent's side;  
Then wound my tender limbs with burning steel,  
And like a traitor rack me on a wheel:  
'Tis I by various ways maintain the poor,  
Supply the rich, increase the merchant's store,  
Support the destitute in time of need,  
I cloath the naked, and the hungry feed,  
Assist the statesman, and the priest befriend,  
Adorn the beau, and on the fair attend;  
Inclin'd to ramble; by the law's decree,  
Confin'd at home with strict severity;  
In borrow'd splendor I attend the great,  
With various pomp on every courtier wait;  
For me the lawyer pleads with artful speech,  
And active soldiers tempt the dangerous breach;  
The poet writes for me no less than fame,  
And those will find me near, who guess my name.

#### II. Enigma

II. *Enigma 256, by Terpsiphili Discipulus.*

From close and secret caverns of the earth,  
 As the learn'd say, I challenge first my birth ;  
 From thence thro' ev'ry clime I range and roam,  
 And since brought forth have ne'er returned home.  
 Unhappy I, that, without parents born,  
 Must wander here and there, helpless, forlorn,  
 And destitute of any friend, but one,  
 An aiding brother, who guards me alone.  
 We always keep each other company,  
 Without restraint, and from compulsion free.  
 When I am troubled, he helps to appease  
 My raging fury, sooths me into ease,  
 And with his gentleness procures my peace. }

But tho' by nature wild I seem to be,  
 I helpful am to ev'ry degree  
 Of animals : Infections purge away,  
 And free corrupting matter from decay.  
 I am so useful, that from foreign coasts  
 The rich, the poor of my kind service boasts.  
 By my assistance, many precious things  
 Are brought to please both heroes, peers, and kings.  
 There's not a peasant but my bounty shares,  
 And on my full refreshing substance fares ;  
 Fresh life and spirits, I fresh vigour give  
 To many things that else can hardly live.

Thus physical ; yet if I angry grow,  
 I oft the strongest hopes and care o'erthrew.  
 I rouse the sleeping sluggard from his rest,  
 And with dull fears disturb his anxious breast ;  
 The weak and feeble oft to me give way,  
 The stout and strong my motions must obey ;  
 By neither arms nor laws I'll be controll'd,  
 Tho' I act ills and mischiefs manifold.  
 I keep my course, and none to me dares say  
 What dost thou ? — Great, so mighty is my sway.  
 Now what I am, if ladies you would know,  
 But take the air, and I will quickly shew  
 What is my nature. — But hold, pray stand still,  
 Or you perhaps may find me 'gainst your will.

III. *Enigma 257, by Abigail Longshanks.*

From me a single birth my race begins,  
 I've many brothers, and they all are twins.  
 How small my size, to tell you I am loth ;  
 In short, they all out-strip me much in growth.

Both

Both to the sight and touch our shapes are fine,  
Yet 'tis well known, we to one side incline.

In winter quarters we together lie,  
Lull'd in a state of inactivity;  
As if without premeditated harm,  
We only meant to keep each other warm:  
But when the proper season comes again,  
We all draw out and open the campaign,  
On a fair verdant plain extended far,  
Two equal squadrons try the chance of war;  
To lead them up both parties pitch on me,  
And still I keep a strict neutrality.  
Accordingly I share a neutral's fate,  
Whom none sincerely love, or throughly hate;  
Whom as their present interests direct,  
All treat with favour or with disrespect.  
Such various hap by turns I undergo,  
And find each warrior both my friend and foe.  
He who my person from affronts to skreen,  
With kind assistance now steps in between,  
As causes alter, and his wrath provoke,  
Aims at my breast a desp'rate stroke:  
Tho' to confess the truth, and do him right,  
He thus proceeds from honour more than spight;  
Jealous to see some rival close by me,  
Maintain a post, where he himself would be.

Fortune unbias'd for a season stands,  
Constant to none, but often changing hands.  
The scatter'd forces rally all anew,  
And with unwearied toil the flight pursue.  
Thrice three engagements I have sometimes known,  
Ere either side could call the day his own.  
Then all to a decisive end is brought,  
And loud buzzas proclaim the vict'ry got.

#### IV. *Enigma 258, by Enunciatrix.*

To save a lost decayed state, and dry a monarch's tears,  
Was once decreed to us by fate, (this was in former years)  
But now condemn'd to toil and slave, incessant ills we know;  
Our wretched lives we hardly save from storms and winds that blow.  
Sometimes by inundations we are wafted from our door,  
And sometimes parch'd on sands that be like Libya's desert shore;  
Sometimes destroy'd by enemies, whom we no harm procure,  
Who dreadful shoot thro' lower skies; all this we must endure.  
Throughout our lives we're humble found, and no one ill intend,  
Yet we're oft trampled on the ground, nor dare ourselves defend;  
Yet sometimes us'd with blandishment, th'almost our name revere;  
Yet not to us respect is meant, but those they hold most dear.

Were

Were we to tell our shape, our size, and what strange monsters born,  
 You might suspect we told you lies, and our relation scorn.  
 But know for certain that we are, whilst yet in embryo,  
 Much larger than we present are, as ev'ry one doth know.  
 Or red or black, we frequent are, as fate does first ordain ;  
 And some do flit in fields of air, and some in earth remain.  
 We search the hills, the vales, the woods, and all your houses know :  
 From whence full oft with purloin'd goods, we laden homewards go.  
 As your first fathers dwelt on hills, for fear of floods to come,  
 And fear'd the rising of the rills, for that which er'st was gone :  
 So when we pitch our tents on plains, we rear our mounds on high,  
 For fear of the descending rains, like covers of the sky ;  
 We storms and tempests yet to come, by instinct know (they say)  
 And frequent do prepare at home, against a rainy day.

V. *Enigma 259, by T. B.*

In northern climes my hardy atoms bred,  
 Near to the frozen pole disclose their head ;  
 Tho' since my birth, I surely this may boast,  
 Far hotter regions than the Libyan coast.  
 Black mortals tame to their morose desire  
 My stubborn temper with sulphurean fire :  
 Not Judea's walls the battering rams oppose  
 With smaller efforts, or with slighter blows.

The wily artist then his skill displays,  
 In mazy windings shapes me various ways ;  
 Form'd and refin'd I greet the ladies' sight,  
 Preserve them safely through a blust'ring night ;  
 Or to their bed with favourite Chloe creep :  
 Encircling both, the fair one falls asleep.  
 Guarded by me, the miser fearless tells  
 His shining dross, which with him safely dwells ;  
 His breast nor cares nor anxious thoughts intrude,  
 I thieves by day and rogues by night exclude.  
 I'th' fields I'm seen 'midst winter's hoary frost,  
 When all the verdure of the mead is lost ;  
 And stand expos'd though rain my bowels eats :  
 Thus barb'rous man my best of service treats.

Ye kinder fair, to you I will be just,  
 In me confide, in me repose your trust.  
 Clean, bright, and shining, in the sphere I move,  
 And secrets keep, though from the spark you love ;  
 Nor e'er divulge the soft bewitching flame,  
 Be quick, tell to the world your champion's name.

*The Prize Enigma, by Mr. D. Davis.*

From what first artist I my being claim,  
Authors are silent, records don't explain ;  
Yet as to neatness, usefulness, and dress,  
My worth the frugal dame must needs confess :  
And as to forms, my great variety  
The famous Euclid's sons can best descry ;  
Nor varies more my shape, than does my dress,  
And oft my cloaths my pedigree express.

In homely cottages I oft appear,  
In mean array, but still am welcome there ;  
But when to ladies I my visits pay,  
Like them I sparkle, glitter, and look gay, }  
As any birthnight beau, or flower in May.

To serve, to please, and to attend the fair,  
Is still my ultimate, my only care ;  
Yet such my treatment is, such my hard fate,  
When nymphs and swains their nuptials celebrate,  
When the fair blushing bride prepares for bed,  
I'm scorn'd, contemn'd, and dare not show my head.  
But when the chat of dad's own nose goes round,  
There's none more useful, none more welcome found ;  
Nay Zachary-like, tho' dumb (who wou'd suppose it ?)  
I tell the infant's name, before the parson knows it.

But ah ! ye cruel, ye ungrateful fair !  
My wrongs are such, complaint I can't forbear :  
I, who your creature am, your friend, your slave,  
In whom so many benefits you have ;  
For whose supply alone (deny't who can ?)  
You oft enjoy some hundred pounds per ann ;  
Yet through my bowels stabb'd with many a wound  
From your soft hands, I oft am prostrate found ;  
Nay more (believe me for I cannot lie)  
Hanging is sometimes too my destiny.

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The End of the First Volume.